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THE TALE OF A MODERN GENIUS.

The Tale of a Modern Genius, or the Miseries of Parnassus. London. Andrews. 1827. 3 vols. 12mo.

THIS is an affecting narrative, though we can neither allow the justice of the author's title, or consider that he has not been himself the chief cause of his own sufferings. He of course rings the changes upon neglected talent, hardhearted reviewers, and interested booksellers; but it is incumbent upon him to prove that he is the genius he would pass for, that reviewers have been unjust, and that his books were saleable. Now, though we are strongly disposed to think this unhappy man's miseries have been brought upon himself by his own obstinacy, vanity, and thoughtlessness, and that his complaints arise from a mistaken notion of his own claims; yet it is impossible to deny him our sympathy—it is impossible to watch the perpetual exertion, the unceasing disappointment, the deep despair, the poverty, struggles, and misfortunes, of even the fancied possessor of high talent, without entering, in some measure, into his griefs: it is useless to say that the man has not the genius he supposes; he is a man endowed with that sensibility which literary pursuits are so calculated to increase; he is fraught with knowledge, and has the pride and feelings of talent if not the talent itself; and who that has himself wept over the broken promises of ardent youth, or in any degree partaken of the sickening disappointments which so generally attend the first efforts of an aspirant in literature, will refuse to listen to the unhappy tale, though it may be of a *soi-disant* genius.

This author has written an epic poem, a tragedy, and other works; his friends, and many who only knew him through his writings, have come forward to declare that he is a poet of very high merit. Among these testimonies we observe the names of men who enjoy a considerable portion of reputation themselves, and who ought to be judges of the claims of others. When the writer has been in distress, which alas! has been too commonly the case, individuals, on the ground of his

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poetical genius, have collected money to relieve his necessities; and several appear to have come forward generously, whether out of sympathy with suffering, or out of admiration of talent. In spite however of the exertions of individuals, the works of this author have not brought him wherewithal to keep him and his family from the extremities of distress. The conclusion is inevitable: in this country, where so many take a pride in patronage—where Kirk Whites, Bloomfields, and Clares, have been taken by the hand and placed above the chances of the world; where but a very small portion of real talent goes a great way, we cannot but feel assured that this writer is destitute of the claims he supposes himself to possess. We know not his works, and cannot therefore apply the more direct test of examination except in the instance of the poetry interspersed in the Tale of a genius. Of this we certainly say that it is not good, while it is better than that of many who write for print, but worse than any of that by which a man ever made his living—if a man ever did make a living at all by verse. But as we have said, the interest attached to the wayward life of this author is not destroyed by his want of poetical ideas. In proceeding to give a sketch of his narrative, which is unluckily cast in the form of letters, we shall avail ourselves chiefly of his own words when they can be made available in a moderate compass.

The first event recorded in the life of our genius is one characteristic of his future fortunes. He had written a copy of verses in a newspaper which had attracted the notice of a Captain Forbes, who resided at a signal station in his neighbourhood, which appears to be a village on the Dorsetshire or Somersetshire coast. This captain, or lieutenant, pretended to be an amateur of verse; the genius went to drink tea with him, showed a tragedy he had written entitled *The Unfortunate Shepherdess*, and was overwhelmed with the praises of his patron. The appearance of Captain Forbes, who was short of stature, squinted terribly, had a countenance devoid of intelligence, and a squeaking voice, was not of a kind to fascinate the youthful aspirant; but he talked of literary society in London, of his influence with managers, and of his kind intentions in his behalf, until the genius was absolutely intoxicated, and began to lay out in his imagination the five hundred pounds he expected to receive for his tragedy. Captain Forbes soon left the neighbourhood, taking with him a copy of the tragedy, and leaving behind a promise to provide a situation in town which should draw the poet from obscurity, and place him where he might have an opportunity of cultivating the muses with advantage. The captain shortly wrote word that he had procured a situation in town for his protégée, and that he should lose no time in arriving there. He was directed to repair to a certain number in Seven Dials.

“Here the coach suddenly stopped; the door was opened, the steps lowered, and the coachman holding up his bended arm, exclaimed, ‘This is the number, sir.’ I quickly descended from my seat, and to my unspeakable astonishment entered the door of a dirty mean-looking shop, which was crowded with numerous articles of household furniture, mostly in a very shabby condition; while along its front and round the entrance hung, streaming to the tainted winds, a great variety of old and new clothes. A

little dark-visaged shabby-looking man now came forward, to whom I addressed myself by inquiring if he knew Captain Forbes, and where he resided. 'Captain Forbes,' replied he, looking at me from head to foot, with a pair of small piercing eyes full of cunning and duplicity, 'Yes, I do know him; he lives in Bernard-street, Oxford-road. Ah, ha, I suppose you are the youth in vantage of a situation from the country, that he spoke to me about. I *did* want a young man some time ago, 'tis true, to attend in the shop here, and told him I had no objection to make trial of the person he recommended; but he did not come at the time I wanted him, and I am now suited in a lad; and therefore could not take you, if you are the young man he spoke of.'

The poor fellow's dismay was extreme, and an interview with Captain Forbes did not much mend the matter. A lodging was taken for the adventurer at a grocer's in Chandos-street, and his name entered at a register-office; soon after which the patron left town, recommending the poet to seek service in a gentleman's family.

"And now, instead of that rapturous delight which I so fondly hoped to enjoy in seeing my piece brought forward before a London audience, and of listening to the welcome plaudits of approbation, my humble ambition was compelled to accept the compliments and praises of the poor cinder-wench, who lives with the family where I lodge, and whom I caught perusing my manuscript one evening in my room."

Captain Forbes had introduced him one evening to a Dr. Gibson; on this gentleman the poet resolved to call and ask his advice. The doctor, a Scotsman, had the grace to be ashamed of his friend and countryman, but could do nothing beyond recommending him to a Mr. Williams of the theatre royal Covent-garden. This gentleman received him with politeness, condoled with him on the conduct of the captain, read his tragedy, and gave him the following advice:—

"Mr. Williams informed me that he had carefully read my tragedy through; that it had many passages of true poetic beauty; but as a whole, was not by any means calculated for the stage. 'You are very young,' continued he, 'and possess, I am convinced, such talents for poetry as will, if you continue to improve them, one day rank you high in the lists of your country's bards. But destitute of literary friends, unacquainted with the manners of the world, without the most distant prospect of suitable employment, no patron or relative to whom you can apply for counsel to direct, or money to support you, and dropped, as it were, from another world into this vast metropolis, amid ten thousand dangers, delusions, temptations, and vices of every form and shape, what situation can be so truly unfortunate as yours! Return once more, my dear sir, into the shades of seclusion: return to your friends without delay. When you are again beneath your paternal roof, sit down and compose a new tragedy. I have interest in the theatre, I know, sufficient to get it brought forward if it have merit; and that it will have merit I cannot doubt, from the specimen which you have put into my hands of your abilities for dramatic composition. When it is finished, send it up to me, for which I will give you proper directions, and I trust that next season it will be brought out. You may then return to London under very different auspices, and find many friends among the literati of the town who will take you by the hand, and kindly give you instructions for your future course in life.'"

This advice induces our hero to return, and almost before he had got home, he was far gone with another tragedy, which when completed was forwarded to the player, and the poet remained at home to dream

of the honours that attend the dramatist and the bard. Near to his village O'Keeffe had once resided, and the reputation of that writer supplies him with food for grateful reflection.

"I believe you do not know that O'Keeffe, the celebrated dramatist, resided some years ago for several months in the next village. I was too young to remember any thing of it myself; but it is certain that his *London Hermit*, or *Rambles in Dorsetshire*, was written in the parlour of the Red Lion Inn, at West L——; and several of the inhabitants have been pointed out to me as included in his dramatis personæ, and who, I am convinced from personal knowledge, were the real originals in that humorous piece. Often have I thought, on my return by night from the signal station on the adjacent mountain, as I passed by the cottage of a female introduced into that drama, and observed her pale rushlight struggling to fling its feeble rays through the shattered casement, 'Little dost thou think, as thou sittest knitting over the dying embers of thy huge and dingy chimney-corner, that thy dress, thy manners, and provincial phraseology are represented to the life amid the blaze and splendour of a London theatre, to the amusement of the rich, the noble, and the learned.—Little dost thou conceive an unknown immortality shall be thine, when thou art laid low

'Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap;'

without any merits, exertions, or wishes, on thy part, to obtain such distinction. So great is the power of the dramatist and the bard!"

A person of a more practical turn of mind would have taken into consideration the precarious life of the blind old dramatist, whom poverty compelled to seek a public benefit at the close of a most successful dramatic career; and who was driven to seek support for his latter years by scraping together his vapid recollections.

Before our author received any intelligence from Mr. Williams, a friend procured for him a situation as clerk in an attorney's office in Bristol. The solicitor appears, however, early to have taken umbrage at his clerk's poetical attainments; and though the genius declared that the whole time he was under the wing of the law he never penned a line, his master nevertheless dismissed the poet without ceremony. It had not only reached his ears that his clerk had a tragedy under judgment at Covent-garden theatre, but that he had aided his daughter in carrying on a clandestine correspondence. A letter from Mr. Williams now completes his misery. The player it appears, so far from being able to assist the poet, is himself at a loss for a situation; and throws out a hint that if he himself were recommended to the Bristol manager, that he might *then* have an opportunity of returning the favour.

"This is indeed to feel disappointment! The family here (the attorney's) are apprised of my having sent a tragedy to Covent-garden, but they shall not have the mean and cruel gratification of insulting me with its failure, or my want of ability to write for the stage. I shall quit this house to-morrow for ever!!" [*Exit the poet.*]

The poet's next position is that of usher to a school in Devonshire, and as he finds that the young gentlemen are to act a tragedy and a farce in the winter, he is of course quite at home. In a very short time, however, Mr. T. his master, grows "illiberal and reserved;" but, *en revanche*, the usher's histrionic attempts are received with encomiums by the spectators. Criticisms and eulogiums appeared in the papers and yet such was the cruelty of Mr. T. that he would not let the

poet copy a single line of the praise that had been bestowed upon him; but absolutely locked up the newspapers, or otherwise disposed of them after they had been read at the breakfast table! Mr. T. immediately after the breaking up, causes his usher to be informed that he shall not expect his return after the vacation. This is a thunder-bolt, and the unhappy poet is again utterly at a loss to know how to account for conduct so strange. The stage is now his next resource; and here, as in poetry, he sets before his mind the finest examples of success his reading can supply.

“As it is quite uncertain when I should obtain any other engagement, and unable to endure the idea of living under perpetual obligation, I resolved (perhaps in an evil hour) to try my fortune on the public stage. Be not hasty to condemn the conduct of your unhappy friend. What vast applause, what patronage of the great and noble, what riches and fame has not the young Roscius obtained by his theatrical abilities? I have been flattered of late for similar attainments; other resources fail; misfortune and disappointment have hitherto followed all my attempts, and the haughty severity of a master sickened me to the soul. This seems the only road open to me; and it might ultimately lead to splendour and renown.”

The manager at Taunton refuses to enroll the aspirant; and he betakes himself to the leader of a strolling company called M'Lear, at Stowey, under whom he permanently enlists. Pretty copious descriptions are given of the manners and humours of this unprosperous class of artists; but as we neither admire the subject, nor think the treatment at all new, we shall content ourselves with saying, that he played with M'Lear for a short time, and then left him for a similar character of the name of Vincent. On occasion of our hero's benefit, a quarrel ensues with the manager, who, jealous of his actor's favour with the nobility and gentry of Paington, proceeds to violence, and the poet leaves his company in disgust. Some kindhearted people in this village take him into their house until the design of seeking the situation of a clerk on board of ship, leads him to Plymouth. Here he presents himself successively to the commander of every vessel in the port, and as might be expected, utterly in vain. An advertisement now leads him to a school at Hatherleigh, where he agrees with the master to serve him in capacity of usher, at the close of the midsummer vacation. The intervening time he spends with his good friends at Paington, and returns to assume the functions of under-master. He shall tell himself the story of his disappointment:—

“After a second day's long and weary march over the mountains, I arrived on the Sunday evening at Hatherleigh; nor did I feel a little gratified at reaching my journey's end, and entering, as I thought, on my new vocation. But what was my astonishment, mingled with confusion and anger, when I presented myself before the pedagogue of Hatherleigh, to hear him say with all the composure of an adept in the falsehood and cunning of the world, that he must break his engagement with me now, as he had already taken into his house a youth who was regularly articulated to him as an assistant, and with whom he had received a liberal premium. On such an act of cruelty and injustice I shall not animadvert—it sufficiently speaks for itself: but it was a blow which I was not prepared to meet, and at one stroke vanished all my hopes, like the wand-struck scenes of enchantment. I became almost hopeless, and truly wretched, not knowing what to do, or where to go. I walked out of the town, and entering a field, threw myself in despair on the ground. As I lay deeply bewailing my hard fate, I heard the village bells announce

the hour of evening prayer. I arose and hastened towards the house of God, which I entered with feelings that may be conceived, but cannot be expressed in words. The service was more impressive, more delightfully solemn than any public worship I ever before witnessed,—the evening psalms seemed as if chosen expressly for *me*: the sermon, as if the preacher had known my situation, was full of encouragement to rely, in all our multiplied difficulties, in all our manifold sorrows, on that God who is the father of all mankind, and whose tender mercies are over all his works."

When he left the church he met with some wayfarers proceeding to Plymouth; these he joined, and determined to try his fortune once more with the navy. At the theatre in that town he fell into conversation with a young military officer: being mutually pleased, they retired to a tavern together, and in a short time the poet had laid open his state of destitution, and the soldier, with the prompt benevolence of generous and ignorant youth, had taken up his cause, and made an offer of taking him with him to Malta, where his father held a considerable office, and had the power of providing for him. The funds of our hero were low, and he made some difficulty about the expense of the passage, which was quickly obviated by the officer's liberality. The poet accompanied his new patron to Malta, but a spell was on his fortunes. The father of the young gentleman expired the day after their arrival at La Valetta.

"Illfortune continued to pursue me with the same rigour in foreign countries as she had done in my own. With Mr. A.'s death expired all hopes of my obtaining a situation at Malta. The heat of the climate, though tempered with the sea breezes, affected my health; and, to complete my disappointments, orders were received from the government at home for the speedy removal of my friend's regiment to the West Indies. Perplexed, distressed, and wretched, I wandered about the towns of Malta like a troubled ghost. Without the power of reimbursing my friend the advances he had already made for my passage, I could not endure the idea of intruding on him for a fresh supply to take me back; I therefore applied, unknown to him, to every captain that I could find bound for England, offering my services in any way for a passage to some port in my native land. It so chanced, that after many days of toil and anxiety, I met with an Irish captain from Cork bound to Plymouth; who, learning my situation, most kindly offered, for the trifling service of my pen in arranging and copying off his accounts, to give me a passage. The satisfaction thus afforded me I quickly communicated to my friend, who six days before I left Malta, embarked with his regiment for one of the West India islands.

"Our parting was melancholy indeed. I saw him to the waters' side,—those waters which were to divide us for ever! As he was about to step into the boat, he drew a small manuscript volume of his favourite selected poems from his pocket: 'Accept,' said he, 'these beauties of poesy, copied by my own hand, as a parting tribute of my lasting esteem.'"

This little volume enclosed a bank-note for 20*l*.

The Irish captain deposited our hero once more on the shores of Britain, again to tempt his evil genius. Shortly after his arrival at Plymouth, he heard that a company of comedians were performing at Cawsand with considerable success, and immediately set off to join them. His surprise was great at finding in the manager his old acquaintance, M'Lear; and not only to find him there, but find him and all his family, "so improved in their wardrobe, that both on and off the boards they appeared really respectable." With a young lady in this company who is introduced under the name of Mary, the poet

becomes deeply enamoured, and many pages are filled with a rapturous description of her charms. Mary it seems had a taste for poetry, and "loved to listen to his artless lays." We confess we were, at this point of our author's story, in some apprehension that he was about to commit the indiscretion of marriage without an income; happily however he put off this folly to a somewhat later period of his life. Leaving M'Lear's company for that of his old enemy Vincent's, he was compelled to separate from his beloved Mary. The scene appears to have been exceedingly tender, but to have made a deeper impression on his mind than on her's; for we are soon entertained with the poet's lamentations on the inconstancy of his fair. Mary marries a dashing actor from Plymouth, about the same time that our author's manager decamps in the night, bag and baggage, taking with him the company's arrear of pay. The poet being thus deserted by his mistress, his manager, and his occupation, is left pennyless, and betakes himself once more to the place of his birth, and the "longing arms of an affectionate mother." A strolling actor of course walks:—

"How did my heart leap with joy when I caught the first distant view of the range of naked hills that stand the gigantic guardians, against the war of intrusive billows, on the coast where lies my native village. How light and swift were my steps when first I beheld the battlements of the castellated mansion of L. and those lofty woods and groves which surround that stately edifice and its romantic village. It was evening as I reached the old parsonage. My heart beat audibly as I opened the wicket-gate that led to the door. O, how do long years of absence endear the spot where first we breathe the vital air; the scene of our earliest remembrances, of our happiest moments! The numerous flowers that filled the little garden in front were in full bloom, and exhaled an exuberance of sweets; many of the shrubs which I had planted with my own hand, were grown luxuriantly; and the bower which I had formed of lilacs, box, honeysuckles, and other plants, and wherein I had spent so many hours in study, and penned so many poetic lines, was become quite a wilderness of blossoms. I passed hastily on, and in a few moments on the threshold of my birth-place, found myself in the arms of an affectionate mother, whose tears of joy bedewed my cheeks, and whose tender love required me for many past sufferings and disappointments."

An interval now appears to take place in the correspondence; during which time we learn from the letter which resumes the thread of the narrative, that the writer has had a long illness, and a relapse of a most dangerous kind, viz.—a matrimonial one. He has been very ill; and is now absolutely married. Of his wife we have a long but not a very clear account. The leisure and quiet of the author's native village again lead him to the indulgence of his poetical passion, the result of which is a tragedy. It was put into the hands of a Mr. Simmons, an actor of Covent Garden, who read, approved, and returned it. By his marriage the poet had joined the misfortunes of another family to his own: his wife's aunt is taken to prison; she herself is far gone in pregnancy; and the "Genius" himself finds it necessary to leave his village for the hateful world, and still more hateful stage. A bright scheme occurs to him—he resolves to turn manager himself; reasoning, that with the little money he possessed, and his little knowledge of scene painting, that he might with advantage "collect a company, and take a town." With this author's education and knowledge of the world, it does not require much sagacity to predict the result. He took a partner who robbed him:

the expenses were greater than the profits: the company were engaged in perpetual disputes; and at last their brawls attracted the notice of the magistrates. Finally, he quitted the town "he had taken," "pennyless and stripped of all he had brought with him, dresses, scenery, and books; glad to escape from such a mass of baseness, ingratitude, and folly." The following extract will explain his subsequent movement:—

"You will, no doubt, be surprised to see my present address. Far removed indeed am I from you, and all whom I hold in the bonds of affection. I arrived here last week after a long and miserable journey, some account of which I shall now give you. About five weeks after the close of my late unprofitable speculation, Maria was safely delivered of a son. At that time all the money we possessed in the world did not amount to twenty shillings, and I had no friends of whom I could borrow: and even if I could have found any willing to lend, it would have been of little avail, as it was impossible for me to remain any longer at L. Poor Maria, to conceal our distress, was compelled to dismiss her nurse at the end of a fortnight, and our small moveables of value began to disappear with awful rapidity. We concealed our poverty, for those by whom we were surrounded, would only have triumphed at our distress, and upbraided me for my misfortunes. I lingered at home day after day, unwilling to leave my wife and new-born infant desolate and almost unprotected; while the ill-disguised reluctance which Maria felt to let me go, shone forth in tears from her eyes as she repeatedly urged my unavoidable departure.

"At length the dismal day arrived; but it required a more than common fortitude firmly to sustain the trial. Unconscious infant, little didst thou think what thrilling sorrow, what pangs of fear, what yearnings of hope thy father felt for thee, as he stooped to imprint a farewell kiss on thy soft cheek; what prayers he breathed from his inmost soul, as he hung o'er thy unbroken slumbers, and bade thee a mournful adieu. Poor babe, it may be said of thee thou wert nursed in the cradle of adversity, and baptized with thy parents' tears. Maria accompanied me on my journey six miles. She could go no further: a weeping infant claimed the presence and tender caresses of its unhappy mother. That firmness of mind which had borne her strongly up to the present moment, now totally forsook her, and she fainted in my arms. I bore her to a little rivulet which flowed near the spot, and sprinkling her face with water, brought her to her senses and a full consciousness of her misery. At length she found herself relieved by a fresh flood of grief. I recalled to her memory the imperative necessity of our parting for a time, and the strong claims which a husband and a child had on her fortitude. She calmly replied, 'For your sake and my infant's I will return to my desolate home; and though I shall eat my scanty crust in solitude and sorrow, I will clasp my babe to my aching bosom, and hope for better days. Yes, his infant smiles shall cheer me, and he may comfort in your absence. Go; I am firm now. God Almighty eternally bless and preserve you from every danger. May you soon obtain a comfortable situation: delay not to write, and oh —'

"She would have said 'farewell:' the word died on her pale lips, and she turned from me to go. To have replied on my part, would only have lengthened the misery of parting; with a last embrace I rushed from her, and went on my way in anguish inexpressible. I dared not look back, till I had passed many miles of the dreary road. From a rising ground I then cast a lingering look towards my native hills, and the dark green woods that surrounded the valley of my home."

After this melancholy separation, the writer betook himself to the nearest seaport, in order to reach Portsmouth by water. He had no sooner got a sight of the sea than he was seized by a pressgang, on

the supposition that he was a French prisoner escaping from durance: after some detention, however, he was allowed to proceed to Portsmouth. But here he could get no engagement in the only profession which at this time he appears to have looked to, viz. the stage; and proceeded to Brighton, and thence to Chichester, where he heard of a company performing at Midhurst. Being present at one representation, he was too disgusted with the performance of these people to join them, and set out to return to Brighton; on his road to which he was again apprehended by a party of fellows with bludgeons as a French prisoner, and carried back to Shoreham. On reaching Brighton he found the theatre closed; he then proceeded to Lewes, where the actors received him kindly, though the manager had no vacancy for him. He then left Lewes for the metropolis, and was directed to Finch's Theatrical Register Office, as the certain means of obtaining a situation. Here he joined a young man of similar fortunes, and they determined to visit a gambling house, with the hope of bettering their condition. At the end of a week the common stock was considerably increased, and they began to think that they now found a royal road to wealth, till on one unhappy night a run of ill luck beset them, and every farthing in their possession was staked and lost. Our author was compelled to part with the whole of his wardrobe, except that which he carried on his back; next morning he flew to the register office, and got a reference to a theatrical place at Thorney, in the Isle of Ely, which he secured:—

“I came down hither the whole way on foot, through frost and snow; and here, for the first time, I play the first line of business, and am at length the hero of the drama. The applause I nightly meet with exceeds my most sanguine expectations, and I am now resolved more than ever to become a great actor. Those stars that shine so bright in the theatrical hemisphere have risen on the world from as humble obscurity as mine, and perseverance and application will work every thing but miracles. The people of this town are by far the most friendly, generous, and polite of any I ever yet have encountered.”

Our author's satisfaction did not endure long: the company removed to the village of Wansford; and the actors were put “upon shares.” Now as it frequently happened that an individual share of the profits did not amount to eighteen pence a night, it quickly appeared that the player could not support himself on this splendid allowance and his family too; so that he determined to return to Dorsetshire. Taking Leicester in his way, he journeyed on foot by the map through Oxford to Salisbury, and thence home. We shall describe the circumstances attending his return in his own words:—

“I returned to Salisbury and slept, and set off from thence early in the morning, and reached L—— the same night,—a distance of thirty-nine miles. Thus I had been enabled to walk the whole of my journey. It was nearly the dead hour of midnight, when I once more reached my native village. The moon shone brightly on the embowered spot, as with a throbbing heart I entered its precincts. All was perfect silence. The trees were motionless, and not one vagrant breeze could be heard to sigh amid their many-coloured foliage. The inmates of every cottage were buried in sweet oblivious sleep. Happy, happy villagers, your ignorance and situation spare

you all the heart-rending miseries that genius is destined to endure. In the way to my own house, I had to pass the vicarage in which I was born, and where my parents had lived so many years. It lay a little out of the road, and I turned to go up to the gate that led into the flower-garden; but what was my surprise to mark the desolation around me. The paling was partly broken down, the flowers were all dug up, and their beds, that used to be so neat, trampled under foot; the shrubs were nearly all cut down, and the honeysuckle and lilac bowers destroyed: even the venerable yew-tree, more ancient than the house itself, some wanton and unsparing hand had barbarously mutilated,—every thing appeared disordered or destroyed! My heart sunk within me. I went to a window of the parlour, and as the moonlight streamed in from the opposite side, I felt my fears confirmed. The room was cheerless and naked, stripped of every thing, and all was silence, dreariness, and desolation. ‘My parents are dead!’ I exclaimed in an agony: ‘my dear-loved mother is in her grave! And shall I never see her more? O, why was I not permitted to smooth her dying pillow, and receive her last blessing!’ A violent burst of tears relieved the poignancy of my distress, and with difficulty could I drag myself from the melancholy spot. A thousand recollections rose in my mind. Here had past my infant days in peace and happiness; here my boyhood and youth, full of ardent expectations, bright hopes, and longings after fame and a knowledge of the world. Now am I returned;—and what has that knowledge produced?

“In the midst of this misery I felt most anxious, yet fearful, to proceed to my own home. In a few minutes, however, I reached the cottage. A light was burning in Maria’s room. Ah! thought I, there is the chamber of sickness; perhaps she is unable to rise and let me in. With a misgiving hand I lifted the knocker of the door; an inquiring voice was quickly heard. It was Maria’s; and I felt revived. The door was hastily opened, and we rushed into each others arms. Where is my little boy? is he alive? And my parents, are they both dead? and I sunk into a chair exhausted. No words can speak the anguish I endured at learning the death of a valued father. Nor could I hear without indignant emotions the harsh determination of the curate, which had ejected my relatives from a residence they had for so many years uninterruptedly enjoyed, to make room for more favoured persons. Painfully contending emotions shook my frame, tears—due to the memory of those for whom they flowed, wetted my cheek, and it seemed vain to hope for one gleam of consolation. But a beloved wife, the most affectionate of mothers, and my little Edwin were yet spared me, and I was grateful. Anxious to behold my child, I hastened to the chamber; I saw him smiling unconscious in his happy slumbers; my burning lips pressed his rosy cheek, and I felt—what a fond father’s heart alone can know.”

On his journey he had seen an advertisement from Mr. Colburn, announcing an intention of publishing a series of Rejected Plays: this was joyful tidings. The day after his arrival here, he sent up a fair copy of his last drama; and the editor, after requesting by letter permission for some curtailment, promised that it should speedily be brought before the public.

The poor man had scarcely rested one month in his humble home, before he is again driven from it by the terror of being ballotted for the militia. His wife urged his departure, and he consented. He gives another heartbroken description of separation, and sets off once more on his wanderings. He reaches Bath, where his new hat is exchanged for an old one by a thief, and his last pound goes to furnish him with a decent covering for his head. From Bath he goes to Gloucester; where a lucky accident carries him through a foot toll-gate he could not

have paid. At Chepstow he is engaged in a respectable company; and hearing that his tragedy is published, (though sadly pared down,) he procures its performance on the Chepstow boards. Its fortune may be inferred from the following paragraph:—

“These two characters were cast to Harvey and Goddard. Harvey knew not the ghost of a line, (to use a theatrical phrase,) and Goddard was reeling drunk. Only think of the agonies I endured to hear these two wretches, ignorant as the veriest clown of the plough, vomiting forth their ungrammatical jargon and vilest ribaldry, and endeavouring to the utmost of their power to turn the whole into ridicule. Some other parts of the piece, wherein I appeared myself, supported by two or three of those who were perfect in their characters, redeemed in some measure the disgrace into which it must otherwise have wholly fallen; and though the rest of the performers, from beginning to end, strove to the utmost of their power totally to damn it, yet several scenes notwithstanding were crowned with triumphant applause; and the envy of my unmerited enemies became so obvious, that several gentlemen in the boxes declared to the manager they should like to see them receive for their reward a good ducking in the Wye. Thus ended, after years of disappointment, the first appearance of one of the dramatic productions of my pen on the stage! *Manet altâ mente repóstum.*”

Being uncomfortably situated in the Chepstow company he quits it, and commences another wandering tour in search of a new theatrical establishment, with seven pounds in silver in a tea-canister, the produce of his benefit. He then joins a company at Aberystwith; is offended with the manager; and hearing from the agent in London, leaves the country for an engagement at Peckham. At this place he arrived too late; but joined another division of the company at Eastbourne. This theatre closed in about three weeks, when sick with disappointment, and disgusted with the treatment he received, he ventured once more to visit his wife at his cottage in Dorsetshire.

We now hear of the author's epic poem; and from the letters in which it is first mentioned, it is plain to see that the author's sanguine disposition and ambitious vanity is laying up for him a store of bitter disappointment. He already runs over the names of the few great epic writers, and couples them with his own. The cautious advice, and the unceremonious rebuffs which his presumption meets with, simply fill him with wonder at the arrogant blindness of mankind.

“At the end of two years deep study, toil, and application, friendless, unnoticed, unassisted, and without ten useful books to consult,” the epic was at length completed. The author then began to look out for the means of publication. He had procured a few subscribers; but on applying to a printer, to whom he was a perfect stranger, and to whom he had no money to advance, or any security for payment, he was requested to solicit some gentleman in his neighbourhood to become responsible for the amount. The poet seems to think he is an injured character, because he was well aware that such application would have been vain. The printer at length relying on the subscription list, ventured to carry the work through the press, and the epic made its appearance. The author, much to the dismay of many who had given him (under the idea that the poem would never appear) their names, presented the subscription copies: he then found, what

he might easily have anticipated, that he "had four hundred copies remaining on his hands, with no means of getting his work advertised, and a heavy debt to discharge." "Not a single friend or patron has the publication of my work raised up; not a smile of approbation—not a line of congratulation, kindness, or encouragement have I received from one of my subscribers." The poor fellow now made a tour, in the hope of disposing of some of his books in the towns through which he passed:—

"A heavy responsibility rested upon me, and having no hope of a speedy sale for my remaining copies, I formed the resolution of making a little tour to obtain the names of fresh subscribers, or rather new purchasers, to take the copies off my hands. It was an Herculean task, but honour and honesty were my prominent motives. I began my expedition towards the east, a supply of books having been previously forwarded to meet me at certain distances. At the first town I succeeded well; at the second, which was Christchurch, badly; and at Lymington worse. At Southampton I sold many copies. At Ryde, in the Isle of White, Miss O'Keefe, the author of *Patriarchal Times*, &c. having by chance seen a copy of my work, sent for me, treated me with much polite attention, and was the means subsequently of my disposing of many copies. Miss Emma Parker, who also resides there, became a purchaser, and expressed a flattering opinion of its merits. Indeed throughout the island, I met with great kindness and civility, which I shall not speedily forget. My success at Portsmouth was very limited; but at Winchester, with Miss O'Keefe's recommendations, it became considerably improved, and my list was augmented by several highly respectable names."

This laborious journey threw the epic poet into a typhus fever, and he was too poor to purchase any other medical attendance than that of a soldier who had been assistant to an army surgeon, and who resided in the village. Poverty, disappointment, a nervous and invalid wife, a common soldier in the character of doctor, and a typhus fever, were doubtless sore inflictions, but they failed in killing the patient. On his recovery he found it necessary to take another journey to dispose of his poem, and he gives a piteous description of being exposed on the outside of a coach for six hours to a tremendous storm of wind and rain, without cloak or great coat, his luggage solely consisting of a bale of the epic. He did not fare better on foot; walking made him lame, and by the time he had crawled to Exeter, he was confined to his room by illness for nearly three weeks. When he got out again he did not sell more than three copies in the whole city. After much painful peregrination a new light breaks in upon the poet.

"I have hitherto been asleep with regard to literary affairs; and no one, till I came hither, has ever been kind enough to awake me. Why, I have taken a world of useless trouble. I should have gone to London, the mart of literature, got among the booksellers, and sold the copyright of my poem. It seems they often give ample remuneration for the labours of the pen. They are the real and only effectual patrons of genius. I shall hurry home in high spirits; and as not more than fifty or sixty copies of this edition now remain, I will procure letters of recommendation and hasten to London. A new era dawns upon me. The night of despair gives way to a morning of brightness and prosperity."

The author's prospects did really brighten on his betaking himself to London, and the reception he met with, and the judgments passed

on his work, as detailed in the following letter to his wife, would certainly justify a less sanguine person in expecting a successful career.

"I am once more in the gay metropolis, which I safely reached, *via* Bristol and Bath, having disposed on my route of nearly all the copies that remained. At Bath I saw the Rev. Mr. Warner, who wrote a warm recommendation of my poetical powers to the booksellers here in town, which with Dr. Turton's, that I received at the Bristol post-office, and several others, contributed greatly to increase my hopes of success. At Chippenham, also, I was fortunate enough to meet with a kind-hearted friend and warm supporter in the Rev. Josiah Allport. His encomiums on my production are encouraging in the highest degree.

"On the morning after my arrival in town, with what a throbbing heart of hope and fear did I quit my lodging, near the Strand, to go to Dr. Turton's bookseller, Mr. B—, in Duke-street, with my testimonials in my pocket. I was received with much politeness, and Mr. B. led me to expect that if my poem answered the doctor's flattering commendations, he would become the purchaser of the copyright. But as the work, with its manuscript additions, its curtailments and improvements, was not arrived from Weymouth, where, as you know, I had left it after my return from the west, with the Rev. Dr. Duprè for his revisal, nothing could be immediately arranged.

"Having another equally strong recommendation to Messrs. P. and M. in the Strand, from a gentleman at Reading, in Berkshire, I called there also in the course of the day, and laid before Mr. P. my letters. One of them was from a first-rate poet of the day, the Rev. H. H. Milman, in which among other things he is pleased to say, 'There is in the poem great power and still greater promise. A young man capable of writing such a work should hereafter be a writer of great eminence. The versification pleases me at times much; and a second poem will, I doubt not, be a still stronger and more successful effort of your imagination. I was much struck with the paraphrase of God coming from Teman; and also the sublime appearance of Michael at the end of the fifth book. I wish you every possible success, and shall be happy to give you any assistance in my power.' This gentleman received me, when at Reading, with every mark of kindness and respect.

"Mr. P. seems to have felt the due weight of such respectable testimonials, and has shown me ever since so much friendship and attention, that his house is become as it were my home. As he is in the continual possession of free admission tickets, he indulges me with repeated opportunities of attending the theatres. Mr. P. had placed my book, as *originally* written, in the hands of several London critics, for their report of its merits and demerits. I will copy two letters which he has received, among many others equally favourable, stating the opinion of two celebrated authors, because I know it will gratify you much.

"*To Messrs P. and M. St. Clements, Strand.*

"Gentlemen,—The poem which you sent me yesterday, seems the work of a man of a truly poetic mind; and with a knowledge of versification which he might easily improve into excellence. But with you, the great question of course is whether the work, as it stands, is likely to be popular; and I will confess it does not seem to me to promise a very extensive sale, because the subject is unfortunate, for the world is weary of Scripture subjects. The poem is too long for general readers; and in this age of sentimental romance and extravagant adventure, it would scarcely repay you any *large* price which its genuine merits might induce you to hazard. The author may be fairly assured that he *can* write good poetry; and that he only wants a little attention to the spirit of the day, to write popular and profitable poems.

"I am, your's, &c. GEORGE CROLY."

“ ‘ To Mr. P. St. Clements, Strand.

“ ‘ Sir,—The poem you sent for my opinion is a sublime story, and it is described with a power and felicity not easy to be rivalled. But some critics, I suspect, will conclude it to be too long, too sombre, and that it exhibits more of the fruits of serious observation, than vividness of creative fancy. It seems clear to me, that had the good things with which it abounds been condensed a little more, and certain superfluities, which it is not without, been lopped off, it would probably have formed the *very best epic poem extant*. But as it is, it sometimes occasions a sense of weariness, united to some flattened and cumbrous lines, which makes one inclined to skip a page or two; although dreading the loss of those beauties which spring up as it were spontaneously, and often unexpectedly, throughout the work.

“ ‘ The sale for some years will be dull, but ultimately it will be read and admired in spite of the critics; and on this principle, that time will lead to the discovery of those numerous isolated beauties with which each book abounds.

“ ‘ I am at a loss to think why the author has not revised it with more care. I am no *wordmonger*; but there are a variety of verbal errors, which should be corrected with care. You have my genuine opinion, such as you required, and it is for you to judge further and to act. I fear he has not hit the prevailing taste of the age, and that he had the virtue to write less from the desire of gain than from the impulse of genius.

“ ‘ Euston Square.

“ ‘ I am, dear sir,

“ ‘ Yours, &c. ———.

“ You will be rejoiced to learn that my poetic labours have been so flatteringly appreciated in London, and that my journey is likely to prove so very advantageous. But till the arrival of the corrected copy from Weymouth, nothing decisive can be done,” &c. &c.

On the arrival of the copy, an advantageous contract was entered into with Mr. P.; an edition was to be immediately brought out, printed by Bensley, and permission was obtained to dedicate the work to the Duke of Sussex. The poor man now cries out—“ The deep night of darkness, want, and misery, is past; and all to come will now be brightness and happiness.” With these feelings the poet returned to his cottage to attend to a small school which he had lately collected, and to compose a fresh epic.

“ Since my return home, I have been very busily engaged with my school, which is now increased to more than twenty boys. I devote every leisure moment to the composition of a second epic. This poem is not founded on Sacred Writ; no, nor even rests on the basis of profane history. The tale, the characters, and the incidents, are wholly the offspring of my own imagination. I wish to give full play to the romance of fancy, which is also, it seems, the prevailing taste of the day: but I intend to keep it as much as possible within the bounds of classic chasteness and propriety.”

The second child of our author's muse was presented to his former publishers, Messrs. P. and M. Their answer is inserted in these memoirs. It is a plain, benevolent, but decided refusal to be further connected with the author's poetry. The first epic had unfortunately occasioned considerable loss, and with a second, they of course had no wish to engage. The poet, therefore, visits London once more; and gives a most dreary, and we must say, a most illiberal report of the round of vain applications he makes, manuscript in hand, to the London booksellers.

“ I am very sorry to commence with a declaration that I have no good news to send you; but it cannot be longer concealed from you, that I have

in vain tried to obtain a purchaser for my manuscript poem of — among the London publishers. These lordlings of literary merchandise all turn up their sapient noses at me, and refuse with a disdainful brow the efforts of my village pen. Nay, some will not honour me with an interview; but I am told that is nothing new, as one or two of these bookselling gentry never condescend to a personal interview with an author, unless he waits on them in a carriage. Messrs. P. and M. my late publishers, behaved very kindly to me; but as they have been so unsuccessful with my last publication, I cannot expect they will undertake a new one of nearly the same caste.

“I am so weary of going from place to place, and all to no purpose, so sick,” &c. &c.

His late publishers, moved with compassion on seeing his ill success, agreed to give him a small sum per sheet for a little volume of Juvenile Poems; and they suggested that he should write a tragedy, which they would recommend with all their influence to the managers of Drury Lane. The tragedy was written in a true poetic furor in less than five weeks; but Mr. Elliston, though he acknowledged it to be “written with a highly accomplished classic pen,” yet declared that “neither the plot, or incidents, warranted its production on his boards.”

Once more, therefore, did the author return to London, to weary its devoted booksellers with another poem and his rejected tragedy.

“Again I reached London, and again I pursued the same course with the booksellers, and with the same success. Mr. Murray, per note, was sorry my poem did not suit him. Longman and Co. disdainfully returned the manuscripts as if they were unworthy to remain under their roof, though backed by the repeated recommendations of Mr. Warner of Bath, a gentleman well known for his erudition and valuable writings in the republic of letters. Baldwin would not give me the trouble to call again, it being no use to leave any papers, as poetry had seen its day and was now getting out of fashion, except short pieces which were luxuriously voluptuous, or blasphemously libellous. By the head of the house of Taylor and Hessey, I was most politely told that my manuscripts had been read by one of the firm, and found to contain no real poetry, not a single specimen of genuine talent; and that even if they had, the work would be of no use to them, unless in accordance with the taste of the present day I could prove myself to be an absolute clown, and some great character would take upon him to assert that I had no more education or manners than a coal-heaver: gentleman’s poetry was of no use in the present day, and therefore they could not think of publishing mine. Mr. Colburn was fairly frightened at the title of an epic poem, and one in blank verse too. No, it would not do; the taste of the age utterly neglected and condemned such obsolete stuff, and whatever its merits might be, it would never answer to publish it. Well, thought I, might Macpherson say, ‘Were my aim to gain the many, I would write a madrigal sooner than an heroic poem. Laberius himself would be always sure of more followers than Sophocles.’ Whittakers were overwhelmed with manuscripts of all kinds; and Westley had already made choice of such new works as he intended to publish for the next twelvemonth.

“As I wandered along the streets, disconsolately reflecting on the continued miseries modern genius is doomed to endure, I unexpectedly met Mr. K——, an enterprising young man, whom I had frequently met at Messrs. P. and M’s. He informed me that he was about to commence bookseller, in partnership with a gentleman who had plenty of money; that they intended to publish a literary periodical, and should be glad to engage me as a constant contributor, and likewise to purchase any work I had in hand, or might at any future period produce. This, you will say, my friend, was like a gleam of

sunshine through the storm,—a deliverance to the shipwrecked sailor,—a reprieve to the condemned prisoner!

"He almost instantly agreed to purchase my poem and tragedy; for which he was to pay a certain sum in advance; and I was also to receive a third share of the profits. I placed the manuscripts in his hands, and received eleven pounds as a first payment, with which I once more, *con amore*, returned to L. in full confidence of receiving, whenever I wanted it, the residue left in his hands."

This was, however, fortune too good to last, and we soon find our author calling Mr. K. an arch-deceiver; demanding back his poems; bemoaning his wretched fate, and firmly resolving upon suicide. A most active and benevolent friend, however, starts up in the person of a Rev. Mr. Allport, whom we find collecting and sending subscriptions to the amount of sixty or seventy pounds, or more, and in all points taking up the poet's cause with great zeal and activity. Mr. Britton, the well-known architectural author, procured two grants of twenty pounds each from the Literary Fund. The tragedy was now published by the aid of these gentlemen; and an agreement was made with another house, Messrs. Whittaker, to publish the second epic. The author was now happy; at least the only alloy was the delay which had arisen in the publication of the epic. The "mercenary booksellers" made him wait week after week—nay, month after month, before they announced his poem. When he heard a large packet was arrived, addressed to him at the next town, full of expectation and pleasure he hurried to secure it: when, instead of the newly printed copies of his epic, he found a huge bale of his unfortunate tragedy, forty copies of which only had been sold.

The epic did at length appear, and from all we can gather, its history closely resembled that of the tragedy; for all the subsequent letters are filled with complaints of neglect, or refer to insulated instances of individual benevolence and patronage. The expectation which we learn the author entertains at the close of the third volume is, that his tragedy will be brought out by Mr. Davidge, at the Coburg theatre.

We presume that his next literary effort was the work on which we have dwelt thus long, and which we would gladly hope may be more successful than its predecessor. No one can fail to acknowledge that the author's life has been a painful one; and we fear it must be as readily granted, that he is to blame alone for his own sufferings. A man who sets up for a genius, and expects that the world is to pension and honour him, solely because he boldly sets forth his own pretensions, has little reason to complain if he finds his claims neglected and despised. A greater act of folly no young man can commit, than to choose, on his entrance into life, either the profession of a strolling actor, or of a dependant on poetry for bread: and after committing so gross an error, the result of idleness and vanity, is it just that the calamities attendant on failure should be laid at the door of reviewers, booksellers, patrons of literature, and the public? The "Modern Genius," however, sees no injustice in writing tirades against all these classes, and indeed against every individual who did not instantly on seeing him, manuscript in hand, exalt him as a great poet, and give him his

time, his attention, and his money—and thus materially diminishes our sympathy in his case, by the exhibition of much unamiable feeling. In the present instance, as far as we can judge, we are persuaded that reviewers have been induced to withhold their notice from the author's works from motives of good nature: they probably could say nothing good, and they said enough of the author's case to restrain them from censure. The booksellers are throughout termed mercenary, and accused of selfishness. The bookselling business is a trade; and every measure a tradesman takes, must be regulated by considerations of profit and loss. When this principle is departed from, the bookseller has no other to guide him which would not lead him to ruin; and for whom would the "Genius" wish the bookseller to waste his capital, plunge himself into poverty, and his family into distress—for the vagabond lad who chooses to fancy himself a Roscius and a Virgil? One instance, it is true, might not produce these consequences to a firm; but the same reason which would apply in one case would apply in multitudes—to the whole course of business. It is idle to apply the term "mercenary" to people who avowedly trade with no other object than gain. It fortunately happens, that the interest of the public is generally the same as the author: where a publication is good, or likely to contribute to the advantage of the public in any way, it is pretty sure to be profitable to the bookseller; so that in estimating the profit and loss, the tradesman is in fact gauging the wants of the public. An author, therefore, if he can produce a work promising to be acceptable to the world, is certain to be favourably received by the bookseller: if his wares are not saleable, what right has he to complain of either party? Let him depart in peace, and turn the talents God has given him, if he has to depend upon them for a livelihood, to some occupation for which he is better fitted: if he is rich, let him print and publish at his own expense; and thus appeal from the publisher to the public. Did a farmer cultivate land which produced corn of a peculiar taste, and pernicious quality, he would find the cornfactor refuse to become a purchaser of a second if not of a first crop. Were the farmer still to continue to raise corn, which no one would buy, and thus plunge himself into distress and ruin, his lamentations would be laughed at, and his folly despised.—Poetry is, however, generally the product of minds disqualified from reasoning very accurately; and as long as the world relishes that, which may be considered in part, as the result of qualities which unfit men from judging wisely about the actual business of life, some little allowance is to be made on this head for the hallucinations of the bard. And this peculiar unfitness for managing ordinary concerns, is far from being so characteristic of the highest orders of genius, as of those men whose poetic faculties are imperfectly developed, and where the desire far exceeds the power.

The name of this author is PENNIE: we do not remember to have seen any of his productions. We fear that his history is as little calculated to please the public taste as the writer's former productions: it is however far from being deficient in talent and information. Under guidance the author might be made useful, and we bid him not despair.

DEATH IN THE BOTTLE.

Wine and Spirit Adulterators Unmasked, in a Treatise setting forth the Manner employed, and the various Ingredients which constitute the Adulterations and Impositions effected with the different Wines and Spirits offered to the Public, through the medium of Cheap Prices, by many of the Advertising and Placarding Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchants, and Ginshopkeepers, of the present Day. Also, Showing the Method by which the Notice of the Excise is evaded; and affording a Variety of other valuable Information on the Subject. By One of the Old School. London. Robins. 1827. 8vo.

If it has ever occurred to any of our readers as a difficulty how great numbers of notorious wine merchants, in London, are enabled to sell their generous liquor at a less price than that at which it can be imported, we would refer them for a full solution to the Treatise on Wine and Spirit Adulterators; where the subject is treated with that copiousness of detail, and such practical familiarity, that we can hardly be persuaded that we are not listening to the experience of one grown old and rich in the profitable occupation he describes. He talks with such goût of the round flavour and the rich body acquired by vatting; of the nutty kernel flavour communicated by almond cake; of the wonderful power of paling sherry possessed by lamb's blood; so knowingly of the precise admixture of base "benecarlo," or innocent brandy cove; and of the warm and pungent smarting on the palate given by capsicum, chillies, and grains of Paradise; that we refuse utterly to believe that the same pen that now exposes the cunning of his former days, has not, many a time and oft, enraptured the public with flowing descriptions of "fine pale sherry of peculiar delicacy and flavour;" of "fine old soft flavoured West India Madeira;" or "Old London particular," or "curious old soft flavoured cognac, ten years old," &c. &c.

The writer disavows any such dealings; and indeed appears warmed with a virtuous indignation against all practices of the kind: and if the information he gives us is useful, we ought not perhaps to be very particular about the manner in which it is to be obtained.

For the benefit of those innocent people who think themselves blessed that they now can push about the generous bottle at the price at which their fathers bought it, we will expose, after our author, the contents of the bottle on the table, for their benefit:—that enlivening beverage which the guests are smacking on their palates, and blinking at through the glass, bears not a much closer resemblance to the genuine juice of the grape, than the draughts, equally clear, but perhaps less pernicious, which come with the descriptive labels from the shop of the apothecary.

If it can be shown that the lowest price of importation of any given liquor, is greater than that at which "placard wine merchants," as our author calls them, advertise their highly vaunted medicaments, the consequence is plain, that they do not sell that which is imported: that, in short, they sell a mixture of their own. We can show the lowest importation price; and our readers may refer to the adver-

tisements of any advertising dealers, when they will find the same liquors in name at a lower price, and moreover vouched for, not as of an inferior kind, such as would make them approach the lowest importation price; but in truth of a very superior kind, better than any other, unrivalled in strength, matchless in flavour, and unequalled in brilliancy.

Little does the poor invalid think, whose strength is to be animated with a daily portion of white wine, that the warmth which it communicates, and for which he congratulates himself, is the generous result of capsicum, sal tartar, gum dragon, and lees of brandy. The host, when he expatiates on the delicious flavour of the wine with which he has been favoured by a friend "in a large way," dreams not of cherry-laurel water, gum benzoin, and almond cake: and his guests, while they joke and laugh, and sing about the bowl and the grape, and sparkling wine, and all such antiquated stuff, are utterly ignorant of the strides which art has made; and that if their heads are hot, their spirits high, and their hearts warm, they are indebted to spices, drugs, and lees, originally purchased at the druggist's shop, and artfully compounded by a chemist, who conceals his vocation under the name of a wine merchant.

The writer of this Treatise involves in his censures only the advertising wine merchants; their guilt is indeed demonstrable: but it does not follow that all those who do not advertise, and are termed respectable, that they never tamper with their wines. There is a test, however, which is tolerably decisive: the purchaser must ascertain whether they keep *vats*; for vats are almost necessary to the chemical composition of the cheap wines: other means may, however, be devised. But though the purchaser of the cheap wine is undoubtedly buying drugs, yet it is possible that he may still buy the same drugs at a dearer rate, and without the intervention of an advertisement.

The adulteration of spirits is somewhat checked by the operations of the excise officer; and the wholesale dealer is consequently prevented in a great measure, and except at a great risk, from mixing this article of his stock: but unfortunately the dealer in retail is likewise permitted to hold a wholesale license; a circumstance which enables him effectually to evade the effect of the excise laws, in a manner which will be explained.

The writer divides his exposure into two parts; the first relates to spirits, and the second to wines: and we shall follow the order of his subject. As to his style, it is very clear that he has not been accustomed to arrange his thoughts for the press; and his meaning often suffers for the want both of method and expression: we will, nevertheless, contrive to pick out the facts, and leave behind as much as possible the clothing with which he has encumbered them.

With regard to spirits, we must first remind our readers, that as a principal component part is, or ought to be, alcohol, and as that alcohol is capable of being measured by a scientific contrivance, they are immediately susceptible of a test. The specific gravity of the fluid, that is to say its weight, as compared with pure water, indicates the quantity of alcohol contained: the excise laws have fixed upon a

certain standard quantity, which they call *proof*; and with relation to its variations from this quantity the excise regulations are made. If mere bulk were considered, no equal duty would be levied, since in the same vessel great varieties of quantity of alcohol, or spirit, may be contained. No dealer is permitted to have either brandy or rum which does not possess a strength of seventeen per cent. under proof. The excise officer makes repeated visits to the warehouses of all dealers, and ascertains the strength and quantity of all their stocks; and compares it with the permits produced by the dealer, who is not allowed to send out any portion of spirits without rendering an account of it. Should any decrease appear in his stock beyond five gallons per cent. which is not so accounted for, the dealer is liable to a heavy fine: we speak of wholesale dealers, who is not permitted by his license to sell a less quantity than two gallons. Now a retail dealer, in addition to his retail license, may possess, as we have said, by paying ten pounds per annum extra, a wholesale license; and in consequence of the supposed consumption in his shop or bar, he is not required to render any account of his decreases. This difference in the circumstances of the two dealers gives, as will be seen, a considerable facility to the retail dealer in carrying on frauds in the adulteration of spirits. It will consequently be found, generally speaking, that the advertisers of cheap spirits are persons possessing both retail and wholesale licenses.

We have promised to show in the first instance, that the prices advertised by the cheap sellers of both spirits and wine, are lower than that of the cost price; we proceed to the task as regards the staple descriptions of spirits—brandy, rum, and gin; and of wines—port and sherry.

BRANDY.

The duty on brandy is 22*s.* 6*d.* the imperial gallon: the cost of tolerable brandy is from 4*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* per gallon: 10*d.* a gallon is usually reckoned as ordinary interest on duty.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Duty	1	2	6		1	2	6
Cost	0	4	6		0	5	0
Advance of money .	0	0	10		0	0	10
	<hr/>				<hr/>		
	1	7	10	per gal.	1	8	4
	<hr/>				<hr/>		

The cost price is then from 27*s.* 10*d.* per gallon, to 28*s.* 4*d.*; to which is to be added the expense of cartage, wages, waste, &c. estimated at 8*d.* per gallon. This renders the average cost 28*s.* 6*d.* and 29*s.* per gallon.

The prices of the advertisers are 27*s.* 6*d.*; 26*s.*; 25*s.* 6*d.*; 24*s.*; and 23*s.* 6*d.* per gallon.

RUM.

The coarse Leeward Island Rums, and the low priced Jamaica, may be bought at from 1*s.* 3*d.* and 1*s.* 9*d.* to 2*s.* per gallon: 10 per

cent. over proof; the duty is 8s. 6d. per gallon, and the expenses may be 3d. per gallon. When this is reduced to proof, the price amounts, at 1s. 9d. to 10s. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. $\frac{1}{8}$ per gallon.

Now the terms on which rums of "exceedingly fine flavour" are advertised, are 10s. 4d., 10s. 8d., 11s. 6d., 12s., and 13s. 4d. per gallon; at the two latter prices the article to be *proof*.

It should be observed, that the Leeward Island rums, and the low priced Jamaica rums, are almost unsaleable, unless altered in their flavour by artificial means, or blended with others of a better quality.

GIN

Is invariably sold by the malt distillers to the rectifiers at two fixed strengths, and a stated price. The strengths are either 17 or 22 per cent. under proof: at the former strength, the price is to the trade consumers 10s., and for the latter strength 9s. 4d. per gallon. The rectifiers again distill this gin, and sweeten or make it up themselves.

Now the advertising prices are, 5s. 9d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 9s. 4d. per gallon.

PORT.

The following scale will show the prices of port wines in dock:—

"A SCALE, showing the cost price, per dozen, of wines in dock, from such as are scarcely drinkable, to those of the finest qualities, if cleared home and bottled in fifteens,* (three gallons, according to the old measure, to be deducted from each pipe of 138 gallons, old standard, equal to 115 gallons new, as bottoms,) the value of each cask supposed to pay the expenses of clearing from the docks, and cartage, six-pence per dozen being added for charge of corks, and five-pence per dozen more, for expenses of bottling, laths, sawdust, &c.

Cost prices per pipe, of port wines, from the lowest drinkable qualities to those of the finest description.	Cost prices by the dozen of each pipe, if bottled as stated in fifteens.	Cost prices per pipe, of port wines, from the lowest drinkable qualities to those of the finest description.	Cost prices by the dozen of each pipe, if bottled as stated in fifteens.
	Per dozen.		Per dozen.
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
60	22 3	85	31 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
63	23 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	90	32 11
65	24 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	95	34 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
70	25 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	100	36 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
75	27 7	105	38 3
80	29 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	110	40 0 $\frac{1}{2}$

* A small sized bottle, used commonly by the advertising dealers.

SHERRY.

A similar scale shows the prices at which this wine may be imported.

A SCALE, showing the cost prices, per dozen, of genuine pale and brown sherries, from the very lowest qualities and prices of such as are at all drinkable, to those of the highest description, if cleared home and bottled in 'fifteens.' Each butt is supposed to contain the new standard quantity of 108 imperial gallons; equivalent to 130 gallons of the old standard measure. Two gallons and four-fifths, according to the latter measure, deducted in the calculation, as the bottoms; six-pence per dozen reckoned extra for corks; five-pence per dozen more for expences of bottling, laths, saw-dust, &c.; and the value of each cask, to pay for cartage and clearing from docks.

Cost prices per dozen of genuine pale sherry, from the lowest drinkable qualities to the very finest description.			Cost price by the dozen of each butt, according to the quality, if bottled, as stated.			Cost prices per dozen of genuine brown sherry, from the lowest drinkable qualities to the very finest description.			Cost prices by the dozen of each butt, according to the quality, if bottled, as stated.		
Per butt.			Per dozen.			Per butt.			Per dozen.		
£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
65		25	5	1	5	58		22	9	1	9
70		27	3	1	3	60		23	6	1	6
75		29	2	1	2	63		24	8	1	8
80		31	1	1	1	68		26	6	1	6
85		32	11	1	1	72		28			1
90		34	10	1	1	78		30			4
95		36			9	82		31	10	1	1
100		38			7	86		33	4	1	1
105		40			6	92		35	7	1	1
0		0			0	98		37	10	1	1
0		0			0	105		40	6	1	1
0		0			0	110		42			5

The advertising prices for sherry, are 24s., 25s. 6d., 27s., 28s. 6d., and 30s. per dozen.

We have thus shown with regard to the principal articles of consumption, that even the lowest and scarcely drinkable qualities of wines and spirits, must cost the advertising wine merchants too high a price to allow of their being retailed in a genuine state, at the terms quoted in their placards and advertisements. It will not be necessary here to continue the comparison with regard to other wines, as might easily be done. It is possible we may, before we have done, indicate the difference as regards some of them, but at present we shall go on to show what kind of wine and spirits it is that can be sold at the prices of the advertisers; and how the process may be carried on without fear of detection.

From the book before us, we shall give a list of the articles used in the composition of a pseudo-BRANDY.

"The methods by which Cognac brandy is adulterated, are various; but they are all effected by the admixture with such portion of it as will answer the intention of the cheap seller of the following articles. In some instances the whole, in others, only a part of them are introduced; and the number, quantity, and proportions in which they are used, are regulated by the experience which the placarder has acquired of the public taste.

"*Spanish or Bordeaux Brandy.*—Brandies of very inferior quality to Cognac. They are but seldom used by the advertising retailer, as they pay the same duty as Cognac, and therefore approach too nearly the same expense to serve as a profitable basis. I believe, however, that they are frequently sold genuine (except only a *slight* reduction in strength) by the *wholesale spirit advertiser*, under the title of '*Curious old soft voured Cognac, ten years old.*'

"*Old Neutral-flavoured Rum.*—Neutral-flavoured rum is such as possesses the least flavour. It must be of the finest quality; and the highest marks of Wedderburn's rums are generally preferred as being of that description. Their prices vary from 13s. 9d. to 14s. 6d. without the overproof, if purchased by the puncheon; but if in smaller quantities, the cost is at a higher rate.

"*Rectified Spirits.*—By rectified spirits, is not meant the usual spirits of wine, though now sold by our rectifiers, in some respects, under the same regulation. The difference between the two articles in their manufacture is, that the rectified spirits of which I now speak, is distilled from better and cleaner spirits, and afterwards rectified to extract the essential oil, in order to render it as *tasteless* as possible; whilst spirits of wine is generally made from the feints and refuse of all other spirits and compounds put together; and undergoes only the simple process of distillation. It is sold under the denomination of plain spirits, and is to be bought at twenty-five per cent. overproof, for about 15s. 7d. per gallon, including the overproof; and, therefore, when reduced to proof, costs only 12s. 5½d. per gallon, as the following will show:—

	£.	s.	d.
100 gallons of rectified spirits at 15s. 7d.	77	18	4
25 gallons of water to reduce it to proof makes up			
125 gallons proof rectified spirits at 12s. 5½d. is	77	18	4

It may be requisite, however, just to observe, that all dealers are restricted from keeping rectified spirits in stock, or sending it out at a less strength than it is received in at. But as the retailer has to render no other account of its disposal to his excise officer, (should there be a decrease,) when the stock is taken, than is afforded by the permits he has had occasion to draw for sending out two gallons of it or upwards, such a restriction does not in the least interfere with his means of using it in any spirit he pleases.

" *British Brandy Bitters*.—British brandy bitters is used to fill up the flavour, but comparatively in small quantities, as it is exceedingly powerful: it is usually composed of

Rectified spirits,	Camomile flowers,
Cassia,	Orange peel,
Carraways,	&c. &c.

The cost is about 9s. 6d. per gallon.

" *British Brandy*.—An imitation of French: the compound of which, previously to distillation, consists generally of the following proportionate ingredients:—

80 gallons of rectified spirits, 50 overproof.
 7 gallons of vinegar.
 12 ounces of orace root.
 15 pounds of raisins.
 2 pounds of vitriol.

The cost price is from 13s. to 14s. per gallon, twenty-two per cent. under proof.

" *Cherry-Laurel Water*.—This is intended to answer the same purpose as British brandy bitters, but is more generally made use of, because the quantity of it applied does not prevent a trial of the strength of the brandy by the hydrometer. Its qualities are highly pernicious, and even poisonous.

" *Extract of Almond Cake*.—Extract of almond cake is prepared by keeping a quantity of the cake in spirits of wine for a long time. It is intended to impart to adulterated brandy, a taste resembling the fine kernel flavour which the genuine article possesses.

" *Extract of Capsicums, or Extract of Grains of Paradise*.—Known in the trade by the denomination of 'Devil.' The extract of capsicums is made by putting a quantity of the small East India chellies into a bottle of spirits of wine, and keeping it closely stopped for about a month. The same process is performed with grains of paradise. The purposes of both are obvious from their natures. They are used to impart an appearance of strength, by the hot pungent flavour which they infuse into the spirit requiring their aid. They are mixed separately, according to the opinions of the maker-up, as to which answers the purpose best; their properties being similar with respect to their giving a hot taste in the mouth, which passes for strength with the persons imposed upon.

" *Colouring, Sugar, &c.*—Colouring consists merely of a preparation of burnt sugar. It is employed to bring up the colour of brandy which may have become too pale by the preceding mixtures. It is used to answer the same end with rum. The reasons for the application of sugar will be seen in the course of my remarks.

Now from these materials it becomes a problem easily solved, by an experiment or two, how to make up "full-proof brandy," to cost something under 21s. 6d. This problem is worked by our author:—

"To make up 100 gallons of 'full-proof Brandy,' to cost only 21s. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. $\frac{43}{100}$

	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
50 gals. of fine cognac brandy, proof, at ...	29	0	per gal.	72	10 0
31 gals. of old neutral-flavoured rum, previously reduced to proof	13	0	—	20	3 0
9 gals. of old neutral-flavoured rum, twenty-five per cent. overproof, including overproof	16	6	—	7	8 6
10 gals. of British brandy, twenty-two per cent. underproof	13	6	—	6	15 0
<hr/>					
100 gals. of full-proof Brandy at 21s. 4d. $\frac{53}{100}$				106	16 6
				20	

To the above must be added—

1 pint of colouring.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cherry-laurel water.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint of extract of almond cake.

100)2136(21.4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. $\frac{43}{100}$
gals. 200 per gal.

136

100

36

12

100)438(4d.

400

38

4

100)152($\frac{1}{4}$

100

52

Now if this full proof brandy, which will bear to be tried by the hydrometer, be reduced to seventeen per cent. under proof (the legal minimum) by the addition of seventeen gallons of water, with a larger proportion of the flavouring ingredients, a little calculation will show that the cost price to the compounder falls to 18s. 3d. $\frac{90}{100}$ per gallon.

The exciseman takes the retail dealer's stock once a month, and if in the mean time he has been compounding cognac brandy, that officer might ascertain that there is a deficiency in the rums and other spirits which go to make up the compound, and an increase in the article of brandy. The sale by retail, however, enables him effectually to blind the exciseman. In making his brandy, he takes care to keep within his former quantity by a plausible number of gallons; and though from the use of the inferior spirits in making up his brandy, a disproportionate quantity of them may have disappeared, this is not the business of the officer.

The mode of compounding a cheap RUM is to purchase the low priced Leeward Island rums, and by adding some of the following articles :—

Ale, Porter, Shrub,
Extract of Orace Root,
Cherry-laurel Water.
Extract of Grains of Paradise, or Capsicums.

They may be made saleable as “fine old Jamaica rum of a peculiar softness and flavour.” Now as the inferior rums may be purchased under 10*s.* 6*d.* per gallon at proof, it becomes a problem how to reduce this to a saleable rum at an advertising price. The following example will show the process :—

“To reduce 55 gallons of the *proof* Rum, at 10*s.* 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* $\frac{30}{110}$ per gallon, to cost 9*s.* 5*d.* per gallon ; strength about 10 per cent. underproof.

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		<i>£.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
55 gals. proof Leeward Island						
Rum, at	10	3 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{30}{110}$ per gal.		28	7	6
1 gal. Porter	2	0	—	0	2	0
$\frac{1}{2}$ gal. Shrub	9	0	—	0	4	6
4 $\frac{1}{2}$ gals. Water.						
$\frac{1}{2}$ pint Colouring	Quantity increased pays their expence.			28	14	0
$\frac{1}{2}$ pint Orace Root				20		
$\frac{1}{2}$ pint Extract of						
Capsicums.						
61 gals. Rum, at 9 <i>s.</i> 5 <i>d.</i> per gal-				61)574(9. 4 $\frac{2}{4}$ per gal.		
lon ; strength about 10 per				gals. 549 say 9 <i>s.</i> 5 <i>d.</i>		
cent. underproof.				per gal.		
				25		
				12		
				61)300(4		
				244		
				56		
				4		
				61)224($\frac{2}{4}$		
				183		
				41		

This may be reduced to a rum saleable at 8*s.* 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* per gallon ; strength seventeen per cent under proof, the lowest at which it is allowed to be sold, but it is unnecessary to exhibit the process.

The list of ingredients used in flavouring, or making up the GIN, as advertised, is somewhat startling, not less for its length than for the articles of which it is composed. They are as follows :—

Oil of Vitriol,	Sulphuric Æther,
Oil of Turpentine,	Extract of Orace Root,
Oil of Juniper,	Extract of Angelica Root,
Oil of Cassia,	Extract of Capsicums, or
Oil of Carraways,	Extract of Grains of Paradise,
Oil of Almonds,	Water, Sugar, &c.

With respects to the first mentioned of these articles, viz. oil of vitriol, it is perhaps the most important of the whole list ; as from the pungency it imparts to the spirit, it mainly assists in keeping up the appearance of strength, when applied to the nose, as the *extracts*

of *capsicums* or of *grains of paradise* do when applied to the taste. Hence it is, that in smelling a bottle containing gin, in the flavouring of which *oil of vitriol* has been employed, the pungency is so great, immediately after the bung has been taken out, as almost to make the eyes water, which is never the case, even with gin at its highest strength, previously to its being sweetened.

The quantities in which it is applied are various, according to the judgment of those who have occasion to require its aid, though there is every reason to believe it is used in the greatest proportion to those gins which are reduced to the lowest strengths and prices, and by those persons who are considered the most knowing.

Before, however, it is mixed with the other flavouring ingredients, it is altered in its form by a process, in which either *sour cider* or *lime water* is employed; and under which alteration it is, we believe, added in the proportions of from one to four pints to 100 gallons of gin.

As regards *oil of turpentine* and *sulphuric æther*, (*the turpentine having been changed from its oily state by means of lime water, the whites of eggs, or spirits of wine*,) they are included in the measure of about one-eighth of a pint of the former, and half a pint of the latter, (with the other materials used for the flavour,) for 100 gallons, and chiefly for the purpose of mingling and concealing the *oil of vitriol* in the made up gin, and giving it what is termed "a delicate flavour!"

The *extracts of orace* and *angelica roots* are used for imparting a fulness of body and flavour to that vast proportion of the compound, which is merely *water*; and, by their relative bitters, keeping the taste as nearly as possible, to that of the gin previously to any reduction. They are applied with the other ingredients in quantities of about a quart of each to the 100 gallons of manufactured gin.

The remaining *oils*, named in the list, require the nicest discrimination in their application; and that their forms be altered by the same means as are employed with *oil of turpentine*. They are all exceedingly powerful, and the proportions made use of with the rest of the materials, (previously to their having undergone any change,) seldom exceed a quarter of an ounce of the *oils of cassia, carraways*, and *almonds*; and of the *oil of juniper*, one ounce.

The prices at which the rectifier receives this spirit from the malt distiller has been stated. It requires *forty-eight gallons* of water to reduce 100 gallons of gin, purchased at its cheapest rate, to one of the prices at which it is advertised, and the still further addition of *forty-four gallons* more of water (making a total of *ninety-two gallons*) to allow of the profit of 1*s.* 6*d.* per gallon. It is consequently pretty evident, that adscititious ingredients must be used in considerable quantities to disguise the aqua para.

The following scale will show how the compounder purchasing 100 gallons of gin from the distiller, at 9*s.* 4*d.* per gallon, 22 per cent. under proof, must act, in order to meet his prices, both with and without a profit. These prices we have stated to be 9*s.* 8*d.*, 8*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 6*s.* 8*d.*, 6*s.* 9*d.* per gallon. Since the author made the calculations below, the price of gin has fallen, but then the advertising prices have fallen also, so that the results are not altered:—

"A SCALE, showing the quantity of water necessary to reduce 100 gallons of gin, at 22 per cent. underproof, to the various prices at which it is advertised and placarded, and the still farther reduction requisite to allow the profits as stated.

	£	s.	d.
100 gallons of gin at 9s. 4d.	46	13	4
30 pounds of lump sugar, at 11d.....	1	7	6
Flavouring, &c. pays itself in the quantity increased	0	0	0
	48	0	10

If reduced, to cost—

Prices as advertised.	Profit derived extra.		Quantity of Water required to 100 gals. of Gin to reduce it to the price advertised.		Further quantity of Water required to the 100 gals. of Gin to allow of the profit.		Total quantity of Water requisite to reduce the 100 gals. of Gin to the profit per gal below the price advertised.		Per centum of strength under-proof.
			gals.	qts.	gals.	qts.	gals.	qts.	
per gal.	per gal.								per cent.
s. d.	s. d.								
9 4	2 0	Takes	3	0	28	0	31	0	40½
8 0	1 6		20	0	27	3	47	3	47
7 6	1 6		28	0	32	0	60	0	51
7 0	1 6		37	1	37	2	74	3	55
6 6	1 6		47	3	44	1	92	0	59
5 9	1 0	*	67	0	35	2	102	2	61½

The ingredients necessary for compounding cheap PORT are thus enumerated by our author :—

"Benecarlo,† a strong coarse Spanish red wine, known by the denomination of *Spanish Black Strap*, to be purchased, including duty, at about 38*l.* per pipe of 115 gallons.

"Figuera,† a red wine from the province of Estremadura, in Portugal, of

* "On distilling a gallon of each of the gins advertised, at these prices, through a small experimental still, I found, on calculation, the relative profits considerably more, than stated on some of the prices in this scale; for the sake, however, of having no mis-statement, I have supposed the whole, only as laid down; and, that I am correct in my assertion the fact will sufficiently prove, that some officers of excise have, on one or two occasions, made seizures of gin at as low a strength as 92 per cent. underproof, concluding it to be illegal; but which was afterwards returned, as there is no law to limit the strength of this compound, in point of weakness."

† "It will be proper to remark, that no restriction exists as to mixing one red wine with another, providing they both pay the same rate of duty, or one white wine with another, under a similar proviso; but white wines cannot legally be mixed with red, nor can any wines whatever be put together, unless under the circumstance of their duties being equal. Benecarlo and Figuera wines pay the same duty as port, and the fact of an enormous quantity being used of them, and of their being applied to the purposes I have described, and no other, could be fully proved, by a return from the London Dock Company of the immense number of pipes of both wines, which, as is notorious to all of the trade, are yearly imported into, and cleared from thence, to the premises of our cheap sellers, although we never see them mentioned in any of their placards or advertisements, under the denomination which they bear."

intermediate quality between *Black Strap* and inferior port, bearing a nearer resemblance to the latter, and generally to be bought at 45*l.* per pipe of 115 gallons, duty included.

"*Red Cape*, which, from its low rate of duty, may be had, including that charge, for about 32*l.* per pipe of 91 gallons, consequently forming a profitable ingredient.

"*Mountain*, a small quantity, if required, to soften and give an appearance of richness.

"*Sal Tartar*, a portion to occasion the compound, when bottled, to crust firm and soon, dissolved with a proportionate quantity of

"*Gum Dragon*, to impart a fullness of flavour and consistency of body; and to give the whole a face.

"*Berry-Dye*, a colouring matter extracted from *German Bilberries*, and known under this name. In addition to these may be introduced,

"*Brandy Cowe*, explained at the close of my remarks on brandy, and which costs nothing, in the proportion of about three gallons to every hundred gallons of made up wine. Another ingredient that may also be mentioned, is

"*Cyder*."

To combine these materials properly, it is necessary to erect a vat capable of containing from 500 to 1000 gallons. Now into this may be racked the ingredients in the following proportions, which are obtainable at the prices affixed:—

	Imperial gallons.	£	Imperial gallons.		£	s.	d.
2 pipes of Benecarlo	230	at 38 per	115	costs	76	0	0
2 pipes of Figuera	230	45	115		90	0	0
1½ pipe of red Cape.....	137	32	91		48	3	6
1½ pipe of stout good Port	165	76	115		109	0	10
1 pipe of common Port...	115	63	115		63	0	0
Mountain	20	60	105		11	8	7
Brandy Cowe	20	0	0		0	0	0
Colouring	3	0	0		0	3	1
*Etceteras.....	0	0	0		0	4	0
— Extra allowance for loss by the bottoms.....	0	0	0		2	0	0
8 pipes of Port, of 115 gals. each pipe, are	920		Imperial gallons.....		400	0	0

* 3½ pounds *Sal Tartar*, dissolved in water, with about 3 pounds of *Gum Dragon*, and introduced with the finings.

"The value of the empty pipes and hogsheads, which is 5*l.* 5*s.* not being deducted from the amount of this example, are supposed to pay all expenses of cartage, that part of the etceteras which may not be sufficiently charged or paid for, by the water used to dissolve them, and which is sold as wine, and for any additional loss which may be sustained by the bottoms.

"Thus, then, we have eight pipes of *superior port wine*, made up, according to the best and most approved plan, and which stands our advertising and placarding dealers only in 50*l.* per pipe of 115 imperial gallons, every expense included, and reckoned at the very outside; or should even this be manufactured at too high a price, to render their profits sufficiently adequate to support that degree of modesty for which they are so famous, a slight variation, in the proportion of any of the ingredients, need only be made, to produce a considerable alteration in their favour.

"By a very simple calculation it will also be shown, that the wine thus made up, if drawn off in bottles of the size of *sixteen* to the three gallons, old measure, and adding a charge of 6*d.* per dozen extra, for corks, would cost only 16*s.* 9*d.* per dozen—if in the size of bottles termed *fifteens*, 17*s.* 9*d.* per dozen; and the mystery, therefore, of their advertising *genuine* port wines at 23*s.* 6*d.* and 24*s.* per dozen, and in pipes, hogsheads, and quarter casks, at the rate of 63*l.* and 65*l.* per pipe, is at once explained."

The following is the list of articles required for compounding a fashionable pale *SHERBY* :—

"To the requisite proportion of coarse brown sherry, which may be purchased at about 60*l.* per butt, of 108 imperial gallons, the articles made use of, in what is considered the best mode of making up a resemblance of pale sherry, or where the number of spurious ingredients employed for the purpose are fewest, and in the smallest proportions, consist of the following, in relative qualities—

"*Cape*, (to be bought, including duty, for about 22*l.* per pipe of 91 gallons,) previously fined, and racked bright from the lees.

"*Brandy Cowe*, which costs nothing, but is useful in lessening the body of the mixture, so as to give it the appearance of being a light-bodied wine.

"*Extract of Almond Cake*,* (used also in the adulteration of brandy,) to impart a nutty flavour.

"*Cherry-laurel Water*, a small quantity, generally in order to check the predominance of the almond cake, and to give a roundness of flavour; or, if it be *brown sherry* that is to be adulterated, or manufactured, to enable the vender to sell it as such.

"*Gum Benzoin* is often made use of, in the place of extract of almond cake, as it causes the mixture to bear a nearer resemblance to the particular flavour possessed by the brown sherry, as distinguished from the pale: if, however, the composition be intended for *pale sherry*, it is supposed to be completed, after the several ingredients (with the exception of the latter), have been well rummaged together with the wine; and when, (in order to extract a sufficient portion of the colour, to render it pale)—

"*Lamb's Blood* † has been employed with the finings. This is done in the proportion of three pints of blood, to every hundred gallons of the compound, if it is to appear distinctly as pale sherry; but if it is only meant to pass for amber-coloured sherry, one pint and a half of this delectable ingredient is enough. The whole mixture, however, after lying ten days or so, is bottled off, or racked into quarter-casks, &c. and is then considered fit to be advertised, and sold as *genuine* sherry, under whichever character, as to colour, it has been made to represent. Another article sometimes introduced, and supposed to be a capital material to assist in the manufacture of fictitious sherry, on the best system to deceive the public, is—

"*British Raisin Wine*."

* "On reference to the trial of Oldfield, it will be seen that the composition applied by him to impart the proper flavour to his adulterated wine, was formed of a mixture of sweet and bitter almonds, with powdered oyster-shells and chalk, the two latter ingredients being added, to bind and concentrate the whole. By those, however, of our advertisers, who are even more knowing than Mr. Oldfield, the extract of almond cake is usually preferred, as not having so great a tendency to alter the face of the wine, or render it less transparent, and also as it is supposed to impart a more delicate flavour."

† "The properties of this article will almost exceed belief:—The chemical decomposition of colour which it occasions in the wine which receives its aid, is so extremely rapid, that in the course of five or six hours the wine becomes completely changed, from brown to pale; and such is the power it possesses, that, comparatively only, a very slight increase in the quantity of it usually employed to manufacture pale sherry is required to reduce a dark brown wine to the colour of tinged water. By a few of our adulterators, skimmed milk has been employed to answer the same purpose as *lamb's blood*, but its effect has been found to be so very deficient in several respects, that I believe its use is now entirely superseded by the latter more valuable ingredient."

Now for the practical receipts, according to which the mixture is to be made:—

	Imperial gallons.	£.	Imperial gallons.		£.	s.	d.
3 Pipes of Cape, (quite clear from the lees) ..	273	at 25 per	91	costs	75	0	0
4 Butts of Coarse Brown Sherry	432	— 60 —	108		240	0	0
1 Butt, of better quality	107	— 65 —	108		64	0	0
Brandy Cowe	50	}	—		1	12	0
Extract of Almond Cake	1½						
Cherry-laurel Water...	0½						
Allowance for loss by the bottoms	—	—	—		3	0	0
8 Butts of Sherry, of 108 gallons each butt, are	864	Imperial gallons.....		£.	384	0	0

We adopt the writer's comment on this scale:—

"According to this scale, which is a true and correct example of the plan generally adopted, as partaking of the least adulteration, we have eight butts of 108 gallons each, of a most delightful mixture, which costs only 48*l.* per butt, at the very outside; the expences being much more than paid in the value of the casks, (5*l.* 5*s.*) which has not before been taken into consideration, or deducted from the total amount, to lessen the cost per butt; and in the course of a few days after the finings and lambs-blood have been put in, it is ready to be advertised as '*Fine Pale Sherry of peculiar delicacy and flavour!*' If bottled in '*fifteens,*' and 6*d.* per dozen be added for charge of corks, the cost price per dozen would be 18*s.* 2½*d.*; if in the size of bottles termed '*sixteens,*' 16*s.* 11½*d.* per dozen. As stated by our different advertisers and placarders, the prices for sale are 24*s.*; 25*s.* 6*d.*; 27*s.*; 28*s.* 6*d.*; and 30*s.** per dozen."

The author pursues the wine compounder into all his tricks, and is not less particular in his history of the corruption of claret and champagne than of port and sherry; but they who are not satisfied with the details, for which we have been indebted to him, must procure the work itself: in which they will find a multitude of minor devices for cheating a customer exposed, to which we have not been able to allude. Enough has been said by us to warn the 'public from the premises of men, who may be proved to sell their wares at less than cost price; and perhaps sufficient to induce those whose duty it is to protect the public by legislative provisions, to look into the subject. The public

* "It should be observed, that another mode these worthies have of increasing their profits is by selling the same wine, which is advertised at so low a rate, for that for which a higher price is quoted; thus, in applying for a quantity of wine at 30*s.* per dozen, you are supplied with identically the same wine as is advertised and sold at 24*s.* per dozen. If you apply for some, the price of which is stated as at 36*s.* or 42*s.* per dozen, you are served from that which is occasionally sold as of tempting quality at 30*s.* per dozen, and so on through their whole scale of prices."

is doubtless egregiously stupid thus to be imposed upon; but that does not seem to us a reason why dishonest men should therefore be licensed to prey upon it. It has been already observed, that the whole weight of this exposure, as regards spirits, rests upon the men who combine the licence to deal wholesale with that to retail. Were such tradesmen compelled to carry on these two trades on different premises, the opportunity of adulterating would be almost entirely destroyed.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

The Romance of History.—England. By Henry Neele. In 3 vols. London, 1827.

IN our review of Miss Robert's "Memoirs of the Houses of York and Lancaster" a few months since, we noticed the various ways in which History is administered to the English public in the nineteenth century; but we little thought that at the very moment a poetical imagination was employed in devising means by which it was to be still further distorted. We have read Mr. Neele's work with some pleasure; and though the praise which we are about to award him will not, we fear, be exactly that which he would desire, it shall at least have the merit of sincerity. Whatever may be the other claims to admiration which his volumes possess, they are absorbed in the literary intrepidity, which they evince, since their author has the courage to commence his preface in these words:—"The following tales are all founded upon *facts* in English history:" he proceeds, however, to tell us, that "the aid of fiction has, indeed, been made use of, but no important historical event has been falsified; and where the author has wandered farthest from strict fact, he has yet endeavoured to be true to the spirit and manners of the age in which the scene is laid. It will also be found, that the most marvellous and improbable of the events narrated in these volumes, are by no means the least authentic. '*Le vrai,*' says a French author, '*n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable.*'"

The only inference to be drawn from these statements is, that his tales are founded on real events; an assertion which, with as much politeness as possible, we beg to contradict. We do not deny that such men as the kings he mentions actually lived and reigned; that certain battles were fought and towns besieged, but the foundation of a tale is its plot; and even supposing that the heroes and heroines, and the gestes imputed to them, are mentioned by some mendacious chronicler, are we to receive their narratives as truths? But in the majority of instances, Mr. Neele's characters, and the circumstances with which they are said to have been connected, are purely ideal: hence, instead of the plot being founded on fact, the contrary is the case; and his materials merely consist of historical personages and events instead of the ordinary men, and women, and transactions used by other novelists. Not satisfied with this highly culpable attempt to mislead, the effort is visible in many other parts of his labours. Instead of giving a brief notice at

the commencement of each "Tale," of the *facts* upon which it was founded, Mr. Neele has inserted an "Historical Summary" of the reign to which it is supposed to relate, but which has no more to do with the tale than with the battle of Waterloo; and to render the deception still greater, he occasionally introduces a passage from Froissart, or some other early writer, whom he cites in a note, whence it would appear, that the whole story was derived from the same source, and that his researches have been of the most laboured description. This is not a little discreditable, and deserves a much more severe censure than we have passed upon it. Having endeavoured to preserve history from this new attempt at violation, we shall present our readers with a short account of the work, and select for their amusement the most interesting parts of its contents. We must, however, first say a few words upon the title. Mr. Neele clearly does not know the meaning of the words "Romance of History;" and we suspect that our gracious sovereign, to whom the volumes are dedicated, will be no less puzzled to understand what part of the history of England is embraced by its "romantic annals;" though some clue is afforded him by the assurance, "that there is no era more illustrious in art, in science, in literature, and in arms, than his majesty's own glorious regency and reign." The "Romance of History," as well as the "romantic annals," if the latter expression be not positive nonsense, are very distinct from the romantic events of history. The former are the idle stories, the superstitious anecdotes, the absurd legends or prophecies which occur in the writers of the middle ages; and above all, the knowledge which they affect of the thoughts and feelings of individuals, as well as the speeches which they attribute to them; but the romantic events of history are deeds of extraordinary prowess, unusual sacrifices in the cause of virtue or honour, great actions, or great crimes; acts which, whether criminal or laudable, astound the imagination and strike us with irresistible respect, awe, or fear. All of these may be consistent with truth; and form that charm which gives to the parts of history or biography in which they occur, all the interest and excitement of a romance, or to use a word less likely to confound the distinction which we are explaining, though far less appropriate, a novel.

It has been Mr. Neele's wish "to *illustrate!* the reign of every sovereign by at least one tale:" he commences immediately after the Conquest, and extends his stories to the time of the Restoration. The heroine of the first is the *daughter* of Wulstan, who was appointed *Bishop* of Worcester by the last Saxon monarch. From this story we shall make some copious extracts, as it presents a fair specimen of the author's powers:—

" 'It is in vain—it is in vain, my children! This unhappy kingdom is now experiencing the tender mercies of the Conqueror: our liberties are trampled under foot; our religion insulted and despised; and our reverend prelates selected one by one as lambs for the slaughter. The noble primate Stigand is deposed and imprisoned; the bishops of Selesey and Elmham have shared his fate, and my lord of Durham has fled the kingdom. I, doubtless, am marked out as the next victim! To have had the mitre placed upon my brows by holy King Edward, is a crime by which this ingrate Norman will never be forgiven.'

"The speaker was a man of a stately figure and Herculean proportions.

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The thin white locks upon his head, and the deep furrows on his cheek, proclaimed his advanced age; but indicated neither mental decay nor bodily infirmity. His large bright blue eye gleamed with all the fire and vivacity of youth; and his step, as he paced the apartment, was firm and bold, although hurried and irregular. His features were agitated with an expression of mingled scorn and sorrow, and his hand, which bore a silver staff, crooked at the top, seemed quite as well fitted to grasp the sword as the crosier.

"'Nay, my good lord!' said a young man, to whom clung a terrified maiden, and both of whom seemed deeply interested in the old man's emotions, 'do not believe that the conqueror, haughty and tyrannical as he is, will venture so far to outrage the feelings and opinions of his subjects as to strip your lordship of those dignities which you have worn so honourably. My father, too, stands high in the favour of his sovereign, and will not fail to exert his influence in behalf of our friend: a friend,' he added, looking with a smile towards the maiden, who blushed deeply, 'to whom we shall shortly be united by ties of a tenderer and yet stronger nature.'

"'Walter Fitzwalter,' said the prelate, 'I doubt not your father's honour or his friendship; but I know the blind feudal obedience which your Norman laws exact from a subject towards his sovereign. I know that friendship and duty, and filial, and parental, and conjugal love, have often been sacrificed by the vassal, at the command of his liege lord. Thou, Walter, nevertheless, hast Saxon blood in thy veins and a Saxon heart in thy bosom; and the sun, which will most gladden those old eyes, will be that which brightens the morning of thy nuptials with my fair child.'—Vol. i. pp. 7—9.

The lady of course blushes, and is also, as a matter of course, pressed "more closely to her lover's bosom." The description which is given of her certainly justifies Fitzwalter's taste:—

"She appeared to be two or three years younger than her suitor, that is to say, she had perhaps seen some eighteen or nineteen summers. Her form was tall and stately like her father's; and although youth and bloom were upon her cheek, and her long auburn tresses fell in rich ringlets down her neck, while his locks were blanched with age, and his broad expansive brow was furrowed with deep wrinkles, still their features bore a remarkable resemblance. She was wonderfully fair; perhaps at the period to which this narrative refers, she might be called pale; for sorrow and suffering had intruded even into the high places of England, and left its traces on her once joyous countenance. Of her kindred, some had fallen in the field, some on the scaffold, and some were exiles in a foreign land: while her father, who had borne the episcopal staff for several years with honour to himself and benefit to his spiritual flock, was now waiting in expectation of the command of the conqueror to resign it to some minion of his own. Her eyes were of a deep blue, and sparkled brightly even beneath the tears which now streamed plentifully from them."—Vol. i. pp. 9, 10.

Edith then attempts to console her father; and a colloquy takes place which we shall pass over. It was interrupted by a bugle, and—

"Presently an armed man, mounted on a stately white charger, was admitted into the court-yard. He was not long in dismounting, and being ushered into the presence of the bishop, where having unbarred his vizor, he exhibited features, which were well known to all. The prelate extended his hand, the maiden made a lowly reverence, and the young man sinking on his knee, exclaimed, 'Your blessing, my noble father, your blessing.'

"'My Lord Fitzwalter,' said the bishop, 'peace be with you!'

"'Wulstan of Worcester,' returned the other, 'I greet you well.'

"'Ha!' said the prelate, 'so blunt! It is long since I have heard myself styled plain Wulstan, and I did not expect that, the first time that title again greeted my ears, it should be from the lips of the Baron Fitzwalter.'

" 'I dare not,' said the Baron, 'call you my Lord of Worcester, for I am the bearer of the king's command to inform you that you are no longer bishop of this diocese.'

" 'Is it even so?' said Wulstan; and then turning to the young people, 'was I not gifted with the spirit of prophecy? And pray, my lord, may I crave to know of what crime poor Wulstan of Worcester has been guilty, that his hand, which has borne this pastoral staff so long, may not retain it for the few years which yet remain of his mortal pilgrimage?'

" 'No crime is imputed to you, my lord; but the king's conscience is troubled by his allowing you to retain the episcopal dignity which was conferred upon you by an usurper. You received your pall from Benedict IX. who was deposed for simony and intrusion into the papacy.'

" The features of Wulstan had as yet betokened only wounded pride and mortified dignity, but his lip now writhed with an expression of unutterable scorn. 'Death!' he cried, forgetting his sacerdotal character, 'the king's conscience was not troubled when he forgot his coronation oath, whereby he swore to protect the church, to administer justice, to repress violence, and to govern the Normans and the Saxons by equal laws.'

" 'Pardon me, my lord,' said Fitzwalter, 'if I say that I must not listen to these injurious accusations of my sovereign. I come not here to reason with you upon his commands, but to communicate them to you. A more reluctant messenger he could not have selected; but as he has intrusted me with this commission, I have no choice but to inform you that you are commanded to appear before our lord the king, at the Abbey of Westminster, at the synod to be holden there on Monday next by our gracious sovereign, assisted by the most reverend primate Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury: where you are to resign your ring and pastoral staff, the king having deposed you from the see of Worcester, and appointed Robert of Orleans in your stead.'

" 'Oh! my father!' said Walter Fitzwalter, 'surely the king knows not what he is doing, or how generally and deservedly the good Wulstan is beloved. A word, a breath from thee——'

" 'Peace, inconsiderate boy,' said the baron, interrupting him. 'His Grace of Canterbury, to whom such an office more properly belongs, tells me that he has endeavoured to act the mediator between the king and my lord Wulstan, but without effect. His purpose is fixed and unalterable.'

" 'Then, my sweet Edith,' said Walter, turning to his fair companion, 'although I may not wed the heiress of Worcester's dignified prelate, yet the fair and virtuous daughter of good Wulstan shall still rule the heart of Walter Fitzwalter.'

" A cloud gathered on the baron's brow, and his breast seemed agitated by a variety of contending emotions. 'My son,' he said, 'banish these idle feelings from your bosom. When I gave my consent to your union with this fair damsel, her father had not fallen under the displeasure of the king. It would ill become a Fitzwalter to espouse the daughter of a man who has been degraded from his dignities by his sovereign.'

" 'My Lord Fitzwalter,' exclaimed the deprived bishop, 'Wulstan of Worcester, the descendant of a long line of illustrious Saxon ancestors, whose brows were honoured with the mitre by the sacred hands of holy King Edward, was never degraded till this moment, when a Norman adventurer, a baron, the creation of a duke whose fathers were themselves Norwegian marauders, has dared to consider an union with his family a disgrace. Fare you well, my lord; I shall meet the king at Westminster, and trust me, that neither Edith nor I shall in future give you reason to apprehend that your family honour may be tarnished by an union with us.'—Vol. i. pp. 10—14.

The bishop becomes irate and indignant; the baron grasps his sword; 'but on the wearer's recollection of the age and situation of the prelate, "it dropped again into its scabbard." Edith naturally

clings to her papa, whilst her suitor stands between the angry speakers, not knowing precisely what to do. The baron then—

“ Seized his son’s arm, and was withdrawing him from the apartment, when Edith exclaimed, ‘ Walter, dear Walter ! leave me not thus.’

“ The youth sprang towards her, and would have clasped her in his arms, but the fathers of both were on the alert to prevent their embraces.

“ ‘ Edith ! child ! ’ said Wulstan, ‘ load not my grey head with the only dishonour which can fall upon it. Let not my daughter cling to the proud Normans who spurn her ! ’

“ Walter ! ’ said the baron, ‘ are thy father’s and the king’s displeasure alike contemned ? It were better for thee that thou wert in thy grave than wedded to the daughter of a man disgraced.’—Vol. i. p. 15.

Wulstan once more gets into a fury not very becoming in a bishop ; but the violence which he meditates is happily prevented by the prudent retreat of the baron, who was followed by his son. Edith’s feelings are then described, and some explanation is given of the relative situations of all the parties ; whence we learn that—

“ He was the son of a Norman nobleman of the highest rank and reputation, who had married a Saxon lady, and with whom, until the period of the invasion of England by Duke William, Bishop Wulstan had been upon terms of intimacy and friendship. The addresses of Walter were encouraged both by Edith and her father, and appeared certain of being crowned with success, until the period when the Duke of Normandy preferred his claim to the English crown. That event put an end to all intercourse between Saxons and Normans, and Walter left the island, to return to it in a short time accompanied by his father, in the army which afterwards achieved the victory of Hastings. The rapid successes of the conqueror, and the unqualified submission of all England to his sway, induced Wulstan to take the oath of fealty to the man against whom he had not only preached and declaimed, but had, notwithstanding his age and clerical character, actually borne arms on the fatal day which made him lord of the destinies of England. He then began to remember that Walter had Saxon blood in his veins—that he sincerely loved and was beloved by Edith—and would sometimes even go so far as to argue that the Normans and the Saxons had one common northern origin, and that the short sojourn of the former in Neustria was not of itself sufficient to cut asunder the bond of consanguinity and amity. The Baron Fitzwalter and his son soon afterwards became, once more, welcome visitors at the episcopal palace of Worcester, and the youth and the maiden were again formally betrothed to each other.”—Vol. i. pp. 15—17.

Whilst the young lady was sitting at “ her casement window over the Severn,” indulging in reflections more creditable to her heart than her head, her lover comes under the castle in a boat, and serenades her with a song, imitated, we are told, from two Provençal poets, which induces her to open her window : he motions her to step aside, and shoots an arrow into her apartment with a billet-doux affixed to it, containing a proposition to elope with him on the morrow. She kisses her hand in token of acquiescence, and soon after the departure of her father to obey the conqueror’s summons to attend at Westminster, it would seem that the plan was executed, for they were overtaken in their flight by Robert of Orleans, the destined successor of Wulstan, who orders them to be made prisoners :—

“ ‘ Guard them well,’ said Robert of Orleans, who at that moment came up. ‘ Tis a case which the king himself must hear and decide. My Lord

Fitzwalter, who will be present at the synod, will also be anxious, although not much gratified, to learn how his son comports himself in his absence.

"Resistance was vain, and Walter Fitzwalter was not one who, when his arm was shackled, could ease his heart in words. In sullen silence, therefore, he submitted to the dictates of his captors, and rode on in the same direction with them. The terrified maiden, mute and pale, followed the example of her lover."—Vol. i. p. 23.

The remainder of the story shall be related by the author himself, as we wish to enable our readers to judge of his talents from one and, perhaps, the best of his productions, before we present them with the most striking incidents in some of the others:—

"On the day on which the synod was held, the whole population of Westminster, and (notwithstanding the distance between the two cities) of London also, seemed to be assembled in the vicinity of the abbey. The rumour that Wulstan of Worcester had been summoned to resign his pastoral staff to a Norman, had spread far and wide, and had created an extraordinary sensation. The bishop was almost idolized among the Saxons. His virtues were numerous, his liberality of an extent correspondent to the princely revenues with which he was endowed; and although he was reputed to be an indifferent scholar, his eloquence was overwhelmingly powerful. He had, moreover, enjoyed the especial favour of the late king, Edward the Confessor; who, although slighted and neglected in his life-time, was after his death remembered with the utmost affection and veneration by his people, and even canonized by the Pope. As the bishop moved through the crowds collected outside the abbey, clad in his episcopal robes, and bearing his silver staff in his hand, the multitude knelt down reverently before him, and bowed their heads to receive his blessing. The soldiers, who guarded the entrance to the abbey, received him very differently. Although they bowed their heads and crossed themselves when a Norman prelate passed, they remained as immovable as statues when any one of the few Saxons, who still retained that dignity, entered the sacred edifice. Wulstan, however, only grasped his staff more resolutely, and trod with a firmer step as he moved between these irreverent sentinels. An expression of applause which burst from the multitude as he entered the abbey, was instantly silenced by the uplifted spears of the soldiers: and then a tumult of anxious and half-suppressed whispering pervaded the dense and rapidly increasing crowd.

"Before the high altar, and near the tomb of Edward the Confessor, was erected a throne of great splendour and magnificence, under a superb canopy of state. On it sat a man apparently about five-and-thirty years of age, holding a sceptre in his hand, with the diadem of England on his head, and surrounded with all the insignia of royalty. Without these extrinsic symbols of his rank, however, the lightning glance of his keen blue eye, the haughty but majestic loftiness of his brow, and the imperious smile with which his lip was curled, sufficiently indicated William the Conqueror. On his right hand, on a seat somewhat lower, sat Lanfranc, a Milanese monk, who had been recently elevated to the primacy, and who, by virtue of his distinguished station, presided over the synod. Several bishops, abbots, and other dignified ecclesiastics, including Robert of Orleans, sat around him. The Baron Fitzwalter and other Norman lords, stood on the left hand of the monarch, who, as Wulstan entered, and bowed before the royal presence, stooped down and conversed for a few seconds with the primate.

"'Wulstan, sometime Bishop of Worcester,' said Lanfranc, 'I am commanded by our sovereign Lord King William, to inform you that he has been pleased to remove you from the station which you have so long unworthily occupied, seeing that you are an unlearned and foolish person, ignorant of the French language, and wholly incapable either to instruct the church or to counsel the king. I, therefore, call upon you to deliver up

your pastoral ring and staff, that I may give it to him whom the king has been pleased to nominate as your successor.

"Wulstan drew himself up proudly to reply, and his tall form and sinewy limbs seemed to expand to colossal dimensions as he spake—"I know, my lord archbishop," he said, "that I am entirely unfit and unworthy of so high a station, being undeserving of the honour, and unequal to the task; and yet I think it unreasonable that you should demand that staff of me which I never received from you. However, in some measure, I submit to your sentence, and will resign that staff; but I consider it just to make that resignation to none other than King Edward the Holy Confessor, who conferred it on me."

"Thus ending, he rose, and crossed the church towards King Edward's tomb. 'Bold traitor!' said the king, 'art thou mad? or whither would thy insolence lead thee?' Wulstan heeded not, and seemed not even to hear the indignant exclamation of the monarch, but approaching the tomb, he knelt down before it, and said: 'Thou knowest, O holy king! that with much unwillingness, and even by force, was I constrained to take this office upon me: for neither the desire of the prelates, the petitions of the monks, nor the voice of the nobility prevailed, till thy commands were laid upon me. But now, behold, there are a new king and new lords; and a new bishop pronounces a new sentence. Thee they accuse of fondness for making me a bishop, and me of assurance for consenting to become one. Nevertheless, not unto them, but unto thee will I resign my staff.'

"Thus saying he rose, and striking his staff with extraordinary force and violence on the tomb, it penetrated above an inch into the solid stone, and remained there fixed. The king, who had risen from his throne, on perceiving the impassioned gestures of Wulstan, sunk back into it again, with a smile of contempt, when he saw that his passion had ended in a display so impotent. 'If,' he said, 'the wounded vanity of the old dotard can be thus alleviated, be it even so. My good Lord Robert of Orleans, pluck, I pray thee, that episcopal staff away, and keep it for thy pains.'

"The Norman monk descended from his seat, and proceeded with alacrity to seize upon the symbol of his new honours; but he might as easily with his single arm have uprooted the oak from its firm foundations, as have removed the staff from the place in which the hand of Wulstan had planted it. 'Death!' cried the king, foaming with passion, 'have our Norman prelates such girlish muscles, that they cannot unset the planting of that old driveller's arm. My lord archbishop, bring me the staff!'

"Lanfranc, a man apparently of superior strength to Wulstan, and of fewer years, then approached the tomb, but his efforts were as unavailing as those of his brother monk. The king, with a mixture of wonder and contempt in his countenance, derided their imbecile efforts; and at length, to punish their effeminacy, promised to confer the bishopric upon whichever of the ecclesiastics could remove the staff. The reverend fathers, one and all, laboured painfully, and no doubt with hearty good will, but all were at length obliged to abandon the task in despair.

"The king, incensed almost to madness, leaped from his throne, and approaching the tomb, seized the silver staff in his own Herculean grasp. It shook in his sinewy hand, but to remove it from its place seemed impossible. The big drops started from his brow, and he gasped for breath with the violence of his exertions before he relinquished his hold.

"Wulstan, who had resumed his seat, now again approached the tomb of King Edward, and taking the staff into his hand removed it as easily as Sampson broke his manacles. The whole assembly seemed panic-struck—for a moment they gazed on, in breathless silence, and then, 'a miracle! a miracle!' was shouted out by every one present. Some of the populace, who had pressed into the aisles of the abbey, cried, 'Blessed be the memory of good King Edward—honour to his servant Wulstan!' and the cry was caught and echoed by the assembled crowd without, until the arches of the abbey rang with its reverberations.

" 'The will of heaven be done!' said the conqueror, approaching Wulstan. 'Keep, my Lord of Worcester, the pastoral staff which your hand has borne so long with honour, and may God pardon us for having listened to evil counsellors, who were plotting the destruction of one of his most faithful servants. But Robert,' he said, turning to the disappointed candidate of the episcopacy, 'was there not a charge against some persons in your custody to which you would crave our attention?'

" 'Truly, my liege,' said the monk, who entertained some hope that he might still remove Wulstan from the monarch's favour; 'such a charge have I to prefer, and it grieves me much to say that it is a charge in which my Lord of Worcester is implicated.'

" 'Give it utterance then, reverend father,' said the king, resuming his seat upon the throne, 'and we will listen to it attentively.'

" Robert of Orleans then motioned to some of his attendants, who immediately disappeared, and shortly afterwards returned, leading the lovers, to whom the reader has already been introduced, into the royal presence.

" 'My liege,' said the monk, 'I charge my Lord of Worcester, with the practice of magic, witchcraft, and other diabolical arts. I charge him that by means similar to those by which he has this day, I fear, deceived you and this reverend synod; he has seduced this youth from his allegiance to his king, and his duty to his father, and fixed his affections upon this damsel, his daughter.'

" 'Nay,' said the king, smiling, 'tis a comely youth, and a most sweet maiden, and methinks that it needed not much magic to fix the stripling's affections in the place to which they have wandered. But what says my Lord Fitzwalter—doth this match meet with his disapprobation?'

" 'My liege,' said the baron, 'I have to crave this reverend prelate's pardon for my late unworthy carriage towards him, and to supplicate his consent to the marriage of his fair daughter with my son.'

" 'Freely, freely, is that pardon granted, and that offence forgotten,' said Wulstan, delighted at being able to seal the happiness of two persons to whom he was ardently attached.

" 'Then,' said the king, 'the first duty which my Lord of Worcester shall now perform on the restoration of his functions, shall be the union of this fair pair in the bonds of matrimony. Proceed, my lord, in your holy office; and as the damsel will want some one to perform the duty of a parent on this occasion, perhaps she will not refuse the tender of the services of William of Normandy.'

" A shout, which seemed to rend the roof of the venerable pile under which they were assembled, burst from the multitude. Wulstan pronounced the marriage rites, the king gave away the blushing bride, and a day which had been ushered in with so many lamentations, and ominous forebodings, closed amidst expressions of general satisfaction and delight."—Vol. i. pp. 24—32.

The next tale is founded on a pretended prophecy of the death of William Rufus; the third, entitled the "Lord of Greece," is precisely similar in its chief incident to the tale entitled "The Prophecy;" and closely resembles one or two others, where the heroes are induced to trust to a mysterious promise, which is fulfilled by a different meaning being intended to the same words. Thus, in the "Lord of Greece," a knight undertakes a will-of-the-wisp expedition into Greece, because a voice whispers in his ear, "*Græcie Dominus eris*," but which assurance is ultimately proved to mean that he should marry a lady of the name of *Grace*; and in "The Prophecy," the Duke of Suffolk, who, when the story begins, is a prisoner in the Tower, is told that he shall be safe if he escapes the dangers of the Tower; he gets out of the fortress, and congratulates himself upon his security,

but meets his fate by being beheaded on board a pirate's vessel called "*The Tower*." Besides such foundations for what we are obliged, for want of another word, to call his plots, Mr. Neele has rung innumerable changes upon ladies delivered from peril by knights in disguise; upon "treasons, stratagems, and spoils;" and blue knights and green esquires, swords and shields, steeds and war-horses, and all the other machinery of the older novelists are pressed into his service. In spite of the author's very imperfect acquaintance with the manners of the times, of costume, and of other minute particulars, and of his glaring anachronisms, we have been amused with some of his stories: but we first dismissed the idea of their being "founded on history;" and though in the conception and management of his meagre plots, and in the description of his characters and scenery, there is little variety; though his dialogues and narrative are sadly feeble, and it is but rarely that he succeeds in interesting us in his heroes or heroines, it is possible that the "Romance of History" may become, to a certain extent, and for a limited time, a favourite with the novel reading portion of the public. Should Mr. Neele be called upon to revise his work for another edition, we advise him to correct some flagrant absurdities and anomalies. The following are a very few of the many to which we allude. A tale of the *reign of King Stephen*, entitled, "*The Portrait*," opens with the daughter of an English nobleman gazing on the *portrait*, which she holds in her hand, of the Earl of Brittany, and of which numerous copies are said to have been distributed throughout the kingdom for the purpose of discovering him! In the "*Spaniard's Ransom*," the daughter of the Duke of Exeter, the constable of the Tower of London, is made to "take her seat by her father's side when in the discharge of his functions, and performing the office of the angel of mercy;" and the inconsistency is committed of describing the union between Henry the Seventh and Elizabeth of York in one tale,* as the result of the tenderest affection, commenced under the most inauspicious circumstances, and continued, in spite of almost unheard of obstacles; whilst in the very next it is truly said that it was only "a matter of policy," and that he treated this idol of his affections, according to one account, "with the greatest unkindness and even severity."† We would remind Mr. Neele too, that his "*Oh Eternal King*" is scriptural; and was no more used in conversation with crowned heads in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries than at present. These would be mere blemishes, if they were redeemed by great talent in other parts. The task would, however, be both irksome and endless to point out his incapacity of portraying the manners of the middle ages. That "fools," we by no means use the word offensively, "rush in where angels fear to tread," is one of the truest observations that were ever made; and an attempt, which the profoundest antiquaries of the day, men whose lives have been exclusively devoted to the study of former times, would have shrunk from with unfeigned diffidence, is here presumptuously undertaken by a young poet. We are convinced that the more closely Mr. Neele studies those chroniclers, for whom he professes so much affection, and still more authentic sources of information, the more sensible will he be of

* Richmond's Three Perils.

† Vol. iii. p. 16.

the unwelcome truths we have told him, but which we should have uttered with the greater reluctance had he not challenged them by his unqualified claims to authenticity. Our review of the "Romance of History," will be concluded with extracts from the more interesting parts of the work.

On the circumstance of Eleanor Cobham, wife of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, having been accused and convicted of witchcraft, is founded the tale of "The Witch of Eye," which we deem one of the best of the collection :—

" ' Fear me not, fear me not, good Sir John ; the stout heart of Eleanor Cobham will not fail her, albeath that as yet I do not choose to be present at these orgies. How, sayest thou Margaret Jourdain is there, and assisted by Roger Bolingbroke ? ' "

" The person by whom this question was asked was a female, who, although somewhat declined into the vale of years, was still remarkable for her stately and majestic gate, and the symmetry and beauty of her features. Her stature seemed to be above six feet ; her long flowing and once jet black, but now grey tresses, fell in rich ringlets down her back, and her high pale forehead was singularly contrasted with her dark and fiery eye. Her rank and wealth were sufficiently indicated by the splendour of her dress. She wore a long flowing robe of silk ; her hair was plaited with jewels, whose pendant drops, composed of precious stones of great value and size, hung upon her forehead ; and a collar of gold, from which hung a chain of the same costly material, was fastened round her neck. She sat in a massive oaken chair, curiously and elaborately carved, and placed in the midst of a large Gothic chamber, through whose windows the moon-beams poured a flood of many-coloured light, as they took the tinge of the painted glass through which they streamed. The walls of the apartment were hung with rich tapestry, and the floor was strewn with rushes. A large silver candelabra, bearing lighted waxen tapers, descended from the ceiling and illuminated the whole apartment. A small table, of similar material and workmanship to the chair in which she sat, stood before the lady, and on it was spread, wide open, a large parchment volume, in the perusal of which she appeared to have been very recently occupied. Opposite to her stood a man whose shaven crown, the beads and cross dependant from his neck, his white cassock and narrow scapulary, proclaimed him to be a monk of the Cistercian order. He was a short and meagre figure, with small red eyes, a sharp aquiline nose, black beard and brows, and an extraordinarily intelligent, but at the same time somewhat repulsive and malignant expression of countenance.

" ' They have been busily engaged, madam,' he said, in answer to the lady's question, ' in your grace's service since the hour of noon. At that hour the waxen image was completed, and the fatal fire was lighted ; and from that hour did Henry, marrow and bones and all, begin to waste and wither away, and shall continue so to do until the throne of England shall be left vacant for a worthier occupant. ' "

" ' Thanks, good Sir John,' said the lady, unclasping the collar of gold round her neck, and placing it, with the chain attached to it, in the priest's hands ; ' a thousand thanks. Do I not well, Sir John ? Heaven knows that it is not for the sake of gratifying any ambitious thoughts of my own, that I enter upon this seemingly unhallowed work, but in compassion of the miseries which the unhappy people of England endure under the sway of the feeble and incapable Henry, who is the unresisting instrument of all their ills, in the hands of that she-wolf of France, and this newly-created Duke of York, Richard Plantagenet.

" ' Dost thou not well, madam, saidst thou ? ' echoed the obsequious priest. ' Your grace is but to blame for having so long delayed to avail yourself of that knowledge and those arts, into the mysteries of which your poor servant

has been the unworthy means of initiating you, for the purpose of putting an end to the evils with which our country is overwhelmed. How will the loyal heart of your servant Hume rejoice when he hears the welcome shouts of 'God save King Humphrey!' 'God save Queen Eleanor!'

" 'Peace! peace! good Hume,' said the lady; 'thou talkest idly.' But a smile of hope brightened her features at the same time, and belied the expression of her lips. 'Heaven knows that there is no one in this realm would pray more fervently for the welfare of Henry of Lancaster than Eleanor Cobham; but, that while he lives, England must lie at the mercy of Margaret of Anjou and Richard Plantagenet. Yet, Hume, I would fain receive some more certain assurance as to my future destiny. When wilt thou invoke to my presence the spirit who is to answer such questions as I shall propound?'

" 'Madam,' answered Hume, 'it is by severe and painful penance, anxious watching, and long fasting alone, that I can prevail upon that invisible power whom I serve, to gratify your grace's desire. Neither can Margaret Jourdain nor Roger Bolinbroke assist me, for they have not attained such proficiency in the occult sciences, as to be able to command spirits to do their bidding. Time, a short but carefully spent time, will empower me to call one before you who shall reveal to your grace the secrets of futurity.'

" Had the duchess at that moment fixed her eye upon her chaplain, she would have detected, in his changing colour and trembling limbs, the hypocrite and the imposter. Whatever might have been the reality of the pretensions to occult lore on the part of Jourdain and Bolinbroke, the only magic of which Hume was master, was the ascendancy of a strong mind over a weak one. The duchess knew him to be a man of vast and various learning and acquirements, and had been initiated by him into the study of languages and of the natural sciences. She therefore readily credited his pretensions to knowledge of a more profound and mysterious character; and he, by flattering her ambitious hopes, and pretending to minister to their gratification, contrived to store his own purse at her expense, and to indulge himself in such pleasures as his straitened means, and not his sacerdotal oath, alone debarred him from. He had accordingly promised to raise a spirit who should reveal her future destiny to her, and had hired two professors of the black art to construct a waxen image of the king, who they pretended would waste away under the influence of a strange disease, as that image melted before a fire which they had kindled. Hume knew his own pretensions to occult knowledge to be unfounded, and believed those of his associates to be the same. The death of the king, and the elevation of dame Eleanor, were not the objects which the crafty priest had in view, but the multiplication of his own wealth and pleasures, by means of the well-stored purse of the Duchess of Gloucester.

" 'Hume!' said the lady, 'hasten the period at which my desires may be gratified. In the mean time, receive my thanks for the services which thou hast already rendered me. But give us leave awhile, good Sir John; my lord approaches.'

" The priest made a lowly reverence, and left the apartment almost at the same moment that the Duke of Gloucester entered. This was Humphrey, the son of King Henry V. who had been left by that heroic monarch the protector of the realm during the minority of the infant king, and who by his virtues, and the mild and equitable exercise of his authority, had acquired the appellation 'the good Duke Humphrey.' He entered with a hurried and agitated step; his face was pale, his lip quivered, and his eye rolled wildly and fearfully.

" 'My gracious lord,' said the duchess, 'what has happened? I fear some strange and unlooked-for misfortune.'

" 'Eleanor,' said the Duke, 'the young king is taken suddenly and dangerously ill. His physicians can neither divine the nature of his malady nor devise any cure.'

“ ‘Ha!’ said the duchess, her eyes sparkling, and her cheek glowing as she spake—‘Suddenly, Duke Humphrey, sayest thou that the king was thus attacked? and at what hour, I pray thee?’

“ ‘At the hour of noon,’ answered the duke.

“ ‘At noon—at noon,’ repeated the duchess to herself, clasping her hands and pacing the apartment in a state of mental abstraction. ‘It was at that hour, as Hume informed me, that the wise woman’s labours were completed. Humphrey,’ she added, turning towards the duke—‘the king will die.’

“ ‘Now heaven forfend!’ replied Duke Humphrey; ‘so young—so good—so pious.’

“ ‘The fitter, Humphrey, for heaven!’ interrupted the duchess. ‘For this world, and especially for the station in it which he fills, he is of all men the most incompetent. The monk’s cloister or the hermit’s cell, indeed, might have found in him a fitting occupant, but the throne of France and England suits him not; and the sceptre of Henry the fifth is not adapted to his puny grasp.’

“ ‘Alas! alas!’ said the Duke of Gloucester, ‘he will neither fill the one nor grasp the other long.’

“ ‘The will of heaven must be submitted to,’ said Eleanor; ‘and the people of England, when they are obliged to exchange King Henry for King Humphrey, must learn to yield in patience to so fearful a visitation.’

“ ‘Now by heaven! Nell,’ said the duke, and an expression of indignation and anger succeeded that of deep distress which had clouded his fine features; ‘thou maddest me. Is ours an age at which to nurse the idle dreams of ambition? and is the malady of a young and virtuous prince like Henry, a fitting subject of exultation to his nearest relatives? I fear, Eleanor, that pride and ambition have dried up the milk of human charity in thy bosom. I fear, too,’ here he spoke in a low and stifled tone, while cold big drops stood upon his temple; ‘that thou pursuest unholy and unlawful studies. Beware, Eleanor Cobham, beware! the public suspicion is awakened against thee, the queen loves thee not, the Duke of York thirsts for thy blood, and Humphrey of Gloucester’s power to defend and protect thee is becoming smaller and weaker with every waning moon.’”—Vol. ii. pp. 189—196.

Consciousness of guilt strikes the duchess dumb; but on recovering her self possession, she endeavours to arouse her husband’s tenderness by describing the personal dangers which a discovery of her pursuits in science would produce. She stoutly denies, however, her belief in magic, which she treats with ridicule; but which is out of character with the age to which the tale relates, and totally inconsistent with the conduct there imputed to her. At the conclusion of her speech she rushes out of the apartment, leaving her lord “penetrated with uneasiness and sorrow at having given her pain or offence.” The king daily becomes worse, and Eleanor accordingly rejoices in the success of her diabolical schemes. Her principal agent, Hume, is suddenly attacked with remorse; and though he was at first a rogue instead of a fool, the coincidence of the king’s progressive decay, and the melting of the image, shakes his philosophy, and he becomes half a dupe to his own machinations. Besides his compunctious visitations, Hume is annoyed by the importunities of the duchess to raise the promised spirit, who resents his procrastination by “smiting the priest violently on his cheek.” What neither fear nor remorse could effect is produced by revenge: he disguises his feelings, but secretly denounces Eleanor to her enemies. He tells her, however—

“ ‘At the hour of eleven, which is just one hour before the charm which is

to work king Henry's death will be complete, will I conduct you to my apartment, where the witch of Eye and Bolingbroke are busily at work. There you shall see and hear the spirit which will reveal to you your future destiny.'

" 'I will not fail thee, good Sir John,' said Eleanor, thrusting a purse into his hand. 'At the hour of eleven thou shalt find me ready to accompany thee.'

" Thus saying, and waving her hand to the priest, she hurried from his presence.

" 'And at the hour of eleven, proud Eleanor Cobham,' said Hume, following her slowly with his eye till she disappeared from the hall; 'I will raise thee such a spirit as thou wouldst give the wealth of England to lay. There needed but this,' he added, while his features assumed an expression of demoniacal ferocity—'there needed but this dishonest blow to wind my spirit to its purpose.'"—Vol. ii. 204.

She attends at the time appointed, in the room where the mystical image is slowly melting, and where the assistants of Hume are at work. The catastrophe is described in Mr. Neele's best manner:—

"At that moment the bell of the ducal palace drowned all other sounds, by tolling heavily and solemnly the first quarter after the hour of eleven.

" 'Ha! sayest thou so?' said the duchess, and as the lurid blaze brightened her features, it showed them still more brightened by the hope of approaching grandeur and sovereignty.

" 'Even so,' said the hag; 'then will yonder image sink to the ground, destroyed and dissolved in that flame; and then will the spirit of Henry of Windsor melt beneath the influence of his disease, dissolve and mingle with the elements.'

" 'Then look to it, Margaret of Anjou; look to it, Richard Plantagenet,' said the duchess; 'for Eleanor Cobham has been injured and will be avenged; but still I am troubled; doubt and uncertainty yet hang over my future fate. Henry may cease to be king, and yet Eleanor may not become queen. These signs and symbols may be delusions. Hume, I claim the performance of thy promise. Call up a spirit who shall make answer to such questions as I shall propound.'

" 'Your grace,' said Hume, 'shall be obeyed; yet pardon me, but I fear your courage may fail.'

" 'Nay, nay, dotard!' said the duchess impatiently; 'I mean,' she added, eager to retract the offensive epithet, 'my good Sir John—fear not my courage; I have gone thus far, and do not now mean to recede.'

"The chaplain then bowed reverentially, and, drawing a white wand from beneath his cloak, advanced into the midst of the apartment. With this wand he described a circle on the floor, which he perambulated three times, pouring from a phial which he held in his hand a blood-red liquor, and chanting in a low and solemn tone something which appeared to be a metrical composition, but was in a language unintelligible to the duchess. He then threw himself on the floor, and remained in a posture apparently of adoration, and groaning bitterly, for several minutes; then starting up, he rushed towards the fire, seized the volume which Bolingbroke held in his hand, and returning to the circle began to read loudly and rapidly from it, but still in a language which the duchess did not understand. At length he closed the volume, bowed reverently three times, and retreated backwards out of the circle. At that moment the bell tolled the second quarter after eleven. A noise like the sound of distant thunder was heard; the floor of the apartment opened, and a figure, which could not be distinctly seen, but appeared to be tall and wrapped in a black mantle, stood before them.

"A shriek burst from the lips of the duchess, and even from those of

Bolingbroke and the witch. 'For the love of Heaven! be silent,' said Hume in a whisper to the former. 'Waste not these precious moments in idle alarms. Demand what ye will of the spirit, but be courageous and be brief.'

" 'Tell me,' said Eleanor, advancing towards the circle, but trembling in every limb—'tell me what fate awaits King Henry?'

"She gazed with dim but anxiously straining eyes on the unearthly being whom she interrogated, as in a sullen feeble voice the spirit answered:—

'When yonder image melts in yonder blaze,
Henry shall number out his mortal days.'

" 'Why that is well!' exclaimed the duchess, forgetting her alarm in the confirmation which this prediction gave to her wildest hopes. 'But Henry,' she added, 'is not the only person whose existence gives me uneasiness. Tell me, too, what fate awaits the Duke of York?'

"The spirit answered in the same tone:—

'Plantagenet from earth shall fly
Swiftly and speedily as I.'

" 'Why that,' said Eleanor, 'is better tidings still; thou wilt vanish in an instant when my bidding is performed. And shall the residence of Plantagenet on this earth be no more permanent than thine own? Happy, happy Eleanor!'

" 'For Heaven's sake! madam!' said Hume, gazing anxiously on a dial on which the rays of the fire at that moment fell, telling him that the midnight hour was fast approaching. 'This is idle and inauspicious delay. Would you demand aught farther of the spirit?'

" 'One, one more question,' she exclaimed. 'Tell me,' she said—and then hesitating for a moment seemed anxious yet fearful to put the question,— 'Tell me my own future fate—the fate of Eleanor Cobham?'

"The answer was not given to this question so speedily as before; but when it was pronounced it was in a peculiarly emphatic and impressive tone.

'The secrets of thy future fate
Let my attending spirits state;
Tell the Dame of Gloucester's doom,
Come, attending spirits come!'

"The spirit, as he finished his prediction, was seen to apply something to his lips, and presently afterwards no unearthly and aerial sound was heard to proceed from them but the loud and distinct blast of a bugle. A responsive shout was heard to follow it, and then the doors of the apartment were burst open, and a band of soldiers, carrying drawn swords and lighted torches in their hands, rushed in. The pretended spirit advanced towards them, and throwing away the black mantle in which his form and face had been enveloped, discovered to the terrified and astonished duchess the features of the Duke of York.

" 'The fire! the fire!' said Hume, darting a look of agony at the dial.

" 'Ha! I did indeed forget,' said the Duke of Buckingham, who was the leader of the soldiers. 'Fellows extinguish that accursed light.'

"The soldiers immediately advanced to the fire, and trampling upon the now faint and decaying embers, speedily succeeded in extinguishing it. The last spark, however, had scarcely been trodden out before the bell tolled the hour of midnight.

" 'Heaven be praised!' said Hume; 'the accursed deed has been prevented. Had yonder spark retained a gleam of light for an instant longer, the spirit of good King Henry had passed away for ever.'

" 'Peace, double traitor!' said the Duke of York, 'good King Henry is doubtless indebted to thee for his life; but he has to thank not thy loyalty but thy malignity and avarice. Both however shall be gratified, agreeably to

the promise which I made thee. The woman, duchess though she be, who insulted thee, shall be brought to a terrible expiation of her crimes, and the reward which she promised thee for aiding and concealing her damnable practices shall be more than doubled for having revealed them.'

"Eleanor gazed in sullen silence on the scene which had terminated all her hopes and probably her life. She saw herself too completely in the hands of her enemies for any effort at resistance or escape to be availing, and was too proud to expose the bitterness and humiliation of her feelings by tears or idle upbraidings. One scornful and malignant smile, which she glanced at Hume, was the only expression of her sentiments in which she indulged, and then she left the apartment with her arms fettered to those of Bolingbroke and the Witch of Eye, in the custody of Buckingham and the soldiers."—
Vol. i. pp. 209—214.

The really affecting history of Katherine Grey and her husband, the Earl of Hertford, forms the tale to which her name is assigned; but Mr. Neele has alike outraged probability and truth in his narrative; and yet we presume he would have the world believe it was "strictly founded on fact." Her story is so well known, that by simply extracting such parts as are necessary to understand the new version of it, the flagrant, and in this instance, unnecessary deviation from the real transaction, will be at once apparent. It is also a just specimen of the way in which history is treated by a writer who has the assurance to assert that he has rigidly followed it. Queen Elizabeth is here described to be enamoured of the earl; and after the discovery of his connexion with Katherine, her jealousy vents itself in confining them to separate apartments in the Tower. We pass over the imaginary interview between the queen and Katherine, and shall commence our extracts with the resolution taken by Elizabeth, who is supposed to be residing in the Tower at the time, to visit Seymour, at the moment when the lieutenant of that fortress has permitted his prisoners to meet, notwithstanding her Majesty's express commands to the contrary:—

"The blood faded from Warner's cheek, his knees knocked against each other, and so violent was the agitation of his whole frame, that he was for some time unable to utter a syllable in reply to the queen's address.

" 'How now, Master Lieutenant!' asked Elizabeth; 'what means this? My resolution is, perhaps, a somewhat singular one; but surely there is in it nothing so appalling that it should banish the blood from your cheek, and prevent your limbs from performing their functions. Lead on, I say—'

" 'Gracious madam!' said Warner, 'pause a moment ere you take this step.'

" 'Not an instant, Sir Edward,' said the queen. 'How! do you dispute the commands of your sovereign?'

" 'Then, most dread sovereign,' said the lieutenant, seeing that it was impossible to preserve his secret, and throwing himself at the queen's feet, 'pardon, pardon, for the most guilty of your majesty's subjects.'

" 'Ha!' said the queen, using the favourite interjection of her father, while his own proud spirit flashed in her kindled eye, and lowered in her darkening brow; 'what dost thou mean?'

" 'The Earl of Hertford is not in his dungeon.'

" 'What, escaped! Traitor—slave—hast thou suffered him to escape?'

" Warner grovelled on the ground in the most abject posture at the queen's feet, and his frame trembled in every fibre as he said, 'He is in the Lady Catherine's apartment.'

" 'What ho there!' shouted the queen as the white foam gathered on her

lip, and her own frame became agitated, though not with fear, but with uncontrollable anger. 'Guards, seize the traitor!'

"Several yeomen of the guard immediately entered the apartment, and seized the lieutenant of the Tower, binding his arms behind him, but not depriving him of his weapons. The queen, acting on the impulse of the moment, commanded one of the guards to conduct her to the dungeon of the Lady Catherine Gray, and ordered the others to follow her with Sir Edward Warner in their custody. Anger, hatred, fear, jealousy, all lent wings to her steps. The dungeon door was soon before her; the bolts were withdrawn, and with little of the appearance of a queen in her gait and gestures, excepting that majesty which belongs to the expression of highly wrought feelings, she rushed into the dungeon, and found Catherine Gray in the arms of Hertford, who was kissing away the tears that had gathered on her cheek.

" 'Seize him—away with him to instant execution!' said the queen.

"The guards gazed for a moment wistfully on each other, and seemed as if they did not understand the command.

" 'Seize him! I say,' exclaimed the queen. 'I have myself taken the precaution to be present, that I may be assured that he is in your custody, and led away to the death that he has taken so much pains to merit.'

"The guards immediately surrounded the earl, but they yet paused a moment ere they led him out of the dungeon, when they saw the Lady Catherine throw herself on her knees before Elizabeth, and seize the skirt of her robe.

" 'Have pity, gracious queen!' she cried, 'have pity!'

" 'Away, minion!' said the queen; 'he had no pity on himself when he ventured to break prison, even in the precincts of our royal palace. His doom is fixed.'

" 'Not yet, great queen, not yet!' said Catherine, still grasping Elizabeth's robe. 'Can naught save him?'

" 'Naught, save my death,' said the queen; and then she added in an under tone, which she did not seem to intend should be audible, while a dark smile played on her lip, 'or perchance thine.'

"Catherine's ear caught the last part of the queen's sentence, and with the quickness of lightning she exclaimed, 'Thy death or mine, O queen! then thus,' she added, plucking from the belt of Sir Edward Warner, who stood by her side with his hands bound behind him, a dagger, and brandishing it aloft, 'thus may his life be spared!'

"A cry of 'treason! treason!' pervaded the dungeon, and the guards advanced between Catherine and the queen, whose life she seemed to threaten, but ere they could wrest the dagger from her hand; she had buried it in her own bosom.

" 'Now, now do I claim thy promise, O queen!' she said as she sunk to the earth, while the blood poured in a torrent from her wound. 'Catherine Gray can no longer disturb thee—spare the life of the princely Seymour.'

"Her last breath was spent on these words—her last gaze was fixed upon the queen—and pressing the hand of her husband, who was permitted to approach her, in her dying grasp, the spirit of Catherine Gray was released from all its sorrows.

"The sacrifice of the unhappy lady's life preserved that for which it had been offered up. The queen, touched with the melancholy termination of her kins-woman's existence, revoked the despotic and illegal order which she had given for the execution of Hertford, but ordered him to be conducted back to his dungeon, where he remained in close custody for a period of more than nine years. The death of Elizabeth at the expiration of that period released him from his captivity; and then, although he was unable to restore the Lady Catherine to life, he took immediate steps to re-establish her fair fame. In these efforts he was perfectly successful, he proved before the

proper tribunals the validity of his marriage, and transmitted his inheritance to his son, who was the issue of that ill-fated union."—Vol. iii. 242—247.

With one of the pieces of poetry which are occasionally introduced, our notice of the "Romance of History" shall close. Upon the effusions of Mr. Neele's muse, we with pleasure, bestow that praise which we have reluctantly been obliged to withhold, both from the plan and execution of his present work.

THE FORRESTER'S SONG.

"We are warriors gallant and true,
But our triumphs are ne'er stain'd with tears,
For our only war-cry is the huntsman's hallo,
And the blood that we shed is the deer's ;
And the greenwood tree
Is our armoury,
And of broad oak leaves our garlands be.

"We sleep not the sun's light away,
Nor shame with our revels the moon,
But we chase the fleet deer at the break of day,
And we feast on his haunches at noon ;
While the green wood tree
Waves over us free,
And of broad oak leaves our garlands be.

"We drink not the blood-red wine,
But our nut-brown ale is good,
For the song and the dance of the great we ne'er pine,
While the rough wind, our chorister rude,
Through the greenwood tree
Whistles jollily,
And the oak leaves dance to his minstrelsy.

"To the forest then, merry men all,
Our triumphs are ne'er stain'd with tears,
For our only war-cry is the huntsman's call,
And the blood which we shed is the deers ;
And the greenwood tree
Is our armoury,
And of broad oak leaves our garlands be."

Vol. i. pp. 52—53.

TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS.

Tales of the Munster Festivals ; containing Card-Drawing, the Half Sir, and Suil Dhuv, the Coiner. By the author of Holland Tide, or Irish Popular Tales. Saunders and Otley. 1827. 3 vols. post 8vo.

If we remember right the purport of the notice which we took pretty nearly a twelvemonth ago of this author's first production, it was one of encouragement and anticipation. The present performance is not a disappointment, neither does it satisfy our expectations. A romance or a novel is very pretty reading, and valuable as a pastime ; but when it can be turned to the advantage of an injured and suffering country, it rises into rank and importance almost beyond any other production of literature.

All Paris talks about Edimbourg—Edimbourg and Les Escossais ; and hurry through London to that capital with a marvellous indifference, and an ignorant eagerness to behold the bleak moors and the misty atmosphere over which Sir Walter has shed the glory of his genius. The author before us has justly said that were a Venetian, a Scot, and a Munsterman, under the same circumstances, to claim the sympathy of a stranger, that it would be lavished on the Italian and the Highlander—on the creations in fact of Otway and Scott, and that the unhappy Irishman would be discarded for an impostor or an adventurer. Miss Edgeworth has done much—Lady Morgan something for the national fame—the O'Hara family, as Mr. Banim pluralizes himself, more—the author of *To-Day* in Ireland deserves especial thanks: we are not aware that he has received them from the public in the profusion they ought to be paid ; if he has, why have we not more from his pen ? We hailed the appearance of the present writer in the arena with pleasure, and we promised him laurels : yet let him beware of the vice of the mocking-bird. He has strength and vigour to support himself without assistance ; let him spring from the go-cart to which he appears to have condemned himself. Why should he pour his good metal into another man's moulds ? Sir Walter Scott is doubtless the master and the leader in the great manufacture of historical novels ; but it is not necessary that they who possess capital of their own, activity, and invention, should look to him for more than the first hint of the speculation ; why copy his patterns, servilely imitate his machinery, and descend even to the meanness of devising *fac similes* of his very agents and servants ? We would permit romance writers to adopt the outline of Sir Walter's plan—but not his filling up, his figures, his objects, his lights and shadows. The peculiarities of the *Waverley* novels are that the story is chiefly conducted, and the characters developed, by dialogue among the parties concerned. That portion which is not dialogue is description either of natural objects or of personal peculiarities. The interest of the reader is moreover excited, and a light thrown upon the relative situations of the persons introduced, by short sketches of the history of the country, or brief disquisitions on the circumstances of its situation, or on the characteristics of its population. This machinery is the invention and the property of the patentee, not to be applied to the purposes of individuals without a proper payment of gratitude and acknowledgement, but still calculated and intended for general use. It is surely, however, enough to avail ourselves of another's invention ; it is going rather too far when we borrow his materials to construct it, and finish it, not only after his plan, but with his property.

This is not the only fault we have to find, though it is a principal one. The Munsterman has been led away from his object in painting national manners to the comparatively idle task of telling a marvellous or an exciting tale. He is thus drawn from the valuable preserve peculiar to his own observation, on to the broad and beaten track of the ordinary novel writer. The author should ask himself in selecting the subject of a piece, could this event take place any where but in Ireland ; is it peculiar to that country, its laws, its manners, and its population ? Suppose that he had put this question in his own

mind when the incidents on which he has founded these three stories presented themselves—the incident on which the first turns might have happened any where. It is rather a subject for Mrs. Opie's pen than that of an Irishman *quasi* Irishman. A sailor returns home after long service with the intention of renewing his suit to a girl by whose father he had before he went to sea been rudely rejected; another suitor who had been similarly rejected, with strong feelings of revenge rankling in his breast, murders the harsh parent, and taking advantage of the sailor's return, throws all suspicion on him, by previously leading him into some strong expressions against the deceased, and afterwards stealthily procuring his sailor's clothes for the purpose of perpetrating the murder in them. The execution of the innocent accused, is only prevented by the voluntary confession of the real murderer, who is goaded to the act of surrendering himself by the pangs of a guilty conscience. This is the first story, to which the name of Card-Drawing is given, from an accidental encounter of the hero with a fortune-teller, whose instrument of divination is a pack of cards. In this substratum there is nothing peculiarly Irish, much less Munster.

The Half Sir turns upon the morbid sensibility of a young gentleman, who, originally of low birth, succeeds to the property of his uncle, acquired by trade. He finds a marked distinction made in society between persons of ancient family, and those who have no ancestry to boast. His pride is alarmed, and he forms the resolution of abandoning the world—a pair of fine and sympathizing eyes, however, arrest him on the eve of his departure—he becomes the accepted lover of their owner, a lady of aristocratic connexions, whom, however, he suddenly deserts in a pique, excited by some allusion to the lowness of his birth. The young and benevolent misanthrope hurries over half the globe, moody and discontented; and, at length, on his return, it is contrived that he shall marry the former object of his affection, now a widow. Here, again, there is nothing Irish, unless it be an excessive respect for pedigree; which we do not believe is stronger in the sister-country than in many districts of England.

Suil Dhuv, the Coiner, the third story, is certainly either Irish or nothing, but we suspect it belongs to no country: the story is so wild, and at the same time so vague and undefined, that we forbear to analyze it here: the incidents may be Irish, for they are dark and violent, and the characters may also be natives of the same country, for they are fierce and lawless; but the ground-work we are inclined to consider, rather the fabrication of an ill-regulated fancy than a faithful portraiture of life, whether insular or continental.

So much for our charge of want of nationality in the subjects of the Munster Tales. It is a charge which cannot be supported against the prevailing tone of colouring. The humour is Irish—the characters, as far as they are natural and genuine, are Irish—and many of the digressions or unessential incidents, in which the author is rich, are thoroughly Irish; and perhaps the reader will cry out—then surely there is Irish enough, and more than enough.

The author is, moreover, not unskilful in working up an effect: he can sustain a situation with spirit; and scarcely in any instance can

we deny the praise of that force and propriety of language which springs out of a warm conception of the subject. The conduct of Dorgan, before the coroner, in the Card-Drawing, is worthy of the animated pen which delights in scenes of judicial interest—the pen of of the writer of the Heart of Mid-Lothian: the compunction of Kinchela, the fisherman, the real murderer of M'Loughlin, in the same story, is also portrayed, with a knowledge of the human heart, and a strong power of imagination; the same may be said of many passages in the Half Sir. Yet, on the whole, we desiderate that deep marking, that graving impression on the mind of the reader, never to be erased, which is produced by the conceptions of matured genius: the author's pictures flit over the retina of the mind, and vanish into shade, as if they had never been. It is difficult to convince a modern novelist, that his task is one which requires labour, deliberation, and experience: he dreams of nothing but a hasty sketch—if it have spirit, and reminds us of nature—his triumph is complete. Few are the erasures in the page of a novel writer: he never blots a paragraph or a scene, he never meditates upon a character until he has brought out in his mind its whole phenomena under all circumstances: he never weaves his incidents together, making one spring from out of another, and all tending to fill up a general design, with the fidelity of an historian; yet, such he is, and such he ought to consider himself. His authority is nature, and his guide truth: the writer of fiction should examine, and re-examine his incidents, his traits of character, and the conduct of his story, comparing them with the course of real events, the springs of human action, and the laws of probability, precisely as the graver historian reasons upon the evidence of his authorities, and balances the weight of testimony. It is genius alone that *can* do this, and it is education and practised genius alone that does it at all.

Having thus, to use a vulgar expression, “made a clear breast” of our thoughts towards this promising writer, we shall proceed in the more agreeable task of pointing out examples of his more successful efforts; and for the sake of rewarding the reader for tolerating our remarks thus far, of picking out some pleasant pieces of character or description.

From the story of the Half Sir, we select the following sketch of the history of an Irish cottager. It appears to us to possess the truth and liveliness which distinguishes the able sketches of similar subjects in Miss Edgeworth's unrivalled pages. The misanthropical Mr. Hammond, on his return to his native country, walking on foot, is accosted by a poor man borne down with the feebleness of sickness and starvation, who addresses him with a petition for “somethen for the tobacco, plase your honour, and the Lord in his mercy save you from the sickness of the year.”

“Hammond turned round, and beheld a countryman, middle-aged, as it appeared from his dark and curling hair, although his squalid, worn, and ragged appearance might otherwise have left the matter in dubiety. Our hero, who had been absent from home sufficiently long to forget nearly all the peculiarities of his countrymen, was not a little surprised to hear this poor fellow, who seemed about to perish for want of the common necessaries of life, petitioning for what appeared to him a luxury.

“ ‘Something for tobacco!’ he repeated, ‘why, my poor man, you seem more in want of bread than of tobacco.’

“ ‘A little o’ that same would be no hurt, plase your honour, but we can’t expect to have every thing.’

“ ‘What is the matter with you?—why do you walk so feebly?’

“ ‘The sickness goen I had, sir.’

“ ‘What is that?’

“ ‘The faver, plase your honour,’ staring at him with some surprise. ‘Indeed, I’m finely now, thank Heaven, but I think ’twould be a great strengthenen to me, inwardly, if I had the price o’ the tobaccy, it’s so long since I tasted it.’

“ ‘Do you live in this neighbourhood?’

“ ‘I do, plase your honour, in regard my wife and two childer (poor crathurs!) has the sickness above in the field—and I could’nt remove ’em a while. Heaven is merciful, sir, an only for it, sure, what would we do? for we had’nt anythen at all, an the people (small blame to ’em, indeed, for it) wouldn’t coom a-near uz, in dread o’ the sickness (being taking), until Miss O’Brien, the Lord be good to her, gev uz a ticket for the male, an soom money an other things, an she’d give more, I b’lieve, if she knew I had more than meself ill, an that we wor witout a roof over uz, which I was delikit of tellen her, for ’twould be too much to suppose we should all of uz have enough, an what no one is born to, hardly, except he was a gentleman.’

“ ‘Let me see where you live,’ said Hammond, ‘if it is not very far out of the way.’

“ ‘Only a *small* half mile, plase your honour, I can’t walk only poorly, but your honour is good, an the place isn’t far.’

“ While they proceeded along the path through the fields, the man gave, at Hammond’s desire, a short account of the circumstances which had reduced him to his present condition, which, as they are in themselves interesting, and present a tolerably faithful picture of a Munster cottage life, we shall venture to transcribe.

“ ‘Was it always the same case wit me as it is now? is it, your honour is axen me? Ah, no, sir, that would be too bad—I had my pleasure in me day, as well as others, and indeed I have no rason to complain, considering, thanks be to Heaven, an if I had only praties enough to keep above ground for a few years more just to *make my soul* * (a thing I was ever too negligent of), I think a prince couldn’t be better off. Do you see that large field over-right uz, sir? Whin I was a *slip* of a boy about eighteen or that way, that was a great place for the Robertstown an Shanagolden girls to come, blachen their coorse thread, an bekays they should lave it out all night, they used to stay themselves watchen it, (in dread it would be stolen off the wattles,) in the fine summer nights, tellen stories an *crusheening* † away till mornen. At the first light then, the boys o’ the place would come with fiddles an flutes, an there they’d be before ’em—Kitty O’Brienen with her hundhert o’ thread, an Nelly Kilmartin with her hundhert o’ thread, an all the rest of ’em with their hundherts, blachen, an then the *keogh* ‡ would begin—dancen, an joken, an laughen, an singen, till it was broad day. Well, of all the girls there, Kitty O’Brien was the favourite with the boys, secl a sweet smilen crathur! though, indeed, meself didn’t think very bad § of her, till one mornen axen her to jine me in a slip jig—‘She’s goen to dance wit a better man,’ says Batt Minahan, that was very sweet upon her the same time, an I knowen nothen of it. ‘She’ll go farther than the field, thin,’ says I, ‘for he is’nt here any way.’ ‘He is,’ says Batt, ‘standen out before you, siz he. ‘Is it yourself you mane?’ siz I, looken down upon him. ‘’Tis to be sure,’ siz he. ‘’Twould take another along wit you to be able to say it,’ siz I. Well, whin two foolish boys come together, an a woman by, ’tis but a short step from words to blows. Batt an I tackled to (’m sure small blame to

* To attend to his religious duties. † Gossiping. ‡ Fun. § Very highly.

him, an the sweetheart listenen) an we cuffed, an we bate, an we kicked, an we pulled, and we dragged one another, till there was hardly a *skreed* o' clothen left upon our back, an the boys med a ring for uz, and they hulloen, and the girls screechen, and the whole place in one pillilu! An then we pult the wattles out o' Kitty's thread, an we big'n wattlen one another over the head an shoulders, till the sticks was broke in our hands. Well, it was the will of Heaven I got the upper hand o' Batt that same time, an bet him, an pummelled him, till I didn't lave him a leg to stand upon—an then I danced the slip jig with Kitty. Well, I never thought much o' Kitty before, but my heart warmed to her after I fighten for her, an we wor married again next Advent. Batt (an sure small blame to him) never could bear the sighth o' me after. I lost a little by it, too, for I *was thinken* of another girl before that, a girl that had as good as fifteen pounds of her own—but she wasn't a patch upon Kitty for manners an beauty.—Little I thought I'd be one day taken your honour to see that same Kitty, stretched in a dyke, on the broad of her batk, in *the* sickness, but Heaven is merciful, an we'll get her out of it again I hope. 'Twould delight your honour to hear Kitty's cry—she had had the best cry in the parish.

“ ‘The best cry?’

“ ‘Yes, sir, for an ‘ollogone,’ or ‘ulilu!’ after a funeral, or at a wake-house. When Kitty had one glass o' sperits, jest to clear her *vice*, you'd wonder to hear her. Besides, Kitty had a very fine *back*, an the other girl hadn't air a *back* at all, nothen to spake of.

“ Hammond, who was himself a connoisseur in female proportions, entered with a readier sympathy into his companion's admiration of this latter quality than the preceding one, but was again benighted when the other went on with his encomium.

“ ‘Indeed, I had but a very poor back myself at the same time, an I could hardly open me mouth or say a word any where in regard of it. So I tuk Kitty's *back* rather than the fifteen pound fortén, and then I had as large an as fine a *back* as air a boy in the county—then who daar cough at me, or tread on me coat in the puddle?—None—for Kitty's *back* stood by me always, at fair or market.’

“ ‘My good fellow, I can hardly understand you. It seems you thought the larger Kitty's back was the better.’

“ ‘To be sure, sir,’

“ ‘And then you had no back at all yourself—’

“ ‘—’Till I married Kitty, sir—’

“ ‘And then you had as large a back as any body? What am I to understand from this, if you are not amusing yourself at my expense? What do you mean by your back?’

“ ‘Back!—Faction, sir—faction for fighten. Is it I to be funnen your honour?’

“ ‘Oh,’ said Hammond.

“ ‘Well, sir, we married, as I told your honour, an if we did we got a small bit of land, very snug, and had a lase of it, an got on very well for a few years, an a couple of crathurs with uz, an we wor finely off with plenty o' praties, an milk now an agen, but that was too good a story to last, and the big'nén of our troubles came on. This was the way of it. The owner o' the estate that we rinted the cabin frum had a fine bog within about three miles from uz, an he wanted us, and all the tenants, to cut our turf upon it, and not upon a bog belongen to another man liven a-near uz; but then we hadn't the mains o' drawn it such a distins, an not being in our lase, we didn't do it. He didn't forget this for uz (indeed I don't blame him either, considering)—but he couldn't get a vacancy* at us for a long time, for we took care always to have the deference o' the rent agen the gale day any way. Well, sir, at last what do think happened to uz? The miniasser that lived

* An opportunity of revenge.

in the same parish, was made agent to our landlord, an so when we went to pay our gale, what does he do but take his own tithen out o' the rent I brought him, and hand me back the rest, sayen, 'Here, me good man,' siz he, 'your onder a mistake—the rent is 5*l.* more,' siz he (five pound being his own tithes). 'Well,' siz I, 'I nuvur seen the peer o' that for—' 'For what?' siz he. 'Nothing,' siz I, but I said, 'roguery,' within me own mind. Give me the rent,' siz he, 'or I'll eject you.' 'Let me go for it,' siz I—'How far have you to go?' siz he. 'Somethen farther,' siz I, 'than I'd trust you.' 'How far is that?' siz he. 'Just as far then,' siz I, 'as I could throw a bull by the tail.' Indeed, I did, sir, say it to him. Well, he never forgay me that word.

" 'When I came back with the rent, he wouldn't have it at all, right go wrong. 'Very well then,' siz I, 'if you don't like it, lave it—you can't say but I offered it to you.' An well the rogue knew the same time, that the offer wasn't good in law, inasmuch as there wasn't air a witness to it, an I knowen nothen of it at, till Johny Doe coom down upon me, an let me know it when it was too late. Well I nuvur 'll forget the day, whin poor Kitty, and the childer, an meself, wor turned out, with the choice of taken a bag on our back, or listing, whichever I liked,* An that's the way it was with uz sence, ramblen over an hether about the country, ont'l this summer, when the womaneen tuk ill in the sickness, an the crathurs along with her, an there was an end of the whole bizness, when I got it meself—an the four lyen ill together, without one to mond uz, ont'l the priest was so good as to have the little hut made over uz wit a feow sticks and some *scraws* † and straw onder uz, so that we wor quite comfortable—and thanks to the neighbours, wor in no want of potaties, an male moreover (that they say the English sent us over)—a thing we didn't taste for many a long year before—signs on we're gotten over it finely—an I think if I had a pe'north o' tobaecy, I wouldn't ax to be better, moreover, when I see so many more worse off than meself in the country. Here's the place, plase your honour." —Vol. ii. pp. 50—61.

The next extract contains the early history of the hero of the third story in these volumes. Dennis Macnamara, *alias* Mark Spellacy, *alias* Suil Dhuv the Coiner. It appears to us a natural and well drawn picture of rural life and character.

" A sturdy-looking, black-haired, black-eyed little boy, about nine or ten years of age, and clothed in a miserable shred of coarse frieze, was observed, at the blush of a fine summer dawn, trotting at full speed along a crooked and broken up avenue, or *borheen*, leading to the farm-house of Isaac Segur, a comfortable Palatine landholder in the neighbourhood of the village which we have before-mentioned.—From the anxious and hesitating expression which was mingled with the natural boldness and darkness of his countenance, it would have appeared to a stranger that the child was conscious of possessing no apology or authority for the intrusion which he contemplated; and he cast cautious and wavering glances on all sides, before he ventured to clamber over the stile which brought him on the neat green-plot before the cottage-door. The windows were still closed, and every thing around him bore the appearance of perfect repose, insomuch that the adventurer paused, and remained seated on the stile for a few moments, with the air of one who has a purpose to accomplish, and sees a thousand terrors and difficulties between him and its fruition. A light curling smoke from one of the chimneys at length caught his eye, and having once assured himself of this preparatory indication within, he bounded from the hedge upon the little lawn, disturbing by his sudden and faylike descent, the yet slumbering animals who composed the

* Begging and listing, are the usual alternatives in Munster.

† Thin sods of green peat.

stock of the industrious and well-appointed proprietor of the place. A flock of geese, goslings, and ganders flew with outstretched necks, and loud hisses of unwelcome, from beneath the hedge, and then marshalled themselves in battle array between him and the house, the male bird marching like a field-officer up and down the lines, and warning him, by most warlike cacklings, of the dangers of an assault. Some newly shorn wethers bounded in dismay to the farthest limit of the area, and there huddled themselves together into a corner, as if in expectation of instant annihilation. A staggering bony calf threw up its hind legs, whisked its tail, cut a few strange capers, and followed their example. The little fellow did not appear much daunted by the confusion he had occasioned, or the formidable host of enemies, who seemed prepared to oppose his progress, and he was about to advance with great spirit; but his cheek grew pale, and his quick, jet-black eye began to assume a more expanded and watery appearance, when the deep thunder of a huge mastiff watch joined in terrific diapason with the cackling of the geese, the bleating of sheep, the quaking of ducks, the grunting of pigs, and the clattering of a hundred different species of domestic fowl. Nevertheless, the invader stood manfully to his ground, and stooped forward in the vain hope of making an effectual struggle with the excited animal, on whom his eyes were fixed, when one of the front windows was thrown open, and a friendly voice interrupted its onset in good time.

“ ‘Faust, down! down, ser! back here agen; back!’ ”

“ The countermand was given by a female who leaned half-dressed out of the window, while the young stranger, flushing with renewed courage, advanced to the door of the cottage, the dog Faust following, and snuffing inquisitively about him as they proceeded.

“ ‘Well, an who are you, my little fellow?’ ”

“ The ‘little fellow’ raised his hand to his brow and plucked himself by the forelock (a black and shining curl), in token of courtesy, as he replied—

“ ‘Dinny Mac, thin.’ ”

“ ‘An what brought you here, Dinny Mac, at this hour in the morning?’ ”

“ ‘Wisha, I dun know.’ ”

“ ‘Where do you live—or who are you at all?’ ”

“ ‘O then, I dun know, ma’am—only my mother, westwards, married another husband about a month sence, and I couldn’t stand her at all after for bating me without any raison—and the man she took to was as bad as her, and they both tuk and turned me out o’ doores ’istherday, without sayen a word only bating me, the two of ’em, wit the broomshtick till me back was broke intirely.’ ”

“ ‘And what do you mean to do with yourself now, Dinny Mac?’ ”

“ ‘Wusha, I dun know.’ ”

“ ‘What is it you were coming here for?’ ”

“ ‘Seeing would I get me buckisht agin the road.’ ”

“ By this time the cottage door was opened, and a stout-looking hale man made his appearance, accompanied by an exquisitely beautiful girl, whose clear rosy cheeks, long flaxen hair, and full, well-opened eyes, contrasted finely with the strongly marked and darkly shaded features of the adventurous ‘Dinny.’ The latter remained leaning against the rough-cast wall, and picking off the little protuberances with his fingers, while he cast from time to time a shy and irresolute side-glance towards the fair daughter of the farmer. The man contemplated the intruder for some time in silence, and appeared doubtful of the course which he should adopt, when it was decided by a movement of the child who stood by him. After gazing, with a soft and expanded stare of wonder, upon the dark boy, she sidled cautiously towards him, and again renewing her gaze of admiration, while the other returned her glance with one of an unusual fire and intensity; half in intimidation, half in good-will, the little girl protruded a pair of cherry lips, which were instantly honoured with a greeting that came twanging off, by the unhesitating youth. The old Palatine’s heart was struck in the soft place.

“ ‘Come, Gaffer,’ said he, ‘since you have made yourself welcome with the

young mistress, you'll have your breakfast at any rate. In with you, and behave yourself.

"Dinny Mac went in as he was desired, but not, as the event proved, to make so brief sojourn in the household as the proprietor intended. A succession of circumstances not worth detailing prevented his departure that day, and the next, and the next after that, until habit, hospitality, and convenience combined to establish him among the retainers of the domicile, in that equivocal office which in Irish rustic families is designated by the word *gossoon*. His duty for many years was to run on messages to the neighbouring hamlet,—to fetch a daily pennyworth of tobacco for the old woman,—to keep the pigs upon their good behaviour,—drive home the cows at night,—watch the gardens at seed time—and in short 'turn his hand'—and his feet too occasionally, to any thing which it needed not the exertion of maturer limbs to accomplish. As far as attention to, and cheerfulness in the execution of every trust confided to him could go, it was impossible for Dinny—or Dionysius—as his new and more formal protectors called him, to give greater satisfaction to his patron than he did—but there was one evil occasioned by his presence in the house, which more than counterbalanced all his merits. The effect which his first appearance had produced on the infant daughter of the Palatine continued progressively on the increase, through the subsequent stages of childhood, girlhood, and youth; and at fifteen years of age the sensation with which she regarded the daring and dark-minded lad, might be found to resemble, in every particular, the mingled emotion of fear and admiration which he had occasioned her on the morning when accident first conducted him to her father's house. The real nature of the feeling continued precisely the same, but that time, long habit, an unavoidable proximity of intercourse, and the gradual developement of her own character as it approached the seriousness of womanhood, had strengthened and deepened the affection into a rooted and engrossing passion—a circumstance evidently unfortunate for the poor girl, and the more extraordinary, as the progress of intimacy with, and consequent insight into the character and disposition of her father's dependant was not calculated to add a well founded esteem to the emotions which he had already excited in her mind. With this, however, we, as her historians, are not disposed to quarrel, for it is apparent that if love were not in the gentler sex altogether an anomaly—if woman made her reason on all occasions the counterscarp to her affections—and never yielded her heart on any terms but those of convenience, the very foundation of all romance would be annihilated. Her father, however, who was no philosopher, and could by no possible train of reasoning bring himself to discover points of coincidence or suitability between two characters filling situations almost as distinct as those of menial and mistress, was overwhelmed with indignation and astonishment, when the probability of so preposterous an attachment first broke upon him.—A few words of fierce recrimination ended in an oath of eternal hatred and enmity between him and his protégé, and the latter was ejected from the dwelling where he had spent the greater portion of his life, with as little ceremony as was used in a similar predicament by the Baron of Thunderdentronek.

"Some confinement—a little reasoning—a great deal of menace—and a natural pliability of character, soon produced all the effect which her father could have wished on the affections of the imprudent Sarah Segur. The proud-spirited beggar-boy never appeared in the neighbourhood after—and seemed even to have extended his ready hatred to the gentle and suffering cause of his disfavour. 'Twas but a few weeks' peaking and pining—some dozen sighs—half dinners—tears—and one fit of hysterics, and Sarah Segur was again the bright-haired, blue-eyed, soft-cheeked ornament of her native village, and delight of her father's heart. What became of her first love, she neither asked, nor seemed to care."—Vol. ii. pp. 189—199.

The reader will be able to judge for himself, from a passage we shall now quote, whether we have justly given the author credit for the

power of working up an incident with effect. The lad who is the principal subject of the last extract, takes to a wild and lawless life—his companion is a brother-in-law of nearly the same age as himself, and between them subsists a strong and peculiarly close attachment. A crime is brought home to the younger, for which he is condemned to death and executed. The survivor meditates the most deadly revenge against the prosecutor; and the sole object of his life appears to be the accomplishment of his purpose. The man, aware of his purpose, succeeded in avoiding his enemy, who, baffled in his design, apparently gave up his purpose, and left the country: after a time it was reported that he had been convicted of some offence, and been transported. This news was, of course, the signal of liberation to the unfortunate farmer, whose danger and apprehension had hitherto kept him in the most harassing state of suspense and alarm. After the execution of his brother—

“The original character of the elder Macnamara was now completely restored. He once more resumed all, and more than all, the ready violence and fierceness of demeanour for which he was formerly far more remarkable than his dead brother—and seemed to exist only in the hope of being one day enabled to avenge the blood of the latter, against his prosecutor, the guardian Segur, and the whole of his family—excepting perhaps the innocent object of his own early attentions. He now seemed to have abandoned every other care but that of gratifying this single passion. His cabin was forsaken, his garden left untilled, all his accustomed haunts appeared to be forgotten or deserted, and he might occasionally be observed gliding at night-fall, like a spectre, among the sally-groves and along the hedges in the neighbourhood of his enemy. The latter felt that he had deep cause to regret a transaction which rendered him obnoxious to a being so desperate and ill-conditioned as his persecutor. He was a weak, sickly man, of a nervous and almost feminine feebleness of mind and frame, and never dared venture out unaccompanied by some person of strength sufficient to protect him against any attempt which could be made on his life; and even with these precautions he found himself compelled to eat his bread amid all the terrors of insecurity. All the exertions and persuasions of his friends—his niece among the number (who calculated much on her own influence over the mind of the young man, if she could but find an opportunity of using it)—were ineffectual in restoring calmness to his mind. His sleep was broken by frightful dreams, and the oath which his foe had taken in his own hearing, that he would have ‘blood for blood before the grass should wither on his brother’s grave,’ sounded for ever in his ears. After many fruitless efforts, however, to obtain an opportunity of accomplishing his threats, young Macnamara suddenly disappeared from the neighbourhood, and nothing more was seen or heard of him for several months. Better hopes began to break in upon the mind of the object of his hate, and he ventured, after some time spent in many vain endeavours to ascertain the position of his enemy, to resume his wonted occupations about the farm without fear of personal danger.

“He was returning on a bright moonlight night from a water-mill in his own neighbourhood, where he had remained to a late hour, superintending the grinding of a considerable quantity of corn, and making the night jovial with the miller, in the excess of his delight at a piece of good news with which the latter had been entertaining him. This was no other than that one Dennis Macnamara had been tried and convicted at the assizes of Cork, for some felonious offence, and obtained a free passage in a king’s ship bound for the New World. They had been quaffing to the favourable passage of the young emigrant until Segur became

‘Na that fou,

But just a drappie in his ee;’

and solemnly protested, in a speech much more remarkable for the emphatic

energy and needlessly vehement gesticulation with which it was delivered, than for its eloquence or sound sense, against taking another tumbler.

He had proceeded already a considerable distance on his way home. His health appeared to have been restored at a word. He trod the earth as if he were not of the earth, he threw his hat airily upon the side of his head, stepped on his toes, and with gay and expanding bosom chaunted (in a manner which sounded to his own ears extremely loud, articulate, and musical, but which in those of an unprejudiced listener appeared remarkable for the irregularity of its cadences, the unreasonable vehemence of an occasional bar, and a general tendency in the pronunciation of the words to dispense altogether with the use of consonants)—chaunted, we say—a recollected stanza of the famous national air:—

‘ He that goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do,
Lives as he ought to do,
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.’

He was in the act of ascending a slight acclivity covered with furze bushes, through which the pathway winded, when a heavy panting, and a sound of footsteps in rapid pursuit, alarmed and made him turn round. He beheld, in the clear moonlight, not more than three yards from the spot on which he stood, the figure of his enemy in the act of rushing upon him, while the paintings of his weariness were mingled with a horrible half-suppressed laugh of extatic expectation. The light shone full upon his countenance. It was wasted almost to the very skeleton—the eyes were distended and protruded to an unnatural degree, and the thin lips were dragged back by the ghastly smile, so as to expose the teeth which were fast clenched, half in rage, half in triumph. The sight instantly and perfectly sobered poor Segur. Uttering a low cry of horror, he clasped his hands over his head, and fled down the hill with the speed of winged Fear itself, in the direction of the mill. It lay at a considerable distance from the spot, and the poor sickly wretch’s heart sunk within him when he recollected, even in the extremity of his affright, the reputation for agility as well as strength which the youth had obtained in his neighbourhood. But the latter was no longer the man he had been in those days. Famine, disease, and anguish of mind and frame had fastened upon him, and reduced his personal vigour nearly to the same level with that of his intended victim. Fear, moreover, is perhaps a fleetier passion than revenge—and Segur did not speedily lose the advantage which he had at the outset. His pursuer was so close upon his track that he sometimes felt his fingers upon his shoulder—but the slight touch operated with an electrical influence upon his frame, infusing new and sudden vigour into his limbs, and enabling him for a moment to place a wider distance than before between his enemy and himself. Lights were seen still burning in the windows of the mill as they approached, and the broad door stood invitingly open at the distance of a few hundred yards, while several figures passed to and fro in the interior, fully revealed in the strong light. Both now made a desperate effort—Segur, cheered by the prospect of succour—his pursuer, maddened by the apprehension of losing this single opportunity of vengeance. Putting, therefore, to its extremest trial a frame into which a morsel of food had not entered for the last two days, he closed on the frightened Palatine just as he gained the door way—fixed his fingers on his throat, and staggered with his prey into the centre of the mill-house. Half suffocated by the pressure on his neck, the latter could only give vent to a low and gurgling sound—and extend his arms for aid toward the astonished workmen. The desperate youth endeavoured to drag him toward that part of the room where the great machine was performing its rapid and gigantic evolutions—but his strength failed him—the struggles of his victim were sufficient to baffle his efforts until the workmen rescued him from the death-grasp—when extending his fingers in a feeble and delirious effort to renew the hold which

he had been compelled to relinquish, he fell forward on the earthen floor in a state of utter exhaustion."—Vol. ii. pp. 210—219.

In a lighter vein is the pleasant description of Mr. O'Flanagan, a travelling dancing-master, who arrives at a village to give lessons in his art. In the course of his stay he gives two balls, the incidents of which are narrated with considerable humour. We quote the account of the dance, which was marked by the elopement of the farmer's niece with the hopeful youth who has figured in the two last extracts.

"Considerable agitation was produced in the adjacent village, by the appearance, one Sunday morning, of a placard, nailed against the trunk of an old elder tree in the chapel-yard, written in characters which, the school-master declared with a countenance of deep and serious reproof, he could compare to nothing more intelligible than 'the scrachen of a bantam-cock in a hape o' sand;' and stating that Mr. O'Flanagan, travelling dancing-master, would give lessons during the ensuing fortnight at Davy Dogherty's barn, at the low rate of two skilleens* and a tester† the week; the said handbill moreover announcing that the week's lesson would be concluded by a ball—tickets, including a tumbler o' punch, tenpence—gentleman taking a ticket, allowed to trate a lady, &c. &c.; and concluding, as it has been maliciously, and we believe falsely asserted, with a request, that 'no gentleman would come without shoes and stockings' "

"The ball opened with a most tortuous dance called the Reel of Three, which, however scientific, did not fully satisfy the longings of the mercurial spectators, whose mettlesome heels were eager for livelier operations. For some time no occurrence took place to disturb the gravity and decorum which prevailed in the assembly, with the exception of an awkward blunder made by Sally, who during a pause in the music leaned back unwittingly on the piper's unexhausted bag, from which proceeded a squeal so mournful and so like the remonstrance of a living creature in pain, as convulsed the hearers with laughter, and covered our poor heroine with confusion. Soon after, while the floor was again clear, and the gentlemen were plying their fair ones with agreeable attentions in various parts of the room, the piper seeing Sally disengaged, and perhaps willing to show that he harboured no malice, danced up to her, throwing the drone up over his left shoulder, playing a rapid jig tune, and capering away with a pair of enormously long legs, looking—in his close cropped head, black worsted stockings, torn blue jacket, tight pantaloons, and red woollen cravat or comforter—more like the ideal of an evil genius than any thing human. When Sally cheerfully danced forward, amid the shouts of delight and approbation which broke from the assembly, her strange partner retired to the centre of the floor, where he continued to time his own music, now pounding the earth like a paviour's rammer, now flying from side to side as if he trod on air, and anon, remaining to grind the floor in one spot, throwing back his head, and moving it from one side to another with a certain ravished air. The guests gradually gathered around the dancers, following, with eyes and mouth distended in extatic admiration, the feet of the extraordinary piper, and unable to repress a cheering shout of rapture, when by a fresh, wild bound, he seemed to recover all his former vigour as fast as it was exhausted. The contagion at length spread—the floor was covered with emulative groups—and the dancing master's genteel reels and figures were all merged into the national and inspiring mournceen. Overpowered with fatigue, Sally at length permitted herself to be danced and played to her seat by the piper, who whispered in her ear as she turned to sit down, 'There's one you know waiten for you in the sally-grove, miss.'

"The words were almost inaudible, but such as they were, they made

* Shillings.

† Sixpence.

Sally start and look up suddenly. The speaker was already in his former place, playing on, and directing his attention to the dancers. She imagined either that her senses deceived her, or that the words were addressed to some other person.

"The dancing and music proceeded, with no less enthusiasm, on the green plot without. Longing to breathe the cool night wind, after her exertions in the house, Sally walked to the door, and leaning against the jamb, contemplated the motions of the dancers in the moonlight. While she remained in this position, the name of her old lover, Macnamara, pronounced by some one of a group of persons who occupied a seat near the door, caught her ear.

" 'And did you hear,' said one, 'how Miss Byrne herself was gotten on?'

" 'She never 'll get over it,' replied a middle-aged woman. 'I spoke to-day with James Mihil, their servant boy, an he toul't me himself, that she was gotten worse an worse every day. It seems, the match is broke off, out an out, betune herself and Mr. Roberth Kumba, a kind-hearted boy he is too, indeed, but not over an above knowing. She never was heard to screech or cry after her father's death, an that's a bad sign, for the silent grief is always that that lies heavy on the heart an breaks it.'

" 'I'd be sorry any thing should happen her,' said one of the hearers, 'she was a good sweet-tempered young lady, an a nice dancer. Did you mind her the day she danced with Dinny Macnamara, that they say is listed since, at the May-pole?'

" 'I did,' replied a young man, who had just been danced out of his place, 'an if you 'll b'lie me, I didn't think so much of her. She trod so light, there wasn't hardly a blade o' the grass turned under her. Not so with Dinny, I'll be bail. That was the boy for pounden! The place was if a pig had been rooten it after him.'

" 'They say, Dinny Macnamara was taken with her himself after that, in spite of all that come an went between him and Sally Segur, the Palatine's daughter, over——'

"A sudden 'husht!' and a low murmur, which passed among the group of gossips, informed our heroine that her proximity was discovered, and she retired a little further in, continuing to fix her eyes on the dancers without, where a new spectacle had caught her attention.

"This was a young man, much better dressed than the remainder of the company, who had not made his appearance in the interior of the house, and who seemed anxious to partake of the amusements that were going forward as freely as it was possible to do without exposing himself, in any remarkable degree, to observation. In a short time, as he turned round and approached her, so that the glare of light from the open door fell on his features, her heart bounded at the sight of her lover, once more restored to health and bloom, and apparently enjoying a degree of affluence to which he had never at any time been accustomed.

" 'Is it you, Denny?' she asked, in a low whisper.

" 'Husht!' replied the man, 'that is not my name now, Sally. I'm going to the little grove, beyond—and do you follow me in a little time, for I want to speak to you.'

"He disappeared, leaving the astonishment and curiosity of the girl excited in the highest degree. She did not hesitate to give him the meeting as he requested.

"Soon after she had left the dance-house, the mirth of the evening became more uproarious than ever, until it seemed likely to terminate as Irish festivities frequently do, in a general engagement of a serious nature. The symptoms began, as usual, in vehement protestations of eternal friendship, after which a few blows were given in pure love, and gratefully returned with good interest, until at length their excited affections began to be demonstrated in a series of kicks and fistycuffs, which a stranger might mistake for indications of earnest resentment. The men hallooed and fought—the girls

screamed and fled—the dancing-master himself, interfering to keep the peace, received an unmerciful drubbing, which prevented him from renewing the exercise of his profession for some weeks, and the sounds of rage, wailing, and lamentation terminated an evening which had been devoted, by common consent, to purposes of mirth and harmony. A few were *killed* (that is, severely beaten), many wounded; but the list of ‘missing,’ on the next morning, was found to be confined to Sally. She was seen no more in her native village.”—Vol. ii. pp. 225—237.

The next passage exhibits this same hero, now become a noted outlaw and coiner, in the act of committing the crime of sacrilege, and must be taken as a specimen of a kind of writing in which the author excels, and of which we find many examples in this tale: the one before us is marred by a portion of extravagance towards the end. Its object is to show the powerful effect of trivial circumstances on the mind when previously agitated by those visitations of remorse, which occasionally unnerve the hardest characters:—

“When once a certain train of feeling has been laid in the soul, it is extraordinary to observe what a slight accession of circumstances are required to stimulate and strengthen it until it has acquired a mastery over the judgment and the will itself. Every new sight, every new sound, that arrested the sense of the coiner as he pursued his route with his companion, served to confirm him in the disposition to mournful retrospection which the simple accident of a fine sunny evening, and the revisiting a soil untrod by him for many a year, had occasioned within his heart. The corn-fields, yet in ear, where he had been stationed, while yet a child, to terrify, by the clattering of two flat stones the dark-plumed plunderers of the neighbouring rookery from his patron’s tillage—the very meadows in which he had assisted at harvest time in filling the load of sweet hay on the car, for the purpose of stacking in the *haggart*—the paddock to which he had been dispatched on many an evening as fine as this, with an armful of grass for the weaning lambs, and a pot of milk and hay-water for the young calves—the very sally-grove where he was accustomed to walk and chat with her whom he had lured from her father’s door (a door that had opened so hospitably to him in his necessities)—and whom he was now preparing to desert—all these objects acted like fire upon the remorse that was already beginning to fester within the bosom of the guilty wanderer.

“A crooked and (still) broken-up avenue leading to a farm house near the road side, was the next object that caught his eyes—and he again involuntarily slackened his pace, for the purpose of gazing upon the dwelling. The place was as familiar to him as his own home would have been—indeed, it was a house in which a very considerable number of the years of his unsettled boyhood had been spent; but it was sadly changed in appearance from what it had been when he first beheld it in his young days. It was then a sweet cottage—embowered in foliage and fragrance—with all the indications of rural comfort and content about it. It had now a desolate and uninhabited air. The neat plot before the door was half converted into tillage, and the remainder disfigured and turned up by the grunting burghesses of the adjacent piggery. A muddy pool had settled under the front windows, in which a few meagre looking ducks were dabbling and diving in silence. The hedge which encompassed the plot was broken and torn up—and at one spot, had completely given way, blocking up almost half the avenue with its ruins.—The elder tree, beneath which he had constructed a summer-seat which he often shared with the pretty daughter of his host, was reduced to a stump.—The house itself was stript of its decent garment of rough casting—the thatch beaten in at several places—and the chimneys dismantled: these emblems of decay, together with the silence that reigned

over the place, struck new feeling of melancholy into the young man's spirit.

' All was still
But the lattice that flapped when the wind was shrill ;
Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
No hand shall close its clasp again.'

" A single poplar which stood erect in its graceful slenderness of form in the centre of the little plain, like a gnomon on a dial-plate—flung its lengthened shadow in a direct line toward the front door. The coiner started unconsciously as he observed it, for that was the indication of the expiry of the sixth hour in the afternoon. Breathing a short, quick sigh, he checked the reins of his steed, which was making advantage of the meditative disposition of its rider, to crop a mouthful of herbage from the hedge over which he was gazing, and hurried forward with a spirit still more disabled than it had been before his arrival at this spot, for the dreadful task to which he had endeavoured to bend up the energies of his nature.

" He was doomed, nevertheless, to experience still farther and more heart-shaking disquietudes. As he approached the spot which was destined to be the scene of the first act of the guilty drama of the night, his attention was directed by his companion to a little *fort* on their right, which Mun pointed out with a grim smile and nod of the head, as much as to say—' 'Twas a good job that was done there, sir.' The situation of the spot was such as might, without farther explanation from the speaker, have intimated the nature of that 'good' deed. As Suil Dhuv raised his head in obedience to the light tap of his companion's whip, and looked around him for the first time since he had left the cottage, he was chilled and startled by the sudden alteration which appeared to have taken place in the face of the country, and the stern and sullen contrast which the scene he now beheld presented, to that on which his fancy and his memory had been luxuriating a short time before. The verdure—the beauty—the sights of promise and of plenty, and the sounds of mirth and light-heartedness, had vanished as completely as if the wand of a malicious wizard had been laid over the face of the picture.—Before the travellers, at a few perches distant, lay a long, deep, straggling glynn, covered with heath, bramble, short hazle bushes, sloe trees, wild crab, and other stunted and dark-looking individuals of the family of under-wood. A brown, boggy stream crept, then bounded, now rippled, then roared, and again murmured at various points of its winding progress through the sullen cleft—its dark waters, in several instances, narrowing and chafing against the ledges of crag, into a snow-white foam, little masses of which floated down the black stream, like solitary virtues on the gloomy river of a bad world's history.—The sun, which had checquered with so many sweet varieties of light and shade the landscape he had left behind, served here only to increase the dreary dulness of the scene. A flat boggy plain, or *inch* (a plot of level ground lying near the marge of a rivulet)—covered with the long tabid grass, which is indigenous to such a soil, and assumes the appearance of hay already dry, while it is yet in the act of vegetating, spread its dusky tablet on their left, at the foot of a rocky eminence ; while the stream, forming a small semicircle around it, cut it sharply away from the base of a steep and bare cliff, over the summit of which, adorned with a coronal of the red-berried mountain ash, the heavy sunlight darted its sloping rays, which, corrected as they were by the mistiness of the place to a still more hazy faintness, threw an air of slight and softening indistinctness over the rugged outlines of the scene.—Near the base of this cliff, in a dark angle on which the light had a still more limited influence than on the more exposed features of the picture, stood a thatched chapel, a plain oblong pile with a small iron cross fastened at the top of the gable, into which the door, an unpannelled plane of deal timber, marked with the same sacred symbol in red paint, was made to open. A narrow road, winding down the hill, formed

the approach to this humble temple—and a straggling path, presenting a short cut to this road, from the spot where the coiner stood, ran almost under their horses' feet. This was pointed out by Maher, who dismounted, and flung the stirrups over the high pummelled saddle of his horse, as he observed it. Suil Dhuv followed his example, and threw the reins of his steed to his companion:—

“ ‘Remain here until I return,’ said he—‘and if any danger should approach—do not forget, for your life, to give me the token. Where are the things?’ ”

“ Maher handed him a wrenching iron—a bundle of picks—a file—and small hammer.

“ ‘It is a droll* thing if they were left there,’ the coiner continued. ‘Wouldn’t they be safer in his own chest?’ ”

“ ‘Is it Father O’Regan’s? No, indeed—I heard Watty the clerk say meself, that he was afeerd of ‘em there, in regard o’ the Dillons that he denounced from the althar o’ count o’ their nightwalken. There’s no harm in thryen at any rate; and besides, the priest puts great trust in the chapel above all other places—for as he said himself, though there’s a power o’ villyans goen, there’s *few* o’ them that are wanten both in the *fear* and the *love* o’ God, together.’ ”

“ ‘Ha! ha! he did not know you or me, Maher!’ said Suil Dhuv; striving by a painful exertion to laugh away the dark remorse that made the perspiration stand and glisten upon his brow. ‘Walk the horses softly here, and I’ll be with you in ten minutes.’ And bounding over the stile, he hurried along the path towards the road.

“ ‘That’s the quarest laugh I uvur heerd him laugh yit,’ said Mun Maher in soliloquy, as he gazed after the ruffian; ‘I wonder, now, could it be anythen that would be comen over him, afther all? Isn’t it greatly he was thinken all along the road?’ ”

“ Something, most assuredly, *was* ‘coming over’ the young man in question—some (to himself) unaccountable state of feeling—a distress—an alarm—an uneasiness—which he could trace to no possible external influence—and which went on deepning and fastening upon his spirit in proportion to the violence of the exertions which he made to shake it off. He thought of his past crimes with pain and deep remorse; but it was not of that healthy kind which induces a longing after the peace of penitence, and casts a stumbling-block in the way of a guilty purpose.

“ On the contrary, the deeper and the fiercer the pangs were, which every reviving recollection struck into his heart, the more he raged and chafed, the firmer and more daring his resolution became; and even while his limbs shook with fear at thought of the retribution he had already earned, he burned with the eagerness of his desire, to cast another yet heavier debt than all into the already fearful account. His soul might be supposed, in this respect, in a state of disease analogous to that which induces the patient who is suffering under the affliction of an acute nervous attack, to fling himself on the fire, dash his head against the wall, or use any other violent means of counteracting, by a different though still more terrible excitement, the anguish of that which is already preying upon his frame.

“ As he passed the fort which had been pointed out to him by his companion, and which lay close to the path he was pursuing, he started, shivered with an emotion like fear, and then stamped his foot against the earth, and uttered a furious oath against his own weakness. He raised his hand over his eyes, and attempted to hurry forward, with his face turned another way; then suddenly stopping short, and meditating for a moment, he set his teeth hard, and said:—‘It was an ugly deed, after all. The old dark man that couldn’t defend himself, nor know what was coming upon him. It was a coward’s blow that drew his blood!’ This was spoken

in something like the manner of self-condemnation which a sportsman might be supposed to feel, who had shot a hare sleeping in its form.—‘He was kind to me too, when I wanted kindness badly enough—Bût’ [fiercely]—‘what hurt?’ He blotted all from my mind, when he took me from the only friend I had’ (then, with a sudden and hurried self-recollection)—‘Eh? what am I doing here—Well, to be sure, see this! and the sun going down already, and all I have to do, before I meet *him*. Think o’ that, why!’ And once more assuming an appearance of steadiness and settled energy, he rushed from the fort.

“He did not long, however, retain possession of this accidental firmness. As he placed his foot on the little stile which connected the foot-path with the hill road, an old, palsied, white-headed woman, her hair gathered up in a roll under her decent white ‘kerchief, a few sods of turf and faggots in her check apron, and a string of large horn beads in her hand, met him at the other side. Raising her aged head as if with an effort, and expanding her sunken eyes as they fell upon his figure, she stopped short, and broke in upon the litany she had been telling, to wish the stranger a ‘good evenen, *kindly*.’ Strangely moved by the contrast in the designs and occupations of both, the coiner paused, and gazing fixedly on the old woman, returned her greeting with a degree of tenderness in his voice that arrested her attention, in turn. Perceiving that her route lay over the hedge, which was no slight obstacle for old and sapless bones like her’s to surmount, and acting under the influence of one of those unaccountable sensations to which his present state of agitation rendered him liable, he stepped back for the purpose of suffering the devotee to pass first over the stile.

“‘Goen to pay your rounds at the chapil, over, this evenen, I’ll be bound, you are, now—a *lanña-ma-chree?*’ [child of my heart]—she said, as she placed her withered and bony fingers (from which the rosary still depended) on the wall.

“‘Going to the chapel, indeed, a-vaneestha,’* replied the coiner, smiling, in an access of fresh and stinging remorse, upon her.

“‘E’ then, may all that you do there be remembered to you at the day o’ judgmint, in the last o’ the world, an through all eternity, for uvur, av you’ll only jest gi’ me the hand till I’ll get over this place, its so *cross*, entirely, my old bones will be broke in me body, within.’

“Without paying any attention to, indeed almost without hearing, certainly without considering, her kindly meant benediction, the coiner raised her in his arms with as much ease as he would have done a child, and placed her gently on the soft path at the other side; after which he continued his course along the road.

“‘*Millia buehus,† thin!*’ exclaimed the pious old creature, ‘and the Lord keep his eye upon you this blessed night, and hear the prayers of his holy saint John, upon his own eve, that you may ever an always continue in grace, and as well inclined as you are this moment—for its a good sign o’ you to help the poor old widow, and to be goen to the chapil on the Eha-na-Shawn, while many another boy oulder than yourself is at the *goal* playen, or in the publican’s, this way.’

“So much for appearances!

“The act of gentleness which he had done once more contributed to throw Suil Dhuv back upon the interrupted mood of retrospection which had been growing upon him throughout the evening. The little green spot, also, before the chapel brought many an old and peaceful remembrance to his mind. He recollected the many summer mornings when the bright Sabbath sun beheld him hastening down this wild path, his neatly frilled white linen shirt lying gracefully on his open bosom; a small, carefully tendered ‘Path to Paradise’ in his hand; his black and shining curls combed into a beautiful and closely-clustering mass; his shoes, a luxury only allowed him

* Old woman.

† A thousand thanks.

on occasions, when a special decency of appearance was deemed requisite, glistening in the sunshine; a little bottle thrust into his side pocket, which was given him by the old woman who had dressed him up, for the purpose of having it replenished from the can of holy water at the altar's foot—in this Sunday trim he had often hurried over this very ground; his heart, in its innocence of feeling, trembling with anxiety lest he should lose the benefit of the mass, an evil which is regarded with a peculiar fear, in Irish humble life, even among those whose principles, unhappily, are lax enough in many other respects.

"He paused, to gaze upon the little turfen seat where the pastor of the rural flock was accustomed to sit in the sunshine, to talk familiarly with the cottagers on their domestic affairs, or hear the confession of a penitent. He recollected the time when he had knelt on the green sod by the side of the holy man—his heart sinking within him with fear, as he meditated the humiliating disclosure of some boyish offence, an infraction of the Sabbath, or a word spoken in anger to some play-fellow—and the gentle monitory voice of his adviser seemed once more to murmur in his ear.

"His thoughts naturally reverted to his present condition, and he almost unconsciously put the question to his own heart, how different and how dark in the comparison, would be the account which he should now have to render to the same minister of peace, if he were to rise from the quiet grave, in which he had long been sleeping the sweet sleep of the blameless, and resume his ancient place on this humble tribunal." The last fancy startled him. As a celebrated divine,* with that insight into the machinery of the human heart which characterises a great portion of his writings, has said, that long habit of self-willed contempt for, and obstinate resistance to, the truth of religion is often apt to substitute a mechanical superstition in its place; so it might now be observed of the stained and hardened soul that stood, with the purpose of the last of human offences—black, daring, deadly sacrilege—before the door of the temple, that the fouler and fiercer his resolution became, the more weak and nervous was his frame, and the more fearfully active his memory and his imagination. The short, quick breathings of the wind through the dry thatch made him start and tremble, while sudden forms, of he knew not what or whom, seemed to flit before and about him, through the evening gloom.—Again his memory conjured up new sights and sounds of terror from the familiar spot on which he stood. He beheld the buried clergyman, robed in the sacred vestments of his office, lifting his hands above his head, and pouring forth, as he had once done, the denunciations of the fearful judgment of the impenitent, from that awful text, the words of which had made the young blood of the coiner curdle in its channels, when he had first heard them uttered—"I go my way and you shall seek me, and you shall not find me, and you shall die in your sin!" The recollection of this occasion completely unhinged the courage of the unhappy wretch. He trembled violently, flung himself unconsciously on his knees—struck his breast rapidly and violently with his clenched fist—muttered a hurried snatch of the half-forgotten rosary—and yet, by some strange influence, amid all this agitation and remorse, the thought of desisting from the crime, which he meditated at that very moment, scarcely once occurred to him.

"Vague and general notions of an amended life, not in any instance assuming the vigour or sincerity of a positive intention, glanced across his spirits at intervals, while he busied himself in preparing his instruments, and examined the door and windows of the building. The very security which seemed to attend his undertaking, the absence of all human obstacle, the facility which the loneliness of the place itself presented, the slight resistance which the door seemed likely to oppose to his entrance, all furnished him with matter for new distrust. He paused before the building

* Jean Baptiste Massillon.

with that feeling of fearful suspicion which chills the heart of the bravest soldier, when he finds a position totally silent and undefended where he expected to meet with an opposition worthy of its importance.

"The sullen dash of the waters behind him began to boom upon his hearing, like the sound of distant thunder.—He struck fiercely at the lock of the door, then started and trembled as the many echoes of the blow came back upon him from the rents and hollows of the cliff and glynn—and again repeated the strokes with double vehemence. At length, flinging the hammer away, he stept a few paces back—then dashing himself furiously against it, he sent it crashing round upon its hinges.

"We dare not follow the sacrilegious wretch through all the detail of his impieties in the interior of the building. The whole proceeding, from this moment, was one of such absolute delirium, that he could hardly be said to have acted it with consciousness. He rushed to the recess in which the object of his search—the silver chalice, or ciborium—was kept, forced it open, flung himself on his knees once more, clasped his hands, prostrated himself on the earth, started to his feet, snatched the sacred vessel, dashed *the contents*, the sight of which almost maddened him, upon the altar—and fled in an abandonment of utter fear along the aisle, panting heavily, crossing himself, and striking his breast, and muttering prayers and curses blended—while his sight swam and wandered wildly over the place, his ears seemed to ring with the din of mingled thunders, hymns, and laughter; flakes of whitish light darted with throbs of anguish from his eyeballs; the air about him grew hot and suffocating; the darkening vault of the night seemed to press with a horrid weight upon his brain: and his conscience, rising like a buried giant, from beneath the mountains of crime he had cast upon it, revealed, and almost realized the Pandemonium which his slighted, though unforgotten faith, had pointed out to him with a warning finger in his days of early innocence."—Vol. iii. pp. 134—156.

We might leave our author here, but this is rather too wild an affair to close with: we prefer to leave a pleasanter impression, and shall therefore revert to some of the passages we had noted down as examples of his talent for the composition to which we confess our preference—that in which national manners are hit off with national humour. For this purpose we revert to the early part of the story called the Half Sir. The absurdities of rude and superstitious life are well contrasted with the overstrained morality of the benevolent misanthrope, in a scene which takes place in pursuance of an old custom, explained in the course of the extract:—

"'Castle-Hamond? Here it is!—Will we go up, boys?' asked one of the party.

"'I say, no!' exclaimed the Buhal Droileen—whose aristocratic spirit had been rendered still more overtopping than ever by the inspiration of the many sparkling glasses he had tasted since he had first broached his sentiments while Davy broached his cider—'The wran won't show himself to any but a raal gintleman to-day.'

"'Poh! what is it after all—Is'nt he as good as old Falahee if you go to that of it—and he keeps, Remmy O'Lone tells me—that's his own man—the best of every thing—and has a full purse moreover. And he's a Cromwaylian, any way.'"

"'Is he a Cromwylian?' inquired the refractory wren-boy, trying to steady himself, and moved to a hesitation rather by the prospect of Mr. Hamond's good cheer than by the new point of genealogy that was made out for him. 'Can you make out that he's a Cromwaylian?'

* The descendants of those who came over with Cromwell.

" 'Sure the world knows it, and many says he's one o' the Bag-an-Bun * men, too.'

" 'Oh, then the wran will pay him his compliments. Come along, boys.' And staggering toward the gate, which he opened after making several efforts to ascertain the precise geography of its fastening, he led the way, shouting and singing by turns, along the mossy and rarely trodden avenue.

" In a few minutes they had marshalled themselves before the house (a ruined building, the greater number of the windows of which were broken, stuffed with newspapers, pieces of blackened board, and old clothes), and set up a new stave of their traditional anthem :—

' Last Christmas-day I turn'd the spit,
I burn'd my finger—(I feel it yet)—
A cock-sparrow flew over the table,
The dish began to fight with the ladle—
The spit got up like a naked man,
And swore he'd fight with the dripping-pan ;
The pan got up and cock'd his tail,
And swore he'd send them all to jail !'

" The merry-makers, however, did not receive so ready a welcome at Castle-Hamond as they had done at most other houses. The chorus died away in perfect silence, and the expectant eyes of the singers glanced from casement to casement for several minutes, but no one appeared. Again they raised their voices, and were commencing—

' The wran !—the——'

—when a bundle of newspapers was withdrawn from a broken pane, and in their place a head and arm made their appearance. It was a hatchet face, with a pair of peeping pig's-eyes set close (like a fish's) on either side—the mouth half open, an expression of mingled wonder and curiosity depicted on the features—and a brown strait-haired wig, which time had reduced to a baldness almost as great as that of the head which it covered, shooting down on each side like a bunch of rushes, towards the shoulders.

" 'Good-morrow, Mr. Remmy,' said the young man who had advocated the title of the proprietor of Castle Hamond to the homage of the wren—' we're come to pay our compliments to the master.'

" 'Whisht ! whisht ! dear boys !' exclaimed the head, while the arm and hand were waved toward them in a cautionary manner.

" 'Poh, what whisht ? Let him give us something like a gentleman, and we'll whisht as much as he pleases.'

" 'Are ye tired o' ye'r lives ? He's like a madman all night. There's nothen for ye.'

" 'D'ye hear what he says, as if it was to a beggarman he'd be talken ? Go along in—take your head out o' that, Remmy, if you love it. Nothen for us !—Take your head out o' that, again ! if you haven't a mind to lave it after you—and no great prize 'twould be to the man that would get it in lose after you, either.'

" 'It may be a very bad one,' said Remmy O'Lone, 'and an ill-looking one enough may be, but I'd look a dale droller widout it for all that.'

" 'Well, an' are we to get nothen for the wran ? Is that the way of it ? Come, boys, one groan for the old miser—'

" 'Whisht ! agin ! O boys, for shame ! Well, aisy a while and I'll see what's to be done. But don't make a noise for your lives, for he did'nt lave his room yet.'

" Remmy withdrew his head from the window, replaced the newspapers, and walked in a meditative way along a dark flagged hall leading to many of the principal sleeping chambers of the old mansion. He paused near one of

* "The descendants of those who landed at Bag-and-Bun with Richard Fitz-Stephens, the first British invader of Ireland. Thus the adage—

' At the creek of Bagganbun,
Ireland was lost and won.'

the doors, and after many gestures of agitation and distress, he tapped softly with the knuckle of his forefinger upon the centre pannel, bending his ear towards the key-hole to ascertain as much as possible of the effect which his intrusion produced.

" 'Who's there?' was asked in a tone of some vexation.

" 'Are you awake, sir?' said Remmy, in a soft and conciliating accent, such as a man might use in making acquaintance with a fierce mastiff.

" 'If I were asleep, do you think I'd ask the question, Remmy?'

" 'Wisha then, no, surely, sir,' said the man, 'I dun know what come over me to ask *my* question.'

" 'Well, what's the matter now?'

" 'Come to see you they are, sir.'

" 'Who, man?' was asked in some little alarm.

" 'The wran-boys, sir.'

" 'The wren-boys!'

" 'Yes, sir, in regard o' Saint Stephen.'

" 'The wren-boys come to see *me* in regard of Saint Stephen!' was repeated in a slow and bewildered tone.

" At the same time the party without, a little impatient at Remmy's delay, recommenced their noisy harmony—

'The wran—the wran, the king of all birds,
Saint Stephen's day was caught in the furze—
Although he's little ——'

" The strange disturbance seemed to aggravate the wrath of the secluded tenant of the chamber.—'What's all this din, you ruffian?' he said to Remmy in a furious tone.

" 'Themselves that singen it, sir.'

" 'Who, what are they, sir?'

" 'The wran-boys.'

" 'The wren-boys again! who are the wren-boys? what the plague do they come clattering their old pans and kettles here for? what do they want, Remmy.'

" 'Money I believe, sir, and liquor.'

" 'Money and liquor! From whom, pray?'

" 'E' then from your honour—sure 'tisin't from the likes o' me they'd be expecten it.'

" 'Why are they creditors of ours, Remmy?'

" 'O not they, sir, one of 'em—sure yourself knows that *we* owe no money. But they want a little by way of a compliment in regard o' Saint Stephen.'

" 'Saint Stephen! Why, what the mischief, I ask you again, have I to do with Saint Stephen?'

" 'Nothen, sure, sir, only this being his day, whin all the boys o' the place go about that way, with the wran, the king of all birds, sir, as they say, (bekays wanst when all the birds wanted to choose a king, and they said they'd have the bird that would fly highest, the aigle flew higher than any of 'em, till at last whin he could'nt fly an inch higher, a little rogue of a wran that was a-hide under his wing, took a fly above him a peace and was crowned king of the aigle an' all, sir,) tied in the middle o' the holly that way, you see, sir, by the leg, that is. An old custom, sir. They hunted it this mornen, and stoned it with black-thorn sticks in regard of Saint Stephen. That's because he was stoned be the Turks himself, sir, there's a great while there sence. With streamers and ribbins flyen about it. Be the leg they tie it in the middle o' the bush within. An' they sing that song that way for the gentlemen to give them a trate, as it were, 'Get up, ould 'oman, an' give uz a trate,' or, 'get up, fair ladies—' or, 'we hope your honour,' as the case may be, all in regard o' Saint Stephen. And they dressed out in ribbins, with music, an' things. Stoned by the Turks, he was, Saint Stephen, long ago. Bad manners to 'em (an' sure where's the good o' wishen 'em what they have before? wherever they are, for so doen. It's indeed, sir.'

“ ‘So I am to understand from you that a number of young men come to demand money from me, because they got up this morning and hunted a little wren, tied it in the middle of the holly-bush, and stuck a parcel of ribands on the boughs. Is that the utmost extent of their claim on me.’

“ ‘O then, Lord help us!’ said Remmy, greatly perplexed—‘if one was to go to the rights o’ the matter, that way, sarrow a call more have they to you, I b’lieve, sir.’

“ ‘Well, then, let those gentlemen take their departure as soon as they please. They shall seek their reward elsewhere, for it is an exploit which I am incapable of appreciating.’

“ ‘O sir, sure you wouldn’t send them away without any thing, to disgrace us?’

“ ‘Go along, sir, and do as you are directed.’

“ ‘Well, well, to be sure, see what this is,’ Remmy O’Lone muttered in great distress, as he paced reluctantly along the hall, revolving in his mind the manner in which he should most palatably announce this disagreeable intelligence to the crowd without. They were preparing to renew the chorus when he opened the massive hall-door, and proceeded to address them. As his master had not permitted him to gratify his auditors in the substantial way, Remmy thought the least he might do, was to take what liberties he pleased with the form and language of the refusal.

“ ‘Boys,’ said he, ‘Mr. Hammond is in bed, sick, an’ he desired me to tell ye that he was very, very sorry intirely that he had nothen to give ye. He desired his compliments, an’ he’s very sorry intirely.’

“ ‘I knew he was a main wretch!’ exclaimed the wren-boy—‘He a Cromwaylian—Bag-an’-Bun! Bag-an’-baggage! O, ’pon my word, he’s a great neger.’

“ ‘Houl your tongue, I tell you, Terry Lenigan,’ said Remmy. ‘Don’t anger me, I’d advise you.’

“ ‘Remmy, would you answer one question,’ said Terry, ‘an’ we’ll be off. Who is it milks Mr. Hamond’s cows?’

“To understand the point of this query, it is necessary the reader should be informed that, in consequence of Mr. Hammond’s allowing no dairy woman a place in his establishment, which was solely composed of Remmy and his old mother, a false and invidious report had been circulated, that the office alluded to in the last report, (which in Ireland is looked upon as exclusively womanish and unworthy of the dignity of man,) was fulfilled by no less a personage than the redoubtable Remmy O’Lone himself. This disgraceful charge, though frequently and indignantly rebutted, was the more maliciously persevered in, as it was found to answer its chief object not the less effectively—that of irritating the temper of its subject, and furnishing the spectators with what Hobbes would call a spectacle exceedingly gratifying to their vanity—a man in a state of comically passionate excitation. It lost nothing of its usual force by its total unexpectedness at the present moment.

“Remmy plunged forward toward the speaker, then remained fixed for a few moments in an attitude minative of offence—the consummation of his desires being checked by a rapid and almost involuntary reflection on the little glory he would be likely to reap from an engagement in which the odds would be so awfully against him. Then suddenly recollecting himself, he stood erect, putting his little finger knuckle between his lips, and blew a whistle so shrill and so loud, that the echoes of the broken hills which surrounded the castle,—and in the fine phrase of the Spanish poet, stood aloft in their giant stature, ruffling their foreheads against the morning sun, returned the unwonted sounds in an hundred varied tones. This was not the response, however, which Remmy ambitioned, so much as the yelling of a leash of beagles, who presently made their appearance, though not in time to do any considerable damage amongst the aggressors, who retreated in double quick time, making such a din as no power of language that the writer possesses could possibly convey to the reader.”—Vol. i. pp. 215—228.

HISTORY OF GAS-LIGHTING.

An Historical Sketch of the Origin, Progress, and Present State of Gas-Lighting. By William Matthews. London. Rowland Hunter. 1827. 12mo.

It may not be disagreeable to our readers to trace the brilliant lights by which the streets are illuminated, from the obscure recesses of nature, and to show by what steps that which was once thought simply an object of curiosity, has been applied to a practical purpose of the most useful and agreeable kind. The long time that the phenomenon of the inflammability of a certain gas was known before it occurred to any one that it might be turned to use, is a singular example of the nature of discovery, and may serve to keep the intellect of inquirers on the alert, for they know not when they are on the brink of the most brilliant conclusions—the despised fact of to-day may become to-morrow the key to the most inaccessible arcana of science. In this history we see too, as in so many other things, that it is the first step wherein lies the difficulty and the value: when that is taken, and human invention is put upon the right scent, the rapidity with which conclusion follows upon conclusion is most remarkable. The three stages of the history of gas-lighting are—first, the observation of the natural phenomenon: second, its application to the purposes of illumination: and, third, the invention of the practical means by which it might be made generally available; and the steps taken to procure their adoption by the public, and to place it on a level with the most important arts of civilized life. Taking for our guide the interesting but unpretending work of Mr. Matthews, we will hastily run over the principal topics in these three divisions.

The inflammable gases were known originally for their direful effects rather than their useful qualities. Miners were acquainted with two of them, called the *choke damp* and the *fire damp*, long before the establishment of the Royal Society; but the earliest printed account of either occurs in its Transactions, in the year 1667. The paper in which it is contained, is entitled, “A Description of a Well and Earth in Lancashire taking Fire, by a Candle approaching to it. Imparted by Thomas Shirley, Esq. an Eye-witness.” As it is both short, curious, and satisfactory, we shall quote this first acknowledgment of the existence of coal-gas.

“About the latter end of February, 1659, returning from a journey to my house in Wigan, I was entertained with the relation of an odd spring situated in Mr. Hawkley’s grounds, (if I mistake not,) about a mile from the town, in that road which leads to Warrington and Chester.

“The people of this town did affirm, that the water of this spring did burn like oyle; into which error they suffered themselves to fall for want of due examination of the following particulars.

“For when I came to the said spring, (being five or six in company together,) and applied a lighted candle to the surface of the water, ’tis true there was suddenly a large flame produced, which burnt vigorously; at the sight of which they began to laugh at me for denying what they had positively asserted. But I, who did not think myself confuted by laughter grounded upon inadvertancy, began to examine what I saw; and observing that this spring had its eruption at the foot of a tree growing on the top of a neighbouring bank, the water of which filled a ditch that was there, and

covered the neighbouring place lately mentioned ; I then applied a lighted candle to divers parts of the water contained in the said ditch, and found, as I expected, that upon a touch of the candle and the water the flame was extinct.

" Again having taken up a dish-full of water at the flaming place, and held the lighted candle to it, it went out. Yet I observed that the water at the burning place did boyle, and heave like water in a pot upon the fire, though my hand put into it perceived it not so much as warm.

" This boyling I conceived to proceed from the eruption of some bituminous or sulphureous fumes, considering that this place was not above thirty or forty yards distant from the mouth of a coal-pit there. And indeed Wigan, Ashton, and the whole country for many miles' compass, is underlaid with coal. Then applying my hand to the surface of the burning place of the water, I found a strong breath, as it were a wind, to bear against my hand.

" Then I caused a dam to be made, and thereby hindering the recourse of fresh water to the burning place, I caused that which was already there to be drained away ; and then applying the burning candle to the surface of the dry earth at the same point where the water burned before, the fumes took fire, and burned very bright and vigorous. The cone of the flame ascended a foot and a half from the superficies of the earth. The basis of it was of the compass of a man's hat about the brims. I then caused a bucket-full of water to be poured on the fire, by which it was presently quenched, as well as my companions' laughter was stopped, who began to think the water did not burn.

" I did not perceive the flame to be discoloured, like that of sulphureous bodies, nor to have any manifest *scent* with it. The fumes, when they broke out of the earth, and prest against my hand, were not, to my best remembrance, at all hot."—pp. 4—6.

Dr. Stephen Hales was the first person who procured an elastic fluid from the actual distillation of coal. His experiments with this object are related in the first volume of his *Vegetable Statics*, published in 1726. From the distillation of " one hundred and fifty-eight grains of Newcastle coal, he states that he obtained one hundred and eighty cubic inches of air, which weighed fifty-one grains, being nearly one third of the whole." The inflammability of the fluid he thus produced was no part of his inquiry ; and though it is now deemed its most useful and important property, appears to have excited no attention till several years after.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1733, some properties of coal-gas are detailed in a paper called, " An Account of the Damp Air in a Coal-pit of Sir James Lowther, sunk within Twenty Yards of the Sea." This paper, as it contains some striking facts relating to the inflammability and other properties of coal-gas, is deserving of particular attention.

" Sir James Lowther having occasion to sink a pit near the full sea-mark, for the draining one of his principal collieries near Whitehaven, in the county of Cumberland, which was known would be near eighty fathom in depth to the best seam of coals, which is three yards thick ; the work was carried on day and night very successfully, through several beds of hard stone, coal, and other minerals, till the pit was sunk down forty-two fathom from the surface, where they came to a bed of black stone, about six inches thick, very full of joints and open cliffs, which divided the stones into pieces of about six inches square, the sides whereof were all spangled with sulphur, and in the colour of gold. Under this black stone lies a bed of coal two feet thick. When the workmen first pricked the black stone bed, which was on the rise side of the pit, it afforded very little water, contrary to what was

expected, but instead thereof, a vast quantity of damp, corrupted air, which bubbled through a quantity of water, then spread over that part of the pit, and made a great hissing noise; at which the workmen, being somewhat surprised, held a candle towards it, and it immediately took fire upon the surface of the water, and burned very fiercely; the flame being about half a yard in diameter, and near two yards high, which frightened the workmen, so that they took the rope and went up the pit, having first extinguished the flame, by beating it out with their hats. The steward of the works being made acquainted with it, went down the pit with one of the men, and holding a candle to the same place, it immediately took fire again as before, and burnt about the same bigness: the flame being blue at the bottom, and more white towards the top. They suffered it to burn for nearly half an hour, and no water being drawn in the time, it rose and covered the bottom of the pit near a yard deep, but that did very little abate the violence or bulk of the flame, it still continuing to burn upon the surface of the water. They then extinguished the flame as before, and opened the black stone bed near two feet broad, that a greater quantity of air might issue forth, and then fired it again; it burned a full yard in diameter, and about three yards high, which soon heated the pit to so great a degree, that the men were in danger of being stifled, and so were as expeditious as possible in extinguishing the flame, which was then too strong to be beaten out with their hats; but with the assistance of a spout of water, of four inches in diameter, let down from a cistern above, they happily got it extinguished without further harm. After this no candles were suffered to come near it till the pit was sunk down quite through the bed of black stone; and the two foot coal underneath it, and all that part of the pit, for four or five feet high, was framed quite round, and very closely jointed, so as to repel the damp air, which, nevertheless, it was apprehended, would break out in some other adjoining part, unless it was carried off as soon as produced out of the cliffs of the stone; for which end a small hollow was left behind the framing, in order to collect all the damp air on one side of the pit, where a tube of about two inches square was closely fixed, one end of it into the hollow behind the framing, and the other carried up into the open air, four yards above the top of the pit; and through this tube the said damp air has ever since discharged itself without being sensibly diminished in its strength, or lessened in its quantity, since it was first opened, which is now two years and nine months ago. It is just the same in summer as in winter, and will fill a large bladder in a few seconds, by placing a funnel at the top of the tube, with the small end of it put into the neck of the bladder, and kept close with one's hand.

"The said air being put into a bladder, as is above described, and tied close, may be carried away, and kept some days, and being afterwards pressed gently through a small pipe into the flame of a candle, will take fire, and burn at the end of the pipe as long as the bladder is gently pressed to feed the flame, and when taken from the candle, after it is so lighted, it will continue burning till there is no more air left in the bladder to supply the flame. This succeeded in May last, before the Royal Society, after the air had been confined in the bladder for near a month.

"The air when it comes out at the top of the tube is as cold as frosty air.

"It is to be observed, that this sort of vapour, or damp air, will not take fire except by flame; sparks do not affect it, and for that reason it is frequent to use flint and steel in places affected with this sort of damp, which will give a glimmering light, that it is a great help to the workmen in difficult cases.

"After the damp air was carried up in a tube, in the manner above described, the pit was no more annoyed with it, but was sunk very successfully through several beds of stone and coal, without any other accident or interruption till it came to the main seam of coals, which is three yards thick, and seventy-nine fathom deep from the surface; and the said pit being oval, viz. ten foot one way, and eight the other, it serves both for draining the water by a fire engine, and also for raising the coals."

"Whitehaven, August 1, 1733."—pp. 9—13.

The principal properties of coal gas are here related with remarkable minuteness and precision; and as the writer exhibited them to different members of the Royal Society, and showed that after keeping the gas sometime, it still retained its elasticity and inflammability, it is remarkable, that the philosophers of the time undertook no experiments with the view of applying it to useful purposes.

Dr. John Clayton, in an extract from a letter in the Philosophical Transactions for 1735, calls gas the "spirit" of coal; and came to a knowledge of its inflammability by an accident. This "spirit" chanced to catch fire, by coming in contact with a candle, as it was escaping from a fracture in one of his distillatory vessels. By preserving the gas in bladders, he frequently diverted his friends, by exhibiting its inflammability. This is the nearest approach to the idea of practically applying this property; and as such, we shall give his own clear and impressive narrative of his proceedings.

"Having seen a ditch within two miles of Wigan, in Lancashire, wherein the water would seemingly burn like brandy, the flame of which was so fierce that several strangers have boiled eggs over it, the people thereabouts, indeed, affirm, that about thirty years ago, it would have boiled a piece of beef; and that whereas much rain formerly made it burn fiercer, now after rain it would scarcely burn at all. It was after a long-continued season of rain that I came to see the place, and make some experiments; and found accordingly, that a lighted paper, though it were waived all over the ditch, the water would not take fire. I then hired a person to make a dam in the ditch, and fling out the water, in order to try whether the steam which arose out of the ditch would then take fire, but found it would not. I still, however, pursued my experiment, and made him dig deeper; and when he had dug about the depth of half a yard, we found a shelly coal, and the candle being then put down into the whole, the air caught fire, and continued burning.

"I got some coal, and distilled it in a retort in an open fire. At first there came over only phlegm, afterwards a black oil, and then, likewise, a spirit arose, which I could no ways condense; but it forced my lute and broke my glasses. Once when it had forced my lute, coming close thereto, in order to try to repair it, I observed that the spirit which issued out caught fire at the flame of the candle, and continued burning with violence as it issued out in a stream, which I blew out, and lighted again alternately several times. I then had a mind to try if I could save any of this spirit; in order to which, I took a turbinated receiver, and putting a candle to the pipe of the receiver, whilst the spirit arose, I observed that it caught flame, and continued burning at the end of the pipes, though you could not discern what fed the flame. I then blew it out, and lighted it again several times; after which I fixed a bladder, squeezed and void of air, to the pipe of the receiver. The oil and phlegm descending into the receiver, but the spirit still ascending, blew up the bladder. I then filled a good many bladders therewith, and might have filled an inconceivable number more; for the spirit continued to rise for several hours, and filled the bladders almost as fast as a man could have blown them with his mouth; and yet the quantity of coals distilled was inconsiderable.

"I kept this spirit in the bladders a considerable time, and endeavoured several ways to condense it, but in vain; and when I had a mind to divert strangers or friends, I have frequently taken one of these bladders, and pricked a hole therein with a pin, and compressing gently the bladder near the flame of a candle till it once took fire, it would then continue flaming till all the spirit was compressed out of the bladder; which was the more surprising, because no one could discern any difference in the appearance between these bladders and those which are filled with common air."—pp. 15—17.

The subject attracted the attention of Dr. Richard Watson, who

published the results of his researches in the second volume of his *Chemical Essays*. He dwells upon the elasticity and inflammability of coal gas; and remarked, that it retains these properties *after passing through a great quantity of water*.

Mr. Matthews justly remarks, "that from Dr. Watson's habit of acute and vigilant observation, and his general endeavours to render his experiments subservient to utility in the arts, it may, perhaps, excite some surprise, that the uses to which the inflammability of the coal gas was applicable, should not have suggested itself to his penetrating mind. But as the voyager, when in the search of unknown regions, has often approached very near to an interesting point, without having the felicity to discover it; so has it occurred to the scientific explorer of nature in his diversified excursions among her unfrequented recesses. Indeed, how numerous are the discoveries which have resulted from experiments made rather with a view to private amusement, than in the serious pursuit of any important object! Yet many of these have occasionally been productive of momentous consequences to mankind; and how remarkably has this proved to be the case with regard to the uses and application of coal gas!"—pp. 18, 19.

We now enter upon the second division of this sketch. The man who first applied the inflammability of gas to the purposes of illumination, was Mr. Murdoch. This gentleman, residing at Soho,* that hot-bed of ingenuity and mechanical science, on occasion of the celebration of the peace of 1802, covered the works of Soho with a light and splendour that astonished and delighted all the population of the surrounding country. Mr. Murdoch had not attained to this perfection without having had many difficulties to encounter. In the year 1792, he used coal gas for lighting his house and offices, at Redruth, in Cornwall; and in 1797, he again made a similar use of it at Old Cunnock, in Ayrshire. At Soho, he constructed an apparatus which enabled him to exhibit his plan on a larger scale than any he had heretofore attempted. His experiments were then sedulously continued, with the able assistance of Mr. Southern and Mr. Henry Creighton, with a view to ascertain not only the best modes of making, but also of purifying and burning gas, so as to prevent either the smell or the smoke from being offensive.

"The retorts first used by him were similar in form to the common glass retorts usually employed in chemical experiments; he next made trial of cast-iron cylinders, which he placed perpendicularly in a common portable furnace; and they were calculated to contain about fifteen pounds of coals: but in 1802 he had recourse to the horizontal mode of setting them. In 1804 and 1805 he varied his plans, and constructed his retorts with an aperture or door at each end, one of them for introducing the coal, and the other for taking out the coke; but this method he found inconvenient and troublesome. In

* "Soho, near Birmingham, was an establishment as singular in its kind as it was extensive and various in its objects. It may be denominated a kind of theatre, to which men of genius were invited and resorted from every civilized country, to exercise and display their talents. The perfection of the manufacturing arts was the great and constant aim of its liberal and enlightened proprietors, Messrs. Boulton and Watt; and whoever resided there was surrounded by a circle of scientific, ingenious, and skilful men, at all times ready to carry into effect the inventions of each other. Mr. Murdoch, Mr. Southern, Mr. Clegg, and Mr. Henry Creighton, the author of the excellent article on gas lights in the last Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, were residents at Soho."—Matthews.

the works which were constructed in 1805 and 1806, for Messrs. Phillips and Lee, at Manchester, he tried one of a different kind, which was very large, and had the form of a bucket with a cover to it. Into this a loose grate, or iron cage, was introduced, for the purpose of holding the coal; and by this contrivance the whole of the coke could at once be heaved out of the retort, when the carbonization was completed. This was so capacious as to contain fifteen hundred weight of coal; but afterwards smaller sizes were tried, and in an *elliptical* form. These were found to produce a greater quantity of gas, and the gas also possessed a higher degree of illuminating power. Indefatigable in the pursuit of improvement, he made a great number of experiments in order to learn under what circumstances not only the best gas, but the largest quantity of it, could be obtained. He operated upon both large and small masses of coal, varying the degrees of heat, as well as the times of his distillations, so that, by a comparison of the results, he might be enabled to form satisfactory conclusions. His labours have proved of inestimable consequence, and must entitle him to be classed with those who have most successfully applied their talents to useful objects, and zealously exercised them for the benefit of mankind."—pp. 24—26.

Previous to the public display made of the illuminating properties of gas, at Soho, it had been applied to similar purposes, by a M. Le Bon, of Paris. A friend of the gentlemen at Soho, wrote from Paris a letter, dated November 8, 1801, to that establishment, informing them, that a person had lighted up his house and gardens with the gas obtained from wood and coal, and had it in contemplation to light up the city of Paris. This is an important fact in the detail of the history of gas-lighting; and we should be glad of further information respecting the steps which led M. Le Bon to the results which he appears to have obtained, and also respecting the fortunes which subsequently attended the invention in France. We should have been glad that Mr. Matthews had directed his attention to this point. However, M. Le Bon's exhibitions have a remarkable connexion with the progress of the invention in England: they seem, indeed, almost to have diverted it from its natural course, which certainly would have led from the illumination at Soho to its public adoption. The claims of Mr. Winsor, originally derived, it is believed, from M. Le Bon, appear to divert the merit of spreading this useful invention in this country from Mr. Murdoch to himself. The efforts of Mr. Winsor, and the fate of his projects, are detailed in the following extract.

"In the first advertisements, and subsequent pamphlets, published by Mr. Winsor, to attract the public attention to his plan, he lays claim to gas-lighting, &c. as his "*discovery*," and his "*invention*;" yet those who knew him best never gave him credit for so much ingenuity; for, according to their account of his qualifications, he possessed scarcely any knowledge of chemistry, and was so deficient in mechanical information, that he was unable to give proper directions for the construction of apparatus. The probability is, that all the information he possessed relating to the subject of gas, he derived, by some means, chiefly from M. Le Bon.* After he arrived in England he became acquainted with a Mr. Kenzie, who resided in Green-street, near Hyde Park. This gentleman having acquired opulence as a coachmaker, had retired from business, and his premises being unoccupied, he allowed Mr. Winsor the use of them to make his first experiments for producing gas from coal. Here he

* "In the pamphlet which he published as a reply to Mr. Nicholson's remarks in his Journal, he acknowledges that he had "offered M. Le Bon one hundred Louis d'ors for a model of his stove;" and asserts "that something like M. le Bon's discovery would soon be seen at the Lyceum."—Winsor's Defence, p. 36.

continued his operations for some time, under great disadvantages, arising from various causes, but more particularly from his deficiency of knowledge and skill both as a chemist and a mechanic. But he was industrious, persevering, and confident; and the brilliancy of the lights, the novelty of the scheme, added to the extraordinary advantages which he held forth as likely to be the consequences of its introduction and use, encouraged Mr. Kenzie, and a few other persons, to assist him in the furtherance of his views, so as to enable him, at a subsequent period, to make his public display of gas-lighting.*

"In 1803 and 1804 Mr. Winsor publicly exhibited his plan of illumination by coal gas at the Lyceum theatre in London. Here he delivered lectures on the subject, which he illustrated by a number of entertaining and appropriate experiments. Among others, he showed the manner of conveying the gas from one part of a house to another; and, by the use of different kinds of burners, he was enabled to display something of that variety of forms which may be given to its flame. His exhibitions proved that the intensity of the flame of coal gas rendered it less liable to be extinguished by strong and sudden gusts of wind; and he also showed that, if properly managed, the burning of it would neither produce smoke, nor throw out such sparks as often fly from the burning wicks of lamps or candles; a circumstance which rendered gas a desirable kind of light, from being less dangerous in its use than either of them. It must, therefore, be evident, that Mr. Winsor's exhibitions were eminently useful in promoting the objects he had in contemplation. Their brilliancy was surprisingly attractive, and allured the public to inspect them; and his explanations and illustrations so far elucidated the subject of gas, as to enable others to form some estimate of its utility as an agent for producing light. His representations may justly be deemed extravagant and deceptive, and certainly exposed him to ridicule and suspicion; but it must be allowed that his efforts tended, in a high degree, to fix public attention to gas-lighting; and whatever were the motives of his conduct, the result has proved singularly beneficial to the world.

"But while Mr. Winsor was engaged in exhibiting and lecturing at the Lyceum, he was occasionally subject to great vexations. In general he was so unfortunate as to select for his assistants such men as were remarkable for their ignorance rather than for ability or skill; and scarcely any dependence could be placed upon their attention or diligence. He was also sometimes exposed to their impositions; and being a foreigner, he was under the necessity of engaging a person to read his lectures to his audience. Sometimes, too, when the auditors were assembled, his reader failed to appear, and probably had the manuscript lecture in his pocket; of course they were obliged to retire, disappointed and disgusted. The character of his mechanical assistants was much the same; and they were generally such as to be incapable of rendering him any effective service in his pursuits. These and other mortifying circumstances engaged him in frequent altercations; and he bitterly complains of these disastrous occurrences in one of his pamphlets. His gas, too, from being burnt in a very impure state, was offensive to the smell, which greatly annoyed his audience, and these circumstances tended to produce a dislike to gas-lighting.

"Mr. Winsor's *great pretensions* probably operated unfavourably for the success of his project, for, by occasioning his motives to be suspected, those who might possess the requisite degree of scientific information and mechanical ability, were prevented from affording their aid in the early period of his undertaking. Those he himself chose to co-operate with him in accomplishing his *stupendous* scheme, were generally bungling smiths and low tinkers, who had none of the qualifications of good workmen; and neither was he, nor had

* "These circumstances are related on the authority of some very respectable persons who knew Mr. Winsor during his first attempts, and not only witnessed his operations, but occasionally afforded him assistance in some of them for several years afterwards; one of them stated that he had reasons for believing that he had been an assistant to M. Le Bon. Mr. Winsor obtained his patent in May, 1804."

he any one else, capable of giving them proper directions to guide them in the performance of their respective operations.

"Afterwards Mr. Winsor removed his exhibitions to Pall Mall, where, early in 1807, he lighted up a part of one side of the street, which was the first instance of this kind of light being applied to such a purpose in London.* He was also the projector of a national light and heat company; and, having a patent for his plan, he published some pamphlets to recommend it. At the period of their appearance his statements were combated, and those who scrutinized his calculations pointed them out as fallacious and absurd; but subsequent experience has demonstrated them to be most egregiously erroneous. According to his representations, by a deposit of five pounds, a person might secure a handsome annual income, and the profits would nearly equal those of the new river company!† The expectation of such extraordinary pecuniary advantages induced many persons to pay the deposit; but circumstances have long since undeceived these original subscribers, and proved the utter impossibility of realizing such felicitous prospects. But how often has the love of gain induced men to give a willing ear to the flattering and delusive tales of projectors! Perhaps, however, it is well for the world that self-interest sometimes disposes men to pursue and cherish these hopeful illusions, till time and experience disabuse them of their mistakes; for though individuals may occasionally suffer, the public is often greatly benefited. In favour of Mr. Winsor, it ought to be observed, that, notwithstanding the preposterous notions he broached respecting the profits to be obtained by his scheme, he probably may be considered as remotely the cause of the formation of public companies to carry on the operations, and to diffuse the benefits, of gas-lighting.‡

* "What a striking contrast between the appearance of the brilliantly illuminated streets at this time, compared with the days of Henry V. It is recorded that in 1417, Sir Henry Barton, mayor of London, ordained 'lanterns with lights to bee hanged out on the winter evenings between Hallowtide and Candlemasse.' Paris was first lighted by an order issued in 1524; and in the beginning of the 16th century, the streets being infested with robbers, the inhabitants were ordered to keep lights burning in the windows of all such houses as fronted the streets. In 1668, when some regulations were made for improving the streets of London, the inhabitants were reminded to hang out their lanterns at the usual time; and in 1690 an order was issued to hang out a light, or lamp, every night as soon as it was dark, from Michaelmas to Christmas. By an act of the common council in 1716, all housekeepers, whose houses fronted any street, lane, or passage, were required to hang out, every dark night, one or more lights, to burn from six to eleven o'clock, under the penalty of one shilling. In 1736 the lord mayor and common council applied to parliament for an act to enable them to erect lamps; and in 1744 they obtained farther powers for lighting the city. Birmingham was first lighted by lamps in 1733, so that in this improvement it preceded the metropolis. See Beckman's History of Inventions, vol. iii."

† The following is copied from a circular of Mr. Winsor's, in 1805.—After enumerating various royal, noble, and scientific persons, "who are," he says, "*too numerous to mention*," he continues—"I have made great improvements in my patent light stoves, purified the gas lights from all scent, and increased their lustre."

"Persuaded of *immense advantages*, and encouraged by numerous friends, I beg leave to offer you the enclosed plan, for a *profitable* national company; because most institutions owe their rise to the support of great philanthropic and commercial men, such as I have now the honour of addressing."

"With the patronage of you and your friends, a national concern will soon be raised to open a mine of wealth in Britain, and add to the despair of our foes in their devices for our ruin."

"Two houses are now fitting up as a standard for a general introduction of gas lights, now clarified to their utmost brilliance."

"The five pounds' deposit will suffice for realizing the plan in London and its environs, and all further sums wanting will prove but a *small deduction* from *speedy profits*."

"The *official experiments*, as the basis of my *greatly under-valued estimates*, will be repeated to any number of my subscribers."

‡ "About this time a few individuals, among whom was the present Alderman Wood, attempted to light with gas the Golden-lane brewery, and a part of Beech-street and Whitecross-street. The first street mains, laid down in Pall Mall, were *lead pipes*."

"It has been stated that Mr. Winsor raised nearly fifty thousand pounds by the subscriptions for establishing his new light and heat company; but large as was the amount he was not enriched by it, for the whole was expended upon his projects. The retort in which he distilled his coal was an iron vessel, similar to a pot with a lid, well fitted and luted to the top of it. To the centre of the lid a pipe was fixed, to convey the gas to his condensing vessel, which was a circular cistern, made of a conical form, broader at the bottom than the top; it was divided into two or three separate compartments, and the plates that formed the division were perforated with a great number of holes, in order to spread the gas as it passed through them, to purify it from the sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia; but the operation was very imperfect with respect to the former. But in his first trials at the Lyceum, and for a considerable time afterwards, the gas was burnt in a very impure state, which produced head-ache and other unpleasant consequences to his auditors who inhaled it. As it was condensed by passing it through water, it was of course deprived of a great part of the ammonia; but when he had afterwards recourse to lime and water to purify it, the process was very defective, and a great part of the sulphuretted hydrogen remained. The pipes which he employed to convey the gas from his apparatus consisted chiefly of lead, and only those parts which connected them with the burners were made of copper. His burners were Argands, jets, batswings, &c. similar to those now in use. He continued his exhibitions in Pall Mall for several years; he was constantly soliciting the public, by advertisements and pamphlets, to attend to and patronize his plans, and events have proved that his exertions were not ineffective."—pp. 28—36.

In 1804, Dr. Henry delivered a course of lectures on chemistry at Manchester, in which he showed the mode of producing gas from coal, and the facility and advantage of its use. Dr. Henry analysed the composition and investigated the properties of carburetted hydrogen gas. His experiments were numerous and accurate, and made upon a variety of substances; and having obtained the gas from wood, peat, different kinds of coal, oil, wax, &c. he endeavoured to estimate the relative quantity of light yielded by each.

In 1805, Mr. Samuel Clegg, to whom the world is much indebted for the improvements he subsequently introduced into the manufacture of gas, having left Soho, directed his attention to the construction of gas apparatus. The first he erected was in the cotton mill of Mr. H. Lodge, near Halifax, in Yorkshire. Mr. Josiah Pemberton, one of those ingenious men happily not rare in the centre of our manufactures, whose minds are perpetually employed on the improvement of mechanical contrivances, and who, as soon as they have accomplished one discovery, leave others to reap the benefit, and themselves pursue the chase after new inventions, had for some time been experimenting on the nature of gas. A resident of Birmingham, his attention was probably roused by the exhibition at Soho; and such was the fertility of his invention, and his practical skill as a mechanic, that it has been observed by those who know him, that he never undertook to make an article without inventing an improvement in its construction. About 1806, he exhibited gas-lights in a variety of forms, and with great brilliance, at the front of his manufactory in Birmingham. He then erected an apparatus for Mr. Mark Sanders, an eminent button-manufacturer, the purpose of which was not only to light his manufactory, but also to afford heat for soldering the shanks of buttons. It so completely attained its end, that it has been in constant use ever since, and has required very few repairs. In the same and the following years, he also erected several others. In 1808 he constructed an

apparatus, applicable to several uses, for Mr. Benjamin Cooke, a manufacturer of brass tubes, gilt toys, and other articles, in which a great deal of soldering was required. In 1808, Mr. Murdoch communicated to the Royal Society a very interesting account of his successful application of coal gas to lighting the extensive establishment of Messrs. Phillips and Lee. For this communication, Count Rumford's gold medal was presented to him. It is probable that this paper led to important consequences: for, at the same time that Mr. Winsor was alarming the world with his quackery, Mr. Murdoch, by his simple, minute, and perspicuous detail of particulars, demonstrated the utility and practicability of the invention. Mr. Murdoch's statements threw great light on the comparative advantages of gas and candles, and contained much useful information on the expences of production and management: we shall therefore extract a portion of it from Mr. Matthews' sketch:—

“The whole of the rooms of the cotton mill of Mr. Lee, at Manchester, which is, I believe, the most extensive in the United Kingdom, as well as its counting-houses and store-rooms, and the adjacent dwelling house of Mr. Lee, are lighted with gas from coal. The total quantity of light used during the hours of burning has been ascertained by a comparison of shadows, to be about equal to the light which 2500 mould candles, of six to the pound, would give; each of the candles with which the comparison was made consuming four-tenths of an ounce (175 grains) of tallow per hour.

“The gas-burners are of two kinds; the one is upon the principle of the Argand lamp, and resembles it in appearance; the other is a small curved tube with a conical end, having three circular apertures or perforations, of about a thirtieth of an inch in diameter, one at the point of the cone, and two lateral ones, through which the gas issues, forming three divergent jets of flame, somewhat like a *fleur-de-lis*. The shape and general appearance of this tube, has procured it, among the workmen, the name of the cockspur burner.

“The number of burners employed in all the buildings, amounts to 271 Argand and 653 cockspurs, each of the former giving a light equal to that of four candles of the description above-mentioned; and at each of the latter a light equal to two and a quarter of the same candles; making, therefore, the total of the gas light a little more than equal to that of 2500 candles, six to the pound. When thus regulated, the whole of the above burners require an hourly supply of 1250 cubic feet of the gas produced from cannel coal; the superior quality and quantity of the gas produced from that material having given it a decided preference in this situation over every other coal, notwithstanding its higher price.

“The time during which the gas light is used may, upon an average of the whole year, be stated at two hours per day out of twenty-four hours. In some mills, where there is over-work, it will be three hours; and in the few where night-work is still continued, nearly twelve hours. But taking two hours per day as the common average throughout the year, the consumption at Messrs. Phillips and Lee's mill will be $1550 \times 2 = 2500$ cubic feet of gas per day; to produce which seven hundred weight of cannel coal is required in the retort. The price of the best Wigan cannel coal, (the sort used,) is thirteen-pence halfpenny per hundred weight, (twenty-two shillings and sixpence per ton,) delivered at the mill, or say about eight shillings for the seven hundred weight. Multiplying by the number of working days in a year, (313,) the annual consumption of coal will be one hundred and ten tons, and its cost 125*l*.

“About one-third of the above quantity, or say forty tons of good common coal, value ten shillings per ton, is required for fuel to heat the retorts, the annual amount of which is 20*l*.

"The one hundred and ten tons of cannel coal, when distilled, produce about seventy tons of good coke, which is sold about the spot at 1s. 4d. per cwt., and will therefore amount annually to the sum of 93l.

"The quantity of tar produced from each ton of cannel coal, is from eleven to twelve ale gallons, making a total annual produce of about twelve hundred and fifty ale gallons, which not having been sold, its value cannot yet be determined.

"The interest of the capital expended in the necessary apparatus and buildings, together with what is considered as an ample allowance for wear and tear, is stated by Mr. Lee at about 550l. per annum, in which some allowance is made for this apparatus being made upon a scale adequate to the supply of a still greater quantity of light than he has occasion to make use of.

"Mr. Lee is of opinion, that the cost of attendance upon candles would be as much, if not more, than upon the gas apparatus; so that in forming the comparison, nothing need be stated upon that score on either side.

"The economical statement for one year, then stands thus:—

Cost of 110 tons of cannel coal	£125
Ditto of 40 tons of common ditto to carbonize	20
	<hr/>
In all	125
Deduct the value of 70 tons of coke	93
	<hr/>
The annual expenditure in coal, after deducting the value of the coke, and without allowing any thing for the tar, is therefore	52
And the interest of capital sunk, and wear and tear of apparatus	550
	<hr/>
Making the total expense of the gas apparatus per annum, about.....	£600
	<hr/>

"That of candles to give the same light would be about 2000l. For each candle consuming at the rate of four-tenths of an ounce of tallow per hour, the 2500 candles, burning upon an average of the year two hours per day, would, at one shilling per pound, the present price, amount to nearly the sum of money above-mentioned.

"If the comparison were made upon an average of three hours per day, as in most cases would perhaps be nearer to the truth, and the wear and tear remaining nearly the same as in the former case, the whole costs would not exceed 650l. while that of the tallow would be 3000l."

Early in 1809, Mr. Samuel Clegg communicated to the Society of Arts his plan of an apparatus for lighting manufactories with gas, for which he received a silver medal. In this year also, Mr. Clegg erected a gas apparatus in Mr. Harris's manufactory at Coventry, and first introduced a paddle at the bottom of the tank to agitate the lime.

It was natural to suppose that all these circumstances should eventually produce an impression on the country; consequently about this time much attention was excited towards gas-lighting, and much utility anticipated from a general application of it to public purposes. In this year of 1809, accordingly, the first application was made to parliament for an act to incorporate a company, with the view of carrying on its processes more effectually and beneficially. The movers in this project were some of the more intelligent and persevering subscribers to Mr. Winsor's New Light and Heat Company. They were opposed by some on the ground of their designs being visionary and fraught with danger; and by Mr. Murdoch on the plea of priority of invention, which entitled him to exclusive privileges

if he chose to avail himself of them. This gave rise to a long and minute investigation of the subject before a committee of the House of Commons. The application terminated unsuccessfully; and the testimony of Mr. Accum, which resembled Mr. Winsor's advertisements in extravagance and error, exposed him to the severe but just animadversions of Mr. Brougham. In 1810, however, the application was renewed by the same parties, and though some opposition was encountered, and considerable expense incurred, the bill passed, but not without great alterations; and the present London and Westminster Chartered Gas-light and Coke Company was established. The proceedings of this Company after the act was obtained comprise a most important period in the history of this invention. During the first few years of their operations large sums of money were expended in experiments, and very few beneficial results were obtained. Mr. Winsor and Mr. Accum were directors, and their names certainly throw much light on the cause of failure. Nevertheless, the undertaking was complicated and difficult, and not only required the guidance of experience, but the assistance of a scientific education and a fertile invention. These requisites were found in the person of Mr. Samuel Clegg, under whose able direction and superintendence the principal works of the Company, at their different stations, were erected. From this period various improvements were gradually introduced into almost every part of the apparatus; and Mr. Clegg, by his mechanical skill, was not only able to suggest these changes in the apparatus, but qualified to instruct the agents occupied in the inferior departments, by whose ignorance and blunders much failure had been caused. In 1816 Mr. Clegg obtained the patent for his horizontal rotative retort; his apparatus for purifying coal gas with cream of lime; for his rotative gas meter; and self-acting governor; and altogether by his exertions the London and Westminster Company's affairs assumed a new and flattering aspect. Mr. Matthews observes—

“ Their establishments at Brick-lane and Curtain-road, equal, if not surpass, any in the kingdom, in the skill of their management, and the correctness of their details; and their present works in Horseferry-road (formerly Peter-street) are now perhaps more extensive than any of the kind. They are equally calculated to gratify the philosopher and the artisan; and are, indeed, upon so large a scale as justly to entitle them to the epithet *magnificent*.”—p. 71.

For reasons which are not assigned, in 1817, Mr. Clegg retired from the service of this establishment; and in recording the fact, the author takes occasion to pronounce a eulogy upon him, which we have reason to believe is far from being undeserved:—

“ Early in the year 1817, Mr. Clegg retired from the service of the Chartered Gas-light Company, but he had then accomplished the erection and arrangement of their great works, at their three different stations; and during the four years that his abilities had been employed upon them, they had attained such a degree of perfection as to display not only the great capabilities of the art to which he seems to have devoted his talents, but also the probable advantages which would eventually be realized by its general adoption. Mr. Murdoch is undoubtedly entitled to the praise of having been the first person who applied gas as a substitute for other modes of lighting large private establishments; but the merit of its first application to the illumination of a whole town appears to be due to Mr. Clegg, though expe-

rience may have proved that some of his plans were defective. His active, ardent, and enterprising disposition, being united with many useful acquirements, eminently qualified him for such large undertakings; and it may with truth be asserted, that his useful and important labours have inseparably interwoven his name with the subject, so as to render it indelible from the records of gas-lighting."—pp. 82, 83.

In this year, 1817, at the three stations belonging to the Chartered Gas Company, twenty-five chaldron of coal were daily carbonized, producing 300,000 cubic feet of gas, which was equal to the supply of 75,000 Argand lamps, each yielding the light of six candles. At the City Gas Works, in Dorset-street, Blackfriars, the quantity of coal daily carbonized amounted to three chaldron, which afforded a quantity of gas adequate to the supply of 1500 Argand lamps; so that twenty-eight chaldron of coal were daily carbonized at that time, and 76,500 lights supplied by those two companies only.

At this period the principal object of attention in the manufacture of gas was its purification. Mr. D. Wilson, of Dublin, took out a patent for purifying coal gas by means of the chemical action of ammoniacal gas. Another plan was devised by Mr. Reuben Phillips, of Exeter, who obtained a patent for the purification of coal gas by the use of dry lime. Mr. G. Holworthy, in 1818, took out a patent for a method of purifying it by causing the gas, in a highly-condensed state, to pass through iron retorts heated to a dark red. For this object and several others, having in view improvements upon the ordinary method, many other patents were procured.

OIL gas now appeared in the field as a rival of COAL gas. In 1815 Mr. John Taylor had obtained a patent for an apparatus for the decomposition of *oil* and other animal substances; but the circumstance which more particularly attracted the public attention to be directed to *oil gas* was the erection of the patent apparatus at Apothecary's Hall by Messrs. Taylors and Martineau; and the way was prepared for an application to parliament for the establishment of an Oil Gas Company by sundry papers in journals, and by the more important, because almost official, recommendations of Sir William Congreve, who had been employed by the Secretary of State to inspect the state of the gas manufactories in the metropolis. This application, made in the year 1825, proved unfortunate, and was unhappily supported by a good deal of misrepresentation, and in a narrow spirit of rivalry and by the aid of unjust depreciation of the coal gas manufactories. Sir W. Congreve's Reports were not only remarkable as containing these strong, and apparently not impartial, recommendations of oil gas, but also for the evidence he gives of the great increase and spread of the gas manufacture.

Sir William's *précis* of the state of the different companies in 1823, will form an appropriate conclusion to this article.

He begins with the London Gas-light and Coke Company:—

"At the Peter-street station the whole number of the retorts which they had fixed was 300; the greatest number working at any time during the last year 221; the least 87. Fifteen gasometers, varying in dimensions, the contents computed on an average at 20,626 cubic feet each, amounting to 309,385 cubic feet altogether; but never quite filled: the working contents estimated at 18,626 cubic feet each—in the whole at 279,390 cubic feet. The extent of mains belonging to this station is about fifty-seven miles, there being two

separate mains in some of the streets; the produce of gas from 10,000 to 12,000 cubic feet from a chaldron of coals. The weekly consumption of coal is reckoned at forty-two bushels for each retort, amounting to about 602 chaldrons; and taking the average number of retorts worked at this station at about 153, would give an annual consumption of coals of upwards of 9,282 chaldrons, producing 111,384,000 cubic feet of gas.

"The average number of lights during the year 1822 was 10,660 private, 2248 street lamps, theatres, 3894.

"At the Brick-lane works the number of retorts which were fixed was 371, the greatest number worked 217, and the least 60. The number of gasometers 12, each averaging 18,427 cubic feet, amounting in the whole to 221,131 cubic feet; and their average working contents 197,124 cubic feet. The average number of retorts worked was 133; the coals consumed 8060 chaldrons; the quantity of gas produced 96,720,000 cubic feet; the number of lamps 1978 public, 7366 private, through 40 miles of mains.

"At the Curtain-road establishment the whole number of retorts was 240; the greatest number worked in the last year 80; the lowest 31. The number of gasometers 6, average contents of each 15,077 cubic feet; the contents of the whole 90,467; another gasometer containing 16,655 cubic feet; the average number of retorts worked 55; the coals consumed 3336 chaldrons; quantity of gas produced 40,040,000 cubic feet; the number of lamps supplied 3860 private, and 629 public, through 25 miles of mains.

"The whole annual consumption of coals by the three different stations was 20,678; the quantity of gas produced 248,000,000 cubic feet: the whole number of lamps lighted by this company 30,735, through 122 miles of mains.

"The City of London Gas-light Company, Dorset-street:—

"The number of retorts fixed 230; the number of gasometers 6; the largest 39,270 cubic feet, the smallest 5428 cubic feet; two large additional gasometers nearly completed, contents of each 27,030 cubic feet, making in the whole 181,282 cubic feet. The number of lamps lighted 5423 private, and 2413 public, through 50 miles of mains. The greatest number of retorts worked at a time (in 1811) 130, the least 110, average 170. The quantity of coals carbonized amounted to 8840 chaldrons; produced 106,080,000 cubic feet of gas.

"The South London Gas-light and Coke Company, at Bankside:—

"The number of retorts was 140; gasometers 3; the contents of the whole 41,110 cubic feet; and their mains from 30 to 40 miles in length. At their other station in Wellington-street, they had then no retorts in action; but three large gasometers were erected, containing together 73,565 cubic feet, which were supplied from Bankside till the retorts were ready to work.

"The Imperial Gas-light and Coke Company were erecting at their Hackney station two gasometers of 10,000 cubic feet each, and about to erect four more of the same size. At their Pancras station they had marked out ground for six gasometers of 10,000 cubic feet each.

"In the year 1814, there was only *one* gasometer in Peter-street, of 14,000 cubic feet, belonging to the Chartered Gas-light Company, then the only company established in London. At present there are four great companies, having altogether forty-seven gasometers at work, capable of containing in the whole 917,940 cubic feet of gas, supplied by 1315 retorts, and these consuming 33,000 chaldron of coals in the year, and producing 41,000 chaldron of coke. The whole quantity of gas generated annually being upwards of 397,000,000 cubic feet, by which 61,203 private and 7268 public or street lamps are lighted in the metropolis. In addition to these great companies, there are several private companies, whose operations are not included in the foregoing statements."—pp. 142—146.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

1st. The stupidest and most ignorant creatures on the face of God's beautiful earth, are the aldermen of the city of London; and the most eminently doltish of this dull herd is commonly, I believe, chosen mayor. It seems odd and anomalous to me, that aldermen and mayors are reared up on two legs, like the species properly called human. They would surely have been quadrupedal, had not the altitude of dining tables compelled them to stalk upright. Dogs are taught to sit up on their inexpressible ends, by holding meat above their natural height; and a like temptation has caused aldermen and mayors to go about as we see, and wonder that they do—just, outwardly speaking, like intelligent creatures. If city feasts were dispensed in troughs, it is my decided opinion, that the mayor and aldermen would relapse, and according to the genius of nature, go on all-fours—and much more proper would it be that they should do so, for they have no right to bring scandal on an intelligent race of creatures, by their discreditable resemblance to them. It is very clear to me, that mayors and aldermen have no souls, and that they supply the place between man and the monkey, wanting indeed the reason of man, and the diverting humours of pug. Mayors and aldermen have stomachs and purses instead of souls and bodies. On the decease of a mayor or alderman, the stomach is separated from the purse—the purse takes its flight to another and a better possessor—a worse is not to be imagined.

The occasion of these words, as we say in the pulpit, is a police report, which, in my mind, inordinately lengthens the ears of the respectable mayor, and increases the number of his trotters, while it concentrates their ungual part, giving it the solidity of a hoof:—

“MANSION-HOUSE.—Yesterday, Andrew Giannane, an Italian, was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged by the street-keeper of Walbrook-ward, with *having offended against the public morals*.

“The street-keeper said, the prisoner had been about the ward, offering ‘that there image for sale, (exhibiting to his lordship *the plaister cast of a sleeping Venus*,) which he (the street-keeper) *considered indecent*—not to say indelicate; and as the prisoner had been about the place before, he thought it his duty to take him into custody, and bring him before his lordship to answer for the offence.’

“The Chief Clerk: I suppose persons of the street-keeper's delicacy will shortly seize our Belvidere, (alluding to a full-sized cast of that statue recently placed in the most conspicuous part of the Egyptian Hall, by the corporation committee of trade,) and break it to pieces, to prove the superior purity of their ideas. Mr. Hobler then *informed his lordship*, that the cast was probably from the antique, and was of the character of numbers on which the old masters, as Raphael and Coreggio, (the originals of whose works were purchased at high prices

for our palaces,) had displayed their highest skill in pourtraying 'the human form divine.'

"The Lord Mayor (to the prisoner): What have you to say for yourself?

"The Italian, who appeared not to understand English, looked at the street-keeper, and laughed, as if in derision at him.

"The Lord Mayor: *Oh, sir, it is no laughing matter, I do assure you. I do not mind letting you go this time, but if you are caught here again you will be punished for it.*

"Mr. Hobler (to the officers): *Make him understand that he must not come again into the city, unless he puts petticoats on his figures.* All the taste is on the other side of Temple-bar, where he must keep.

"The Italian went away laughing."

Oh Midas! Midas! sapient justice, wherefore art thou a standing burlesque? Surely another has a better right to thy honours.

It was enough to bring stones from heaven to batter numsculls, to hear that a canting street-keeper had, on the pretext of indecency, apprehended a poor fellow for exhibiting a cast of the Sleeping Venus; how then can gods or men contain their just rage, when they see a magistrate countenancing such a fanaticism of delicacy, and holding out the threat of punishment to the wandering servant of the arts? We can tell that mayor, that Sleeping Venuses are infinitely more wholesome to behold than sooty city magistrates; and we infinitely prefer her nakedness to the encouragement of the cloak of hypocrisy. Mr. Hobler, even Mr. Hobler, the chief clerk himself, scoffed at the prudery. The Venuses in the city must wear petticoats, quoth he. We wish the Solomons would consent to wear heads. Those things on their shoulders are nothing of the kind—they are merely machines for working mouths—a pair of jaws and a palate, nothing more; unless perhaps another hole to poke snuff into—the nasty creatures!

Some time ago these he-guides took occasion to show their delicacy, their exuberant virtue, by declaring that the Dutch dolls in the toyshop windows, shocked them so immoderately by the shapeliness of their legs, that they could not walk down Cheapside with any ease of mind. They declared, with tears in their eyes, that the good old British dolls had no calves to their legs, and consequently no offence in them; and that they had been shamefully superseded by these shapely Dutch ladies, sitting in rows in the windows, which it was impossible to behold with any kind of composure. On this representation the dolls were put into dresses of brown paper, in which they at present appear in Cheapside toyshops; but it is even now deplored that their clothing is of a scanty length, and virtuous men are for retrenching their calves as a sinful superfluity.

— The subjoined paragraph, extracted from the Morning Chronicle, deserves to be placed on record. The facts are eminently curious, and the exactness with which they are detailed, does infinite honour to the diurnal historian. The present intelligent age will be unspeakably gratified, by learning precisely where the Duchess of St. Alban's stood in her box at Drury Lane, on the — instant, and in what

manner she condescended to look about her, not to mention the benefit which the universe will derive from the information respecting the tip of her grace's feather on this momentous occasion. Posterity will dwell on these recorded facts, and bear in mind, even to the crash of doom, the singular and interesting circumstance, that after her grace took her seat, with the exception of her hand, *or fan*, she was not again seen by the audience during the evening. Future naturalists will marvel to learn, from this authentic Chronicle, that in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the fan was a personal member, "part and parcel," of a duchess:—

"The Duchess of St. Alban's on Tuesday night visited Drury Lane theatre. Her grace entered the theatre soon after the commencement of the second act of the new comedy, entitled *The Wealthy Widow*. She appeared in the box *even with and on the left of the stage*. As soon as her grace entered the box, *she complacently appeared in the centre of it, negligently leaning over, and deliberately looking round the house*. She remained in such position for some minutes, and during that time attracted very great attention. Her grace looked uncommonly well, and in excellent spirits. She was most superbly dressed in white satin. Her head-dress was a turband-hat, surmounted by several white feathers, *one of which was slightly and tastefully tinged with blushing red*. After having very good-naturedly and pleasantly surveyed the house, her grace took her seat behind the lattice-work of the box; *and with the exception of her hand or fan, was not again seen by the audience during the evening*. The other company in the box was not visible to the house."

— That Mr. O'Connell, the Irish declaimer, can hardly open his mouth without vomiting some egregious blunder. He must be strangely ignorant of most things. In speaking of the extraordinary appointment of Sir Anthony Hart, to the chancellorship of Ireland, he describes the new judge as "a man of genuine talent!" The respectable chancellor of Ireland must himself laugh at such an account of himself. He is a man of industry, and sufficient sense to give effect to his industry; but as for talent, one might as well predict talent of a turnip as of him. It is as absurd as if we were to call Mr. O'Connell a reasonable and well informed individual.

[FROM THE COURIER.]

"The magistrates at Marlborough-street have decided that a hackney coachman can claim 'back fare,' for driving those who may hire him, through streets lately paved in the usual way, but which have been Mac-Adamised. We question not the propriety of this decision, and have no doubt the magistrates deemed themselves compelled to give it under the existing law. At the same time, if our memory does not deceive us, a late attorney-general (the present lord chancellor we think) gave it as his opinion, that streets "paved with broken granite," were not to be distinguished with respect to hackney coach fares, from those which retained the unbroken stones. We confess that to us, at the time, the opinion we have referred to appeared

a sound one ; and we now feel, that if the magistrates are correct in the view of the law as it stands, an alteration ought to be made as early as possible. There are other anomalies connected with the existing system, and especially with respect to the back fare regulations, which demand attention."

The Courier may not question the propriety of so eminently absurd a decision ; but we are confident that all other folks will. It is just worthy of Marlborough-street. Nothing can be clearer than the intention of the legislature in this case ; and so obvious an intention should not have been set aside, in order to adhere to the mere letter, which is utterly inconsistent with it. The legislature never meant that hackney coachmen should have back carriage because they drove over one kind of pavement instead of another ; but because one kind of pavement was then peculiar to the thickly inhabited parts of the town, and when discharged on the other, it was assumed they were less likely to get a fare, and were therefore to be paid for their return to the better plying ground. This being the evident meaning of the law, it is worthy of the Marlborough-street magistrates, whose sagacity is almost proverbial, to have defeated it by a strict adherence to the letter. Roads are new in the heart of the town, where the reason for allowing back-carriage cannot apply.

The question, as might with certainty be expected, has been differently decided at another police office. What we have noticed is Marlborough-street law, something of the same quality and authority as the learned grave-digger's "crown's 'quest law."

— A challenge from a baker to a clerk in a lead mill, and Townshend's pathetic entreaty, that his hands, which had apprehended earls, marquesses, and dukes, concerned in affairs of honour, should not be defiled by executing a warrant on a baker, has given occasion to some excellent comments in the Morning Chronicle :—

"It is M. Feron, we believe, who relates the anecdote of the negro barber in New York, who was quite indignant at the idea of his being capable of submitting to the degradation of shaving negroes. A trait hardly less characteristic occurred in a report of a case at Bow-street, in the Chronicle of yesterday. We allude to the alarm into which poor Townshend was thrown at the idea, that the hands which had taken earls, marquesses, and dukes, should be dishonoured by coming in contact with barbers. 'Why, Sir Richard Birnie,' said the veteran, 'I beg leave to tell you, that I think it would lessen me a great deal if I were to execute a warrant upon a barber after forty-six years' service, during which period I have had the honour of taking earls, marquesses, and dukes. No, no, Sir Richard ; let the barber fight if he likes it, but don't let me be degraded by executing the warrant.' And he then proceeded to name a number of individuals of rank, whom he had been employed to take.

"It would not occur to an individual of elevated rank, in the situation of a judge, that there was any more degradation in his administering justice to a beggar than in his *administering* it to the highest dignitary in the land. Yet the feeling of Townshend was quite natural, that, in being employed to execute the law, which makes no distinction, in letter, between the high and the low, against a poor man, he was degrading himself. The black barber of New York, uneasy under the load of degradation which pressed on his race, was glad to escape from the reality, by laying hold of the circumstance of his

being in constant contact with his despisers, to identify himself in imagination with them. In the same manner, in a country in which the distinctions of rank and wealth are sharply marked, the lower orders either endeavour, like Burns, to brave the contempt which attaches to them, by persuading themselves that—

‘The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gow’d for a’ that—’

a sort of manifesto, by the bye, which is about as indicative of self-satisfaction as the

‘Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,’

is of tranquillity of mind; or they, like Townshend, catch hold of any little accident—such as shaving a Lord, or arresting him, or holding his horse, or holding a bason to him when he is sick—to escape in idea from their condition; availing themselves of the very circumstances which mark their inferiority to prove their elevation. I have shaved a white man—I am a black man—I, therefore, mark the degradation of the black men, of whom I am one, the more by refusing to shave black men. I am a low man, but I have arrested high men; and by refusing to arrest low men, of whom I am one, I in like manner mark the more pointedly the degradation of the class to which I belong.

“Any man who has looked around him with attention must have witnessed in servants, waiters at inns, and others in humble stations, the aid which vanity—though what we must call a benevolent provision of nature—affords to the low, by enabling them to escape, by imaginary distinctions from what is a real evil, the feeling of being an object of contempt.”

“As distinction is every thing in the world, it is natural that men of rank should endeavour to maintain it, in as many cases as they possibly can; and equally natural that others should endeavour to break down the barriers which constitute the distinction. It is, therefore, quite natural that men of rank should feel uneasy at the distinction which they have long enjoyed, in their manner of deciding quarrels, ceasing to be over, from the lower orders adopting the same manner. Lord Ellenborough, we remember, gave great offence to the mercantile aristocracy in the city, in a case where one merchant had posted another for a coward, by observing, that traders would be much better employed in posting their ledgers than in posting each other. But if the innovation of merchants posting each other should have been considered dangerous, what must be the farther step of bakers and barbers posting each other? But then as this is an age of intellect, the diffusion of duelling, as the reporter indicated by the heading which he gave to the case, is the result of the march of intellect. ‘You know, Mr. Minshall,’ said the ingenious Mr. Townshend, ‘that many strong arguments have been used in favour of the practice among persons of rank, and it has been asserted that it operates as a check upon those who would otherwise violate the decorum and outrage the feelings of polished society.’ So far, so good, Mr. Townshend; but then you add, ‘for barbers and the cutters of cabbage-stalks to fight duels, is the height of absurdity.’ But if barbers and cutters of cabbage-stalks wish to observe the decorum, and to possess the feelings of polished society; and if shooting each other be an infallible specific in the case of men of rank, for preventing all violations of decorum and good feeling, is it not natural that cutters of cabbage-stalks and barbers, anxious to attain, or at least approximate as closely as possible the perfection of these elevated models, should wish to recur to the same specific? This comes of reasoning. Say it is the duty of every man to elevate himself as high in the scale of moral improvement as he possibly can—say that barbers and cabbage-cutters, being in this world in a state of probation to fit them for another, and that, consequently, they can never be too highly improved—say that no man can be too decorous, or possess too much delicacy of feeling, and you at once justify the use of the means which experience has proved to be best adapted for giving these qualities. ‘God forbid,’ said a court preacher, before Louis XIV., ‘that in

recommending the forgiveness of injuries, I should be thought to recommend that any gentleman should bear with what might tarnish his honour.' But what is good for gentlemen is good for all, if all are to have the same object in view.

"There is nothing like pushing an argument as far as it will go, if we wish to try its soundness. If duelling be good for giving delicacy in one case, it will be good in another. According to this principle, the Yankees, who are constantly rifling each other, should be the most delicate and decorous of human kind. Are they one whit better behaved than other people because all are duellists?

"There is certainly no reason why barbers and cutters of cabbages should not pistol each other as well as their betters; but were they to do so generally, we believe the circumstance would serve wonderfully to aid the higher ranks in seeing the futility of the reasons for the practice. If general challenges were to be recognised, it would be seen, that so far from the practice contributing to improve behaviour, it would have the very contrary effect; for the turbulent, relying on his insensibility, would often be tempted to encroach on more valuable men than himself. *Duelling is not abused at present, because it is had recourse to chiefly by persons of consequence, who, by behaving ill, would lose the opinion of those with whom they associate.* It is the influence of this opinion which secures the good behaviour, and not the duelling, which has a directly contrary tendency, by allowing the exhibition of bravery to diminish the disgust which offensive conduct is calculated to cause."

We think that in the two last sentences the able writer's argument limps. If "duelling is not abused at present because it is had recourse to chiefly by persons of consequence, who by behaving ill would lose the opinion with whom they associate," duelling should clearly be confined to those classes; and Townshend was not so far in error in alleging the impropriety of permitting the practice to bakers and cabbage-cutters. Gentlemen feel themselves more or less, according to their stations and the extent of their connexions, responsible to society for their conduct; and will hardly risk any great outrage, except when under the influence of passions which distort the proportions of the immediate pleasure and the probable punishment in the judgment. A low man is not so accountable: he feels that there are not half a dozen people in the world whose opinion is of value to him, or he hopes that his misconduct will escape under cover of his insignificance. Such a person, as he is under fewer checks, should be entrusted with fewer powers or privileges of violence. This is arguing for one law for the rich and another for the poor; it will be objected, and we confess that we are more anxious that the law should be equal, that is, proportioned to its subjects, in its operation than nominally equal in itself. The poor suffer more than they gain by the doctrine of the unity of the law: we impose a fine of five pounds on a prince or a pauper indifferently, and call it equal justice. The equality is certainly in the penalty, the inequality in the effect of it.

We question the exactitude of the Chronicle's representation, that it is influence of opinion which secures the good behaviour of the higher classes, and not the duelling. Duelling has, we are persuaded, a considerable part in the described effect. The idea of the mouth of a pistol often comes between a man and the delivery of a petulant speech, or the commission of a licentious action. He may, to be sure, brave it out after all, but he knows that he will suffer in the judgment of the world, and feels all the evils of engaging in a quarrel which will

become public, with a bad cause. The sympathies of the world will, he is aware, be against him; and this reflection sharpens the apprehension of disastrous consequences, to which no man is insensible, and to which no man of real courage affects to be insensible. "If I should fall in such a quarrel, every one would condemn me, and say, 'he deserved it,'" is a bitter thought. The sentiments of the world and the practice of duelling act and re-act upon each other. Opinion restrains duelling, and duelling again restrains the freedom of speech and action. Many a man would say a coarse or cruel thing but for the ugly repartee to be expected from the mouth of a pistol; and many a one would petulantly resort to the pistol but for the apprehension of the frown or scoff of the world. The fashion sets decidedly against idle duels; and a ridicule, so formidable to the better orders, attaches to them. In clubs, which are great concentrations of opinion, the most insuperable objection to a candidate is the reputation of being quarrelsome.

The example of women, who do not fight duels, is often urged as an argument against the necessity pleaded for the practice. I think it a bad one, for women say and do extremely cruel things to each other; and the evil of the loss of a few lives a year, if such things allow of comparison, does not amount to that of the vexations hourly inflicted on the body collectively with every outward form of politeness. Men would push these offences farther, were men encouraged by the same impunity.

5th. A writer in Blackwood's Magazine sums up an amusing and ingenious attempt to prove that all men are cowards, and that courage is a factitious quality, with these propositions:—

"What we would say is briefly this. No man fights for nothing. A soldier for nine-pence a day. A quiet man for a quiet life. 'Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,' viz. so *adjusted* that he is in no danger of coming off second best. The long and the short of the matter is, the depths of the subjects are as follows—courage is a composed force. It results from the perception of a danger, and the desire to avoid it: and is that oblique or diagonal motion which carries the man safely out of it. If the shortest road out happens to lie *through* the line of infantry advancing opposite to him, the courageous man *goes through*. If it leads in any other direction he takes that other direction."—*Blackwood's Magazine for October*.

I like the idea of the composition of forces much; but granted that courage is the diagonal motion between the danger and the desire to avoid it, still we have to seek what that quality is which enables the man to see the true course—to justly estimate the pressure of the danger, and shape his resistance to it? In limiting the signification of courage we do but create a necessity for another word. Some of the quickest intellects cannot furnish an example of this unnamed quality; and instead of a composition of forces, danger acts only one way with them, and impels them in the right line of its direction to flight. What is termed presence of mind, I take to be an exact perception of a sudden danger, and the intense fixation of the mind to

the mode of escape solely. One man, when threatened with a sudden danger, sees instantly the consequences, and his mind in a moment runs over the sufferings to which he may be subjected, and is abjectly oppressed with the idea of them. These considerations unnerve him, and leave no room for the exertion of his resources. Another man sees the precise bearing of the danger, and is filled only with a most eager desire to out-manœuvre it as it were. There is no leisure in his mind for a thought on the consequences of the peril; his whole soul is directed to the means of escape, and its impulses are rapid and acute. The mind is not capable of carrying on many operations at once: if the imagination be at work, ingenuity is at rest; if ingenuity be acting, imagination is dormant. We have heard a man who in a boat was on the point of being run down by a steam-boat, describe his feelings while threatened with the sharp bows of the steamer, ploughing up the water, and yawing about as she and the boat were dodging each other as two men often dodge in the streets, opposing in endeavouring to give way to each other; while this momentary embarrassment full of life and death existed, he had no thought but whether to luff or bear up, to let go the main and mizen sheets, or let fly the jib sheets; the idea of drowning, the catastrophe to be avoided never entered his head; but when they went clear, his imagination reverted to the peril passed, and occupied him so strongly, that he was for the rest of the day uneasy at the approaches of every vessel at a cable's length from him; and subjected himself more than once to jibes and jeers by giving cautionary hails to craft which were at a sufficiently safe distance from him. This was a cowardice after the occasion. Imagination had gone to work after ingenuity had performed its part. Such relapses of the understanding are common—a great exertion is made, the result of intense moral activity and energy; and when it is over the fancy runs riot, and the party, if a woman, is hysterical or delirious; if a man, “abroad,” as it is familiarly and expressively termed, the exact opposite of what he was before, “collected”—his mind ranging over all the categories of the threatened disaster.

Obtuse people of dull imaginations are, it is observed, most generally the *brave*: they are sensible in a slight degree to danger. There are also men who are so keenly acted upon by certain motives that they overlook it altogether. Fixing their eyes on the goal, they see nothing between them and it. Nelson seems to have been one of these. His inordinate vanity made him a very brave man. In the thought of his *éclat* he forgot his person. He was shot when walking the deck of his ship with feelings probably not varying much in quality from those with which a belle parades a ball-room. The hero's was a modification of the same passion.

The bravest action I ever heard of was this: a drunken sailor at Drury Lane theatre had stepped from the pilaster boxes to the narrow ledge which runs at that house over the proscenium, where he commenced a promenade to the horror of the spectators, who every moment expected to see him dashed to pieces. A Bow-street officer followed the fellow to his perilous station, and taking him by the collar resolutely marched him back to the side, and drew him into the pilaster boxes—the slightest resistance, and both would have been dashed

down many feet! No *éclat*, and probably no reward, attended this action, and none very likely was contemplated; a dry sense of duty, of the propriety of preventing people from dashing their brains out in the theatre, was probably the only motive. To the best of my recollection this was the poor fellow who was afterwards killed by Thistlewood, the Cato-street conspirator.

— In the case of *Beaumont v. Thwaites*, (the editor of the *Morning Herald*,) an action for libel, Lord Tenterden laid down the alarming doctrine that the publication of matter reflecting upon the character of individuals cannot be justified on the score of its being a correct and impartial copy of a parliamentary report. The *Times* observes thus on the occasion:—

“Where we in the place of *The Herald*, we would leave no stone unturned to set aside such a verdict, *and that not for our own sake, but for the sake of the people of England*, who have a right to receive, and hear, and read in any form that may best suit their convenience, that which has been officially printed at their expense by a portion of their representatives duly commissioned.”

What idle and fulsome stuff is this! Who does not know right well that neither *The Times*, *The Herald*, nor any other paper in his majesty's dominions cares one straw for the people of England, except indeed as the people of England contribute to their profits. The advantage of the press and the public generally concur; where they separate, the press will pursue its own immediate interests. It, as well as the community, is interested in the right of reprinting parliamentary reports with safety, and therefore it is natural and politic that it should assert the right; but it will do so not only out of regard, as pretended, for the people of England, but for the sake of its own circulation. The seven-pences, not society, will be its motives. What the press should endeavour to impress on the public is the identity of their interests, and not the disinterestedness of its services. Men, such as men now are, and we suppose always have been, will not labour gratuitously and make sacrifices for a public, commonly called generous, because generosity is the last quality that can be predicated of it; people collectively being always ungrateful for the services of individuals, as each shifts the burden of obligation on the body corporate, *minus* himself—and of all men, pressmen are the least likely to be moved to this Quixotism; for taking them in the gross they are as trading and mercenary a crew as any going, and our only security for their political honesty consists in their obvious policy, and certainly a very good one it often is. Being what they are, their pretensions to serve the public merely for the sake of the public, is a gross piece of quackery copied from some of their own filthy first page and nasty-corner advertisements. It is a foolish thing, oh, all-wise press, to tell a flam which no creature is stupid enough to believe. It is a falsehood thrown away, and no one should be wasteful of the article in which he deals.

We remember an old Irish gentleman who used to say fondly to his wife, “Did I not marry you for love, Katty,—and a small matter of

money.”—The press serves us “for love,—and a small matter of money.” It is requited in exact proportion to its utility; and is, like a magistrate, *unpaid* when it is good for nothing.

6th. In a former Diary I remarked that proofs of rationality were often adduced in questions of lunacy as evidence of insanity. The opposite observation is equally true. Instances of folly are often quoted as instances of sense. In the inquest on the Reverend Mr. Holmes of Nottingham, Dr. Haslam testified to the sanity of the party; and *as an example* mentioned the poor gentleman’s approval of an extremely silly joke uttered by him the said doctor:—

“When talking of walking, he (the alleged lunatic) said I employ a stick; and one of the legal gentlemen said, what sort of a stick? He said he did not know; somebody replied, it was a bamboo, and I rejoined, take care these lawyers do not bamboozle you out of your stick; when he tapped me on the back, and said, that is a good hit—I like that amazingly.”

Doctor Haslam’s wit is surprisingly like that of Doctor Ollapod in the play, and he could not have excited a more reasonable suspicion of any creature’s intellect, than by instancing his approval of it. The learned gentleman’s evidence is in every part extremely curious. The philosophy is about on a par with the facetiousness of it. Quarrelling with the term “unsound mind,” he says,

“I think it is an improper term, *as it carries with it an hypothesis that is not proved*; and secondly, that it has a tendency to spread the doctrine of materialism. Non compos, not competent, is the proper term. If Mr. Holmes were to murder a man, I would find him guilty, *and would see him hanged after*. He finished a Latin quotation that I began. The terms insane and unsound are not mutually convertible. Lunacy implies insanity. *The mind cannot be said to be unsound, for if we suppose the human mind an emanation from the Supreme Being, it is not susceptible of the ordinary corruptions of matter*. We can say an unsound tooth, an unsound horse, or unsound cheese; but we cannot say an insane tooth, an insane horse, or insane cheese; and, therefore, they are not convertible terms.”

The doctor’s objection that the term unsound mind, “carries with it an hypothesis that is not proved,” is as intelligent as it is profound. An hypothesis the doctor should learn is in its very nature a thing unproved,—an assumption; and why he should so particularly object to this poor hypothesis, the sin of being *unproved*, we are somewhat at a loss to understand.

The doctor’s declaration, that were Mr. Holmes to commit murder he would find him guilty, “and see him hanged after,” appears to go one step farther than necessary, i. e. the step to the gallows, but the idea is professional; the doctor is doubtless in the habit of being in at the death.

Now for the philosophy:—

"The mind cannot be said to be unsound, for if we suppose the human mind an emanation from the Supreme Being, it is not susceptible of the ordinary corruptions of matter."

This solves the question in a trice; but the doctor declares the "*non compos*," the "*not competent*," to be the proper term; and how can we say, "supposing the human mind to be an emanation from the Supreme Being," that it is not competent with any more propriety than we say it is not sound? The doctor's theology and logic have what Curran called the cogency of nine pins, for one knocks the other down.

The doctor speaks in a new character, and by no means with less curious and happy effect:—

"I have a father ninety-two years of age, *not so good as Mr. Holmes*, but I do not think he is a lunatic."

What an obliging son!

Again, as a witness:—

"Question by the Commissioner: Supposing a gentleman has a daughter, to whom he is paying an annuity, and when he is asked whether he has a daughter, and says he has not, although she is living only a mile or two off, is he a person of competent mind?—A. I cannot answer that question.—Q. When want of recollection is carried to a certain point, should you not call it incompetency of mind?—A. *Yes, if it go far enough*.—Q. Well, then, is that far enough, when he does not recollect he has a daughter?—A. **DECIDEDLY NOT.**" [!!!]

We marvel what the doctor's idea of an incompetent witness is? We have ours. He discovers, of a verity, a sublime idea of the "emanations from the Supreme Being," when he avers the fact of a father forgetting the existence of his child is no impeachment of his intellects.

"**MR. PEEL'S ACTS.**—Before the passing of Mr. Peel's late Acts, however often a prisoner had been convicted of simple felony, he could only be transported for seven years for a similar offence. Now, however, on a second conviction, parties are liable to be transported for life; but it is necessary that the former conviction should form a part of the indictment. From this not being very generally known, some few cases have occurred at the present sessions, in which the former conviction has not been included in the indictment, which has prevented the bench from passing the utmost sentence. During the hearing of one of these cases, on Thursday week, *Mr. Norris said that the bench would not suffer the power to be thus taken out of its hands, and that the prosecutor's attorney should measure out a criminal's punishment.* They must bear in mind, that in any future case, in which this form was neglected, costs would not be allowed. We understand, that the profession generally complain of the regulation imposed upon them by the New Act. It is not the most easy thing in the world to get access to the records of the New Bailey; and when the required information is obtained, attorneys have to write to their agents in Preston, to instruct the clerk of the

peace to bring down a record of the former conviction for which he receives a fee of 6*s.* 8*d.*; but the attorney for the prosecution receives nothing for the additional trouble and expence imposed upon him.”—*Manchester Guardian.*

This is one of the several examples that might be adduced of the incompleteness and looseness of Mr. Peel's legislation. In the instance quoted, the degree of punishment awaiting an offender, is regulated according to the caprice of the prosecutor; or what is still worse, it may depend on the probity, or, an equally doubtful quality, the care of a clerk. Wisely would Mr. Peel have proceeded, had he adopted the principles of Mr. Bentham, and said in the emphatic language of the great master of jurisprudence:—

“In my system is neither dispensing power nor vicarious punishment; I give to no lawyer's clerk, to no hackney writer, a negative upon the laws. I set up in no garret, nor in any cellar, an office for selling pardons.”

By requiring the conviction for a first offence to be set forth in indictments, Mr. Peel has in effect established in every attorney's office, an office for selling, if not pardons, certainly mitigations of punishment. “But how is the court to be affected with the knowledge of the first offence,” the lawyers will inquire? If justice, which has been wilfully hoodwinked by lawyers, would condescend to remove the bandage from her eyes and see, there would be very little difficulty in the case. The scheme, however, of English practice is to narrow the cognizance of justice to the smallest conceivable point. The lawyers would let her neither see, nor hear, nor feel, nor understand. They would, as we behold in her emblems—apt types of her existing nature—put scales into her hands, but not suffer her to see the balance—arm her with a sword, and not permit her to behold where she strikes. It is their sport and profit to play a kind of game of blind-man's-buff with the much abused lady; and she oftener smites the public than the thief. Let justice open her eyes; let her see what is passing else where, every where; let her note what she sees, and so place her above a dependence on the care or integrity of pettifogging attorneys and their clerks. With all this activity she may require aids, flappers; but with this activity she will be *so* much the less liable to the miscarriages arising from carelessness or knavery. In the particular instance under consideration, it would be easy to keep records of convictions, and to have a copy lodged in every court which might be referred to on occasion; and the identity of the party being fully proved, the increased punishment for the second offence would enter into the sentence, whether the prosecutor, or his legal agent, had or had not been pleased to set it forth in the indictment.

7th. Mr. Erskine having moved the Court of King's Bench for a rule to show cause why a verdict should be set aside, and a new trial granted on the ground, that the jury had been led into error under the direction of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Lord Tenterden asked—

“Are you not bound to know the law?”

Mr. Erskine: "Not against a lord chief justice."

Lord Tenterden: "*You are*, but take your rule to show cause."

It is somewhat curious, that the advocate should be declared bound to know the law which the judge it would appear did not know. When the sailor of Joe Millar, on the point of being heaved overboard for dead, protested that he was alive; his mate very pertinently asked, "Who should know best, you or the doctor?" And we strongly incline to think, that when advocates question chief justices' law, the retort would be, "Who should know best, you or the doctor?"

The advocate can, strictly speaking, only be *bound* to know the law according to the absurd maxim, which assumes every man to know the law; and the single exception of ignorance of the law, allowed by the oracle of the law, seems to be in favour of the judges. They alone may, without scandal, be argued ignorant of the law. In Kitchener's Advice to a Footman, he is especially warned not to set his master right, when, while waiting at table, he hears him in conversation misquote a passage of Latin or Greek, or mispronounce any French or Italian. We imagine, that in spite of what Lord Tenterden says, it will be a point of prudence with the bar not to correct Chief Justice Best when he misconceives the law.

— "At a Catholic meeting the Rev. Mr. Maguire declared that within the last fortnight a Protestant rector waited on him, bearing to him (Mr. Maguire) a letter from an archbishop, making an offer of one thousand pounds in hand, and a living of 800*l.* a year, if he would consent to abjure the Catholic religion, and become a Protestant parson—need he say how he entertained the proposal. And by whom, continued Mr. Maguire, by whom was this offer made? By the very persons who had subscribed 600*l.* to prosecute me for immorality; they unwillingly paid this compliment to my religion—it was declaring I was unfit to exercise the sacred functions of a Catholic priest, but was quite moral enough to make a Protestant parson."

This is certainly rather an odd compliment to Protestantism. There is a similar compliment to Christianity in the Merchant of Venice, which has always struck me as extremely unlucky. It is made one of the conditions of Shylock's pardon that he shall become a Christian! After he has shown himself a monster of inexorable cruelty, it occurs to Portia that he is a mighty proper person to become a Christian, whether he likes it or not. As his conversion is compelled, it must of course be understood that the mere nominal acquisition of so amiable a person will do Christianity honour. "You must be one of us, my good sir," says Portia, in effect; "here is a nice spirit for Christianity, and you shall not refuse us." Perhaps, however, Portia thought that Christianity would cure the Jew of his nasty itch for cutting pounds of flesh from men's breasts; and we have only farther to suppose that she imagined Christians were to be *made* by the cheap and easy process of sprinkling infidels with a little water; which indeed seems to be the common opinion down to the present day.

9th. When setting aside an attachment, the Vice Chancellor observed:—"So chary were the laws of England of the liberty of the subject, that they allowed *the slightest informality* to overthrow any proceedings which might affect it."

This is one of those clap-traps which are apt to take with an egregiously conceited people, whether said or sung, uttered in a court or a theatre. It is thus that we are prone to convert the ugliest defects into the most curious graces. Our tenderness for the liberty of the subject is so excessive, so outrageously nice, that we lay hold of any flaw or informality in order to avoid a suspension of it. Of what admirable use to lawyers is a vague term—liberty always sounds good. There is a liberty, however, that is bad, and it is a liberty which is marvellously grievous to the community, even when it owes its continuance to "the slightest informality:" we mean the liberty of rogues, and the liberty of preying on society. The "slightest informalities," which give freedom to one honest man, we vehemently suspect extend the same grace to nine knaves. Where then is the balance of benefit. We will imagine a case:—A is defrauding B, and bringing him to a jail; B appeals to the Court of Chancery to restrain A, and commits "the slightest informality" in his petition; the court rejects his prayer, because "so chary are the laws of England of the liberty of the subject, that they allow the slightest informality to overthrow any proceedings which may affect them." The injured man B is then thrown into a prison in consequence of the knavery of A, and the great regard which the law has for the liberty of the (bad) subject!

To form, however, a just idea of what the law's real tenderness for the liberty of the subject is, we should look at the vast discretionary power of stupid unpaid magistrates, and the manner in which the jails are filled. In the very newspaper which contains the above quoted clap-trap, this instance of the liberty of the subject appears, in an ex-parte proceeding, we must add. It deserves to be true, as the Americans would say, for the honour of the unpaid magistracy in general, and clerical ones in particular:—

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, NOV. 7.

"CRIMINAL INFORMATION.—Mr. Goulburn applied to the Court for a rule to show cause why a criminal information should not be filed against the Rev. Jas. Roberts, of Hartshill, in the county of Warwick, a magistrate of that county; and the ground on which he made the application was, that the reverend gentleman had been guilty of wilful and corrupt oppression, perpetrated under colour of executing his duty as a magistrate. He had several affidavits in support of his motion, the principal of which was that of Mr. John Mason, the person who had been very seriously injured in this instance by the misconduct of the reverend magistrate. John Mason was a man in humble circumstances. On the 31st August last, about seven o'clock in the evening, a constable came to Mason's house with two warrants issued by the Reverend James Roberts, commanding the constable to apprehend Mason, and take him in custody before that magistrate. These warrants had been returned to Mr. Roberts, and therefore he could not at present produce them; but by them the constable, whose affidavit he had, was ordered to take Mason into custody, and bring him before the magistrate—not for any offence which Mason himself had committed, or for any offence which he by his presence, or in any way had assisted others in committing, or encouraged them to commit; but because a dog belonging to Mason had, as it was alleged,

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killed certain turkeys, the property of two persons of the names of Joyce and King. Upon this charge Mason was taken, and remained in custody from seven in the evening of the 31st of August till the evening of the following day, when he was brought before Mr. Roberts. Mason now swore that he believed that his dog did not kill the fowls, and so he asserted before Mr. Roberts; but this was not listened to by Mr. Roberts, who told him he must immediately pay 1*l.* 16*s.* to each of the owners of the turkeys. This Mason refused to do, unless some evidence was produced that his dog had really killed the fowls. Mr. Roberts then proceeded to take the examination of witnesses to prove the charge, in which examination it did not appear that either of the witnesses saw the dog kill the fowls, nor was any blame whatever attached to Mason personally. Mr. Roberts, however, threatened to make out a *mittimus* against Mason, and to send him to gaol immediately, unless he either paid to Joyce and King the sums which he had mentioned, or find a surety that he would pay. Mason found a surety immediately, and then Mr. Roberts took both of them into his parlour, and bound them over, Mason in 20*l.* and the surety in 10*l.* that Mason would appear at the sessions. Mason then asked Mr. Roberts to tell him why he was so bound over, and what was the ground of complaint against him? and it was well known that the magistrates in such cases were bound to give the persons accused a written account of the cause of binding them over, and of what they were to do in consequence. Mr. Roberts, however, refused to comply with the request, and said that he himself would keep the recognizances, and take them with him to Warwick. Mason then asked whether there was any thing to pay for the trouble and services of the justice himself in this matter? and Mr. Roberts answered, 'Yes, eight shillings.' Mason then said, he thought that four shillings was enough; but Mr. Roberts insisted upon eight shillings, which were paid him; and he also took 17*s.* from Joyce and King, so that for his own services he took the sum of 25*s.* Nothing appeared on that occasion that he took them for a clerk or any other servant; for he did every thing himself, and put the money in his own pocket, and there was every reason to believe, applied it to his own use. Mason then thought that the matter was over for that time; but it soon appeared that Joyce and King had concerted a plan, by which they hoped to punish Mason for not paying the money, and perhaps recover their 17*s.* When the other business was concluded, Mr. Roberts said to Mason, 'There is another charge against you; an information that your dog is a lurcher, and that he is kept by you for the purpose of chasing and killing game;' and Mr. Roberts informed him that this was an offence against the game laws, for which he was liable to be punished. Mason now swore that the only notice he had of this charge was given him at the time he was apprehended, so that he had no means of meeting the charge at that time, and no power to bring forward evidence, as he could easily have done if time had been allowed him, that the dog was not a lurcher—the man who bred it living at the distance of twelve miles from the place where this proceeding took place. Mason now swore that the dog was not a lurcher. This was confirmed by the affidavit of the man who bred it, who stated what it was in terms which would, perhaps, amuse the court. That man swore that the dog was no lurcher, nor any thing like one; that he was bow-legged, and in every respect the reverse of a dog kept for pursuing and killing game; that its sire was a terrier and its mother a turnspit. Mason swore that the dog had never been used for the purpose of pursuing and killing game, for which it was altogether unfit, and that he had purchased it solely for the purpose of employing it as a house dog; and that he had entered it and paid duty for it as such; and that it was in every respect the reverse of a dog for game. Mr. Roberts, however, called on Mason to answer the charge, and Mason informed him that he could easily do so, if time were allowed him to produce his evidence, and he requested that Mr. Roberts would allow him the time requisite for that purpose. This the reverend gentleman refused, and proceeded immediately to take the exami-

nation of a person of the name of Francis Ball, who said that the dog was a lurcher, and that he had seen a man who told him that he had seen the dog in chace of a hare ; but Ball did not say that he himself had seen the dog chasing a hare, or that he ever saw Mason using it for any such purposes, or for the pursuit or killing of any game whatever. Mason again applied to the magistrate for a little time to enable him to produce evidence to show that the dog was not a lurcher, nor any thing like it, and was totally unfit for being used for the purposes of finding out, pursuing, or killing game ; but Mr. Roberts still refused him this justice, and immediately convicted him.

“ Lord Tenterden : ‘ Take a rule to show cause.’ ”

10th. It is not surprising that swindlers abound as they do in this town, when the extraordinary gullibility of tradesmen is considered. The inordinate greediness of our shopkeepers deprive them of all discretion, and they bite at any bait that is thrown out to them. Their credulity is perfectly astonishing. A fine example in point has just appeared in a police affair.

A person goes to a whiskey shop near Covent Garden, and giving the dealer to understand that he is Mr. Spring Rice, the Under Secretary of State, orders home some gallons of spirits, and requests permission to taste some more in a back room ; explaining that it would not be decorous in a person in his station in life to be seen tipping in a public shop. He is shown accordingly into a back room, where he finishes with all convenient dispatch the bottle set before him, gets beastly drunk, and falls asleep on a sofa. The reflections and conduct of the shrewd shopkeeper at this delicate crisis, will appear to the best advantage in an extract from the police report:—

“ He did not like to disturb the Honourable Gentleman, and therefore thought he would leave him to the repose which he seemed inclined to enjoy, until the return of his (Mr. Gallway's) elder brother, who, perhaps, would know better what to do with such a guest in such a situation. At length Mr. William Gallway (the brother) came home, and his description of the sequel we give in his own words:—

“ ‘ I returned home, your worships, last evening, a little before eight o'clock, and upon entering the shop, my brother informed me in a whisper, that Thomas Spring Rice, Esq. was in the parlour very drunk. I certainly felt considerable surprise at hearing that the Honourable Gentleman was in such a state [a laugh] ; but, determined to make the best I could of the matter, I walked into the parlour, and certainly found the prisoner stretched on the sofa, as drunk as a man could well desire to be. I took off my hat, and was very polite to him, and he did me the honour to rise, and make me the steadiest bow he could command. He was excessively drunk, and I confess I felt considerable pain for his situation [laughter]. The prisoner, addressing me, said, ‘ I am Mr. Thomas Spring Rice, and it will be in my power to do you a great service in your business. You must be aware, of course, that I command a large connexion, and your whiskey is so very excellent, and I have experienced such very civil treatment, that I shall certainly recommend you to the patronage of all my friends. My cousin, Sir John Burke, is a great whiskey drinker,

and I will hand one of your cards to him ; and I have no doubt that he will give you an order for ten gallons at least.'

" ' By this time, your worships, I had taken a closer view of my visitor, and I began to entertain considerable doubt whether he was really the Under Secretary of State. It so happened, that there was *a gentleman in the shop at this moment who was acquainted with Mr. Spring Rice*, and knowing this fact, I communicated to him what had passed, and requested him to look at the gentleman, and satisfy my doubts. ' Oh dear no,' said this gentleman, '*pray do not ask me, for if he has got into such a state, I would not for the world that he should know that any friend of his saw him in that condition.*' [Loud laughter.] Presently the prisoner walked, or rather staggered, into the shop, and the gentleman absolutely turned aside, and held down his head, to avoid seeing or being seen by the supposed Under Secretary. The prisoner, if he had gone directly out, would have escaped well enough, but he chose to stop and talk, and the moment he spoke, the gentleman knew by his voice that he was not Mr. Spring Rice, and proclaimed him to be an impostor."

It is so extremely probable, that a friend of Mr. Spring Rice was amusing himself with conversation in a whiskey shop ; and that a friend of Mr. Spring Rice, if really there, would for one moment believe that the Under Secretary of State was dead drunk with whiskey at seven o'clock. The shopkeeper was doubly deceived ; first by the bravery of the tippler, and next, by the pretension of the visitor in his shop, to terms of friendship with Mr. Spring Rice. Some of these people have really a credulity which accommodates itself to any demands on it. Nothing is too monstrous or improbable for them.

11th. I commenced this Diary with an example of the late wise lord mayor's virtuous disapproval of plaister Venuses without petticoats. Here is a kind of pendant to the affair. Give modesty its head, says Sterne, and it is like a raging and roaring lion. Decorum is going wild:—

"**QUEEN-SQUARE.—THE AGE OF MORALITY.**—Mr. Willis, a cheesemonger, residing in Tothill-street, Westminster, was charged with assaulting a young Italian lad, named Giovanni Sanni. The boy said that the defendant invited him into the shop, and then dragged him into the parlour, where he beat him severely with a stick, and kicked him until he was black and blue. Mr. Willis, in his defence, said that the boy was in the habit of going about the streets '*with the infamous and disgusting image of a Venus reclining*,' and had actually held one of them up to his wife ; he therefore struck him, and drove him out of the shop.

" Mr. Gregorie said that *the images, which Mr. Willis considered so disgusting, were almost in every person's house*, and were not considered indelicate. The assault having been admitted, the defendant must either make the complainant some compensation, or put in bail.

" Mr. White said, that *the fellows who went about with the*

images were a parcel of vagabonds; and if any of them were brought before him, he would commit them under the Vagrant Act.

"The defendant made the lad a compensation for his beating, and left the office."

This moral battery for indelicacy, reminds one of the pious rage of Mathews' American, who

"Stove a cask of beer because it worked on Sunday;"

or of the zeal of Drunken Barnaby's Puritan, who hung his cat on Monday because she killed a mouse on the Sabbath.

— In what an odd diction people indulge. A writer in the American Journal of Science and Arts, discussing the merits of a gas-engine, says—"Fascinated with the beauty of the machine, there are many who yet declare it to be no failure." The *fascination* of a gas-engine! What refinement shall we have next? This indeed is American: but The Stamford News almost rivals Jonathan, for it speaks of "the *loyal* and respectable ruins of Dunwich." We had no notion that loyalty was a quality belonging to ruins. It is generally a flourishing property.

— In a trial of some people for an assault on the mother of Sheen, the gentleman who was declared, according to law, *not guilty* of cutting his child's head off, the prosecutrix described her son as the unfortunate William Sheen. Never was there an epithet so little deserved. The man who cuts heads off with the most encouraging impunity is surely eminently fortunate? It appeared in evidence, that an opinion of Sheen's having a kind of patent for cutting off heads, prevails among his neighbours, as they point to the house, and say, "Don't go in there, for if you do, *you will be sure to have your head cut off.*"

15th. The Reverend Mr. Best, of Sheffield, has taken to sermonising against theatrical *amusements*, as the serious afflictions of play-going, which, heaven knows, carry their own punishment with them, are improperly called. The reverend gentleman uplifts his voice in this strain:—

"And here I would take occasion to raise my warning voice against a class of sins, which, of all others perhaps, are most fatal in their consequences, both as it regards this world, and that which is to come. I will not be deterred by the captiousness of a fastidious delicacy from plainly saying, *that I mean the sins of uncleanness, fornication, whoredom, and adultery.* THERE IS TOO MUCH REASON TO BELIEVE THAT THESE SINS ARE BECOME ALARMINGLY COMMON IN SHEFFIELD. *To these sins the theatre directly leads; and for the commission of them it presents at once the temptation and the opportunity; and to this PUBLIC PEST—for I can call it by no milder term—is to be ascribed a large portion of this fearful and increasing evil.* Oh, what guilty scenes will that day disclose,

when God will bring every secret thing into judgment—and the seducer and seduced—the whore and the whoremonger—the adulterer and the adulteress—shall stand confronted before the decisive bar.”

Now, as for the charge that the theatre directly leads to the commission of the sins so circumstantially described, (as by one who liked the vocabulary of vice at least,) that it presents the temptation and the opportunity, &c. The odium belonging to the fact, if fact it be, is to be divided with a class of buildings of the very first pretension to respectability and sanctity, for I will affirm and appeal to any one who knows town, for the truth of the assertion, that it is perfectly notorious, that the most profligate men of intrigue declare the Methodists' meeting-houses to be the best places for seeking affairs of gallantry in London; and that they make them their haunts, and resort to them as sportsmen do to their well stocked coverts. They “present the temptation and the opportunity,” and the mind of the poor female prey, heated by fanaticism, is, as the editor of the Chronicle shrewdly observes, prone to sensuality. All excitements are near of kin, and the transition from one to another is easy. I mention this circumstance as a fact well known to those acquainted with the habits of men on the town; and without at all intending to convey by it any discredit to Methodism. All that I mean to contend is, that theatricals are as little objectionable on the score of the incidental opportunities they give to vice as Methodism; and that the argument quoted against play-houses is equally applicable to meeting-houses—nay, the case is even stronger against the latter, inasmuch as seduction is a greater evil than prostitution.

17th. There runs a story, that when a waiter at Brookes's dropped down suddenly in a fit, some noble lord instantly offered odds that the man was dead; and on the bet being eagerly taken, forbade any one to touch him, as assistance to the apoplectic subject he declared would be unfair play to the better. This, it is said, happened at the west end of the town. See how they act at the east. East or west, the spirit of gambling, or of avarice, is much the same in its phases—all absorbing, and hideously heartless.

“BLOOD POLICY IN THE CITY.—It may serve as a proof of the diabolical hardness of heart produced by the practice of gambling, whether in the bells, as they are called, or in the funds, to state that a policy has been handed about 'Change, giving five guineas to receive a hundred, if the three ambassadors' heads were off at Constantinople by the 15th of the present month! What wretches! Money! money! above all things money! This it is to speculators in the funds—time-bargainers.”—*Times*.

Extremes meet: how nearly the barbarism which suggested this speculation, and the speculation suggested by the barbarism, approximate—what savages were the civilised oits!

Undoubtedly this money getting passion is the canker of our morality; and every day some new knavery or revolting indecency is accounted

allowable, on the solid score of the profit that accompanies it. The province of things held wrong is miserably straitened in this age of liberality, and great commercial and moral nation; and, indeed, with the exception of picking pockets, burglary, highway robbery, and shop-lifting, we question whether any acts of a *money getting* character are now thought unbecoming in the city—the city, the very heart of Mammon, the rotten core of avarice, the centre of the cancer which is piercing, possessing, and corrupting every part of the social structure with its fungous fibres.

— Mr. O'Shiel, the gentleman who writes plays in England and makes speeches in Ireland, has compared the crimes of Englishmen and Irishmen. The picture is touched up with the usual fantastical trumpery that Irish orators delight in; but there is some truth in the outline:—

“ The dock of Clonmel itself does not teem with one half the guilt which is exhibited at an English assize town, and, however terrible the savage revenge of the Irish peasant may be, it is not, at all events, so revolting to the moral sense as the base, the foul, the sordid crimes which make up the abominable miscellany of mingled nastiness and horror, which is displayed in English courts of justice. Survey an English dock. Does not maternal nature shudder at the spectacle? With her strangling hands, her stony and barbarous eye, her cruel lip, and her breasts teeming with the superfluous milk, which serves at once to denote the murderess and the mother—infanticide stands forth in the front and fore-ground of criminality! Beside her, stands another wretch with an emasculate aspect, whose deeds ought to be ‘without a name,’ and from whose contemplation nature recoils with a start of even stronger horror. Next appears (if I may pursue the personification) the hideous form of sanguinary lust, that mingles passion and blood together, and crowns with assassination the ferocity of barbarous love! But I may be interrupted—and desired to survey the tribunals of my own country, and asked, whether I shall not find murder there? Aye, and in an awful form. But English and Irish murders are essentially distinct. The one is influenced by the appetite for gain, and is as mercenary as it is bloody, and not more inhuman than it is base. English murder has pelf for its instigator, and cruelty for its companion. It goes forth in the season of repose, and the hour of silence, covered with ‘the blanket of the night,’ and—

‘ With its stealthy pace,
With Tarquin’s ravishing strides towards its design,
Steals like a ghost.’ [Cheers.]

“ It skulks to the habitation of unoffending innocence and of helpless age, and lifting up the latch with a slow and trembling finger, creeps to the bed of sleep, and while with one hand it seizes the gold for which it thirsts, with the other lays its suffocating grasp upon the wrinkled throat of a feeble old man, or on the tender neck of a young and unprotected woman. Such is English murder [loud cheers]. What are the characteristics of murder amongst ourselves? [hear!] They are terrible indeed, but are not marked with so much baseness; and although they may be deserving of as much execration, do not excite half so much disgust. English murder makes the heart sick, while Irish murder makes the hair stand on end. Irish murder starts up under the influence of perverted principle, and a mistaken sense of right. It goes forth in a desperate fearlessness, and a mid-day ostentation, and looks without awe upon the meridian sun; or, if it await its setting, it brandishes the torch as well as the poignard—it walks the night unmuffled and unawed—

it bids justice defiance, and invests itself with the spurious dignity of insurrectionary revenge—it is terribly guilty, but it is deplorably mad. Insanity furnishes its weapons, and although the consciousness of injuries never can afford the least extenuation, it at all events supplies a powerful, however it cannot be a redeeming, motive. The victims of English murder are old men, women, and children—while Irish murder offers up the oppressive middleman, or the barbarous proctor, at the altars of its awful immolation. Irish murder sacrifices to revenge, while English murder makes oblation to avarice. Irish murder throws the purse of gold away, while English murder puts money in its pocket; and while the one drinks deep of the cup of vengeance, the other hies from the scene of slaughter to that of revelry, and lays out the profits of bloodshed upon debauch."

Irish murder is certainly here painted rather *en beau*. The Irish are an inordinately vain people; and so much enamoured are they with all their national characteristics, that even when they have described their *murder*, they will turn round to you with a simper of satisfaction and ask, "A'nt it a fine murder now—for a murder? Give me leave to ask you whether you ever saw such an aligant murder?—No there's not the like of it all the world over. Faith we cut throats like gentlemen, for love and not for money."

Mr. O'Shiel's general description of the character of the sister murders (we know not why we should not say sister murders as well as sister kingdoms) is doubtless strictly accurate. Irish murder only makes the hair stand on an end, which is an affair for the hair dresser; English murder makes the heart sick, which is a more serious matter. A man who wears a wig would be entirely unaffected by Irish murder; but as every one has a heart, no one can escape the effect of an English murder. Mr. Shiel's is a philosophical manner of looking at these matters. It is well to describe national characteristics by their operation on hair and hearts.

The beauty of Irish murder, according to Mr. Shiel, consists in the pleasing openness with which it transacts its business. Homer's Ajax exclaims, "Grant my eyes to see—let me perish in the light," and the victims of Irish murder have always the satisfaction of seeing what they are about when they are dying. Their assassins, Mr. Shiel says, always provide torches in the most liberal spirit conceivable; thus carrying, as it were, flambeaus before their crimes, which is but right, seeing that their crimes are not vulgar crimes, but crimes of quality. For our parts, being in some degree infected with the grovelling spirit of our country, we are free to confess that we do not discover the great superiority of the murder that illuminates so brilliantly; and like the miser of Walter Scott, we should be apt to say that "a dip was good enough to see to die by." The Irish are however so punctilious in giving people light enough to see their throats cut, that they often burn the house, with the people in it, in order that they may have no reason to complain of shabby dark doings after the skulking English manner. While Mr. O'Shiel was pointing out the pleasing peculiarities of Irish murder, we wish he had explained that moral phenomenon, which a great enthusiast in the cause of Ireland, Sir Henry Parnell, has observed in a published work, namely, that an Irishman, in prosecuting his revenge, never depends on himself, but always procures some foreign aid or assistance. He always seeks some over-

whelming advantage over his enemy. He will not, however infuriated he may be, spring at his throat, but he will lay coolly in wait for him behind a wall, and bring him down by a deliberate and safe shot; or he will go and raise a clan and attack his one enemy with fifty of his own friends. Parnell remarks that his countrymen are always seeking this decided vantage in assailing a foe; and he traces their recourse to the club or stick, to their reluctance to the idea of equal terms. They like to repose their courage on an *appui* of superiority. An Englishman seldom thinks of any thing of the kind. If he attacks an enemy he commonly attacks him alone, and will often throw away a weapon in order to meet his adversary on even terms. With all their faults, Englishmen are very generous enemies.

HOOD'S WHIMS. SECOND SERIES.

Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse; with Forty Original Designs. By Thomas Hood, one of the Authors of Odes and Addresses to Great People, and the Designer of the Progress of Cant. Second Series. London. Tilt, Fleet-street. 1827.

WE are glad to see Mr. Hood once more at the door of his show, for we love to see him play his word-catching antics—we love to retire with him into his booth of canvas, and behold him put words instead of balls under a cup—and then say, now you are sure this is such or such a word—and then, heigh, presto! instead of the adverb or conjunction you left there—quick! and it is changed into a pronoun or substantive, and all the company is set a grinning. He is the Grimaldi of literature—makes faces, walks upon his head, and paints black and white, to fill up the pauses made by graver actors: we could “better spare a better man.” Astley’s could better dispense with Ducrow than with the standard part of clown. It is true, that playing Whimsiculo for the amusement of the idle, is not a very high office, and requires perhaps no very rare endowment; but it is right that some one should fill the office—some one ought to retire from the world to study grimace, and to arrange his folly in laughable order. Amidst all the votaries of literature, and in the great division of labour consequent upon that number, surely one may be spared to sum his infinite series of nothings. As in the arts, one man designs palaces, another casts cannon, and another turns a pin’s head. So one man should write history, another philosophy, and another puns. If one man spends his time in comparing the laws of different countries, another in investigating the difference between the anatomy of man and the lower animals, let another balance words and contrast rhymes.

In this Second Series, however, Mr. Hood has somewhat disappointed us: we took up the book with a strong disposition to expand the facial muscles, and indeed with an incipient rictus—which not being excited by the sal volatile of his wit—remained in an awful statu quo state of stiffness, which would have served himself as a good subject for a whim. Of a truth, either the Second Series is but the lees of the former volume; or what may be the case, the trick of punning, whether with pen or pencil, soon grows stale. We would not, however, be altogether taken at our word. There are some

laughs—some smiles; though many growls, and pishes, and pshaws, to be gathered even from this Second Series, which we take to be the Rejected Whims of the former collection. The name of *TILT*, on the title-page, speaks volumes.

The most humorous plates to our fancy are, the Special Pleader, where a back view of a lawyer's head is excellently well displayed by the substitution of a kite and its tail. "Do you smell fire?" is written under another, containing the figure of an old fellow in his shirt, with a candle in his hand, just awakened out of his sleep, and who is unconscious of the smudging of his night cap. A third represents a dog walking on his hind legs in the rain, with an umbrella: it is entitled *Hydrophobia*. The rest may be considered failures; unless, perhaps, we except the old men at school, learning their A B C's.

Of the literary part—if so it should be called—the prose is bad without exception: or if exception is to be made, it is for the character of a "ballad singer," in imitation of the old character writers. Of the verse we shall give two favourable examples: the first is entitled, *Mary's Ghost*; and the second, *A Sailor's Apology for Bow-legs*.

MARY'S GHOST.

A pathetic Ballad.

" 'Twas in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried,
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bed-side.

" O William dear! O William dear,
My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

" I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute;
But tho' I went to my long home,
I didn't stay long in it.

" The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be!

" You thought that I was buried deep,
Quite decent like and chary,
But from her grave in Mary-bone
They've come and bon'd your Mary.

" The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr. Vyse;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

" I vow'd that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial;
You'll find it there, at Doctor Bell's,
In spirits and a phial.

“ As for my feet, the little feet
 You used to call so pretty,
 There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
 The t'other's in the city.

“ I can't tell where my head is gone,
 But Doctor Carpue can :
 As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up
 To go by Pickford's van.

“ I wish'd you'd go to Mr. P.
 And save me such a ride ;
 I don't half like the outside place,
 They've took for my inside.

“ The cock it crows—I must begone !
 My William, we must part !
 But I'll be your's in death, altho'
 Sir Astley has my heart.

“ Don't go to weep upon my grave,
 And think that there I be ;
 They have'nt left an atom there,
 Of my anatomie.”

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

“ There's some is born with their straight legs by natur—
 And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
 And some that should have grow'd a good deal straighter,
 But they were badly nursed,
 And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
 Astride of casks and kegs :
 I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
 And starboard,
 And this is what it was that warp'd my legs.—

“ 'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
 That foul'd my cable when I ought to slip ;
 But on the tenth of May,
 When I gets under weigh,
 Down there in Hartfordshire, to join my ship,
 I sees the mail
 Get under sail,
 The only one there was to make the trip.
 Well—I gives chase,
 But as she run
 Two knots to one,
 There warn't no use in keeping on the race !

“ Well—casting round about, what next to try on,
 And how to spin,
 I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,
 And bears away to leeward for the inn,
 Beats round the gable,
 And fetches up before the coach-horse stable

Well—there they stand four kickers in a row,
 And so
 I just makes free to cut a brown'un's cable.
 But riding is'nt in a seaman's natur—/
 So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
 And gets a kind of sort of a land-waiter
 To splice me, heel to heel,
 Under the she-mare's keel,
 And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn !

“ My eyes ! how she did pitch !
 And would'nt keep her own to go in no line,
 Tho' I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,
 But always making lee-way to the ditch,
 And yaw'd her head about all sorts of ways.
 The devil sink the craft !
 And was'nt she tremendous slack in stays !
 We could'nt, no how, keep the inn abaft !
 Well—I suppose
 We had'nt run a knot—or much beyond—
 (What will you have on it ?)—but off she goes,
 Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond !

“ There I am !—all a-back !
 So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,
 To heave her head round on the t'other tack ;
 But when I starts,
 The leather parts,
 And goes away right over by the ears !

“ What could a fellow do,
 Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,
 But trim himself upright for bringing-to,
 And square his yard-arms, and brace up his elbows,
 In rig all snug and clever,
 Just while his craft was taking in her water ?
 I didn't like my burth tho', howsomdever,
 Because the yarn, you see, kept getting taughter,—
 Says I—I wish this job was rayther shorter !

“ The chase had gain'd a mile
 A-head, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking :
 Now, all the while
 Her body did'nt take of course to shrinking.
 Says I, she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking—
 And so she swell'd, and swell'd,
 And yet the tackle held,
 'Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.
 My eyes ! but she took in enough to founder !
 And there's my timbers straining every bit,
 Read to split,
 And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder !

" Well, there—off Hartford Ness,
 We lay both lash'd and water-logg'd together,
 And can't contrive a signal of distress ;
 Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
 Tho' sick of riding out—and nothing less ;
 When, looking round, I sees a man a-starn :—
 Hollo ! says I, come underneath her quarter !—
 And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
 So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
 And leaves the she-mare to her own concern,
 A-standing by the water.
 If I get on another, I'll be blow'd !
 And that's the way, you see, my legs got bow'd !

HINDOO WIDOWS.

East India Affairs. Hindoo Widows Immolated since July the 5th, 1825. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 17th May, 1827.

It has long been a question with those conversant with East India affairs whether the practice of suttee, or widows burning on the funeral pile with the bodies of their husbands, should be permitted by an enlightened Christian government. The reluctance with which it has been witnessed, and the appearance of force being in some instances used by the relatives and priests to compel cremation, produced an interference on the part of the authorities, which it appears has only tended to make the practice more common. It was ordered that, when a suttee was about to take place, the official persons on the spot should inquire whether the act was voluntary on the part of the widow, and that they should attend at the funeral pile and see that no force was used. This at once authorised suttees, and by requiring the presence of the magistrate or his representatives gave the sacrifice a consequence which it had not. As no European could witness such a scene without trying, by gentle means at least, to prevent it, unavailing interference gave the victim the air of a martyr, and natural vanity and pride were called into the aid of superstition.

A decided prohibition would be the natural course of the government in India ; if this is not issued, considerations of policy are the sole cause. It has been a principle with it, and, it is supposed, one of the main causes of its stability, not to interfere with the religious prejudices of the natives. Nevertheless, such interference has taken place in some cases. Infanticide, the putting to death of the aged, infirm, slaves, and others, though at the desire of the party slain, have been prohibited without dangerous consequences. It becomes then an issue of fact ; and the question to be tried is, whether the natives are attached to this custom of suttee to that degree that a decided prohibition would be attended with any dangerous consequences to the government in India ; or whether it might cause that amount of dissatisfaction among them, which, though it should not threaten the stability of the government, might fairly, according to their prejudices, be considered a grievance. In determining this question, evidence of several kinds is to be considered.

The practice of suttee is not *enjoined* by the Hindoo sacred writings—it is only *recommended* by part of them, and in fact discountenanced by Menu, the greatest of Hindoo authorities, who enjoins upon the widow, not cremation, but austerity and a pure life. The custom, however, is chiefly prevalent among the lower Hindoos, who know nothing of the Shasters; it is in fact a superstitious rite, founded upon a popular prejudice that the widow, by the act of suttee, secures permanent bliss in another world. The frequency of the sacrifice varies in different districts; and so far from being a uniform religious offering, it appears to depend upon the caprice of the individual, or the extent of the superstition of the district. As the consequences of the sacrifices are not supposed to be a general good to the community, but merely a security of eternal happiness to the widow herself, it might be inferred that a general prohibition would be viewed with indifference. The wives, not yet widows, would not be afflicted by a loss still in distant prospect, and, in case of dying before their husbands, not to be in this manner obtained. It would directly concern no other persons. Accordingly we find, that in all those cases where a magistrate, influenced by his own views or other circumstances, has prohibited the rite, no dissatisfaction has been expressed, either on the part of the relatives or the people generally, but that, on the contrary, in some instances the widow and her friends have subsequently declared their gratitude at the interference.

It is a mistaken notion that the widow is influenced to self-destruction by the fear of loss of caste, or by disgrace consequent upon a non-performance of the rite. There is no such motive. In the higher classes, self-immolation is rarer than in the lower. Loss of caste and overwhelming disgrace indeed follow a failure of resolution on the pile itself. Should the widow flee when the fire is once lighted, she is then dishonoured for ever; and here the interests of the community, as seen through superstitious notions, become acted upon; because it is held as an undeniable truth that these imperfect sacrifices provoke the wrath of heaven, and call down upon the country its judgment in drought, famine, or plague.

Now a decided prohibition of the suttee, or a total neglect of it by the government, could not have produced this dreaded event; whereas the partial interference of the authorities, has absolutely proved the cause of it, or at least supposed to be so, which, in effect, is the same thing. The priests and attendants round the pile have always taken good care that the suttee should not benefit by any sudden fit of repentance or failure of resolution. If the victim has not been always secured, the pile has been constructed in such a manner that escape was nearly impossible, and force was frequently used to hold or strike down the unhappy victim who was seen struggling from the pile. One of the devices of certain magistrates, and of their interpretation of the general order, has purposely led to the escape of individuals from the flames. It being ordained by the government that the directions of the Shasters should be minutely complied with, the pile has been constructed above ground, supported by pillars, covered with a roof, and partially lined with burning materials. This construction renders escape easy: and it was hoped that, should imperfect sacrifices become frequent and facile, that the horror and dread which

the natives entertain of such a catastrophe would naturally make them unwilling that the suttee should be attempted. Now the natives see, as far as this plan has been attended with success, that it has been caused by the interference of the British authorities. Thus, by these half measures, the very result has been brought about in a degree which it was desired to avoid altogether. A drought of two years, which lately took place, has been entirely attributed to this tampering with the suttees.

Instances have occurred where the sacrificed widow has been too young to have herself the decision of her own fate, and where relatives have inhumanly interfered and absolutely forced her immolation. Inquiry will probably decide that these relatives and their assistants have been worked upon, not by superstitious but by interested motives. Such an act would, if proved against a person, be murder, and he would be amenable to the criminal law. The police ought certainly to ascertain that this inhuman act is not perpetrated, but the investigation ought undoubtedly to be made in such a way as not to lead to the supposition that the voluntary act is authorised and sanctioned by the government. It is possible that it may be both a difficult and a delicate matter to make this inquiry in a satisfactory manner. It is the form now to ask leave of the Company's magistrate; where leave is given, the victim goes to the sacrifice with the additional satisfaction that she is authorised by the government; if leave is reluctantly yielded, and all persuasion and solicitation attempted, the victim goes to the sacrifice with an additional honour and credit; where leave has been withheld, the suttee has not taken place.

Many opinions are held upon the subject by the best informed persons in India: we are inclined to think that the balance of intelligence and ability is on the side of the safety and humanity of issuing a direct prohibition. The question has also been agitated both in the India House and in the House of Commons; and the papers before us contain the proceedings on the subject, both at Leadenhall-street and in the east. The reports of the different magistrates from various districts contain many interesting facts, some of which we shall give, in addition to the brief summary of the question, which we have just run through, and which will both receive and reflect light upon the facts in the extracts.

Before we proceed to the quotations, we may observe, that the policy of the Mogul government was to tolerate these sacrifices with the utmost latitude; and several interesting anecdotes are given of suttees by Bernier, in his *Travels in India*, in the time of Aurengzebe. This bigotted emperor of course looked upon these Pagan rites with abhorrence, but he thought it prudent to let them alone. On the contrary, the practice has been disapproved by a Hindoo rajah, and was forbidden during the reign of this individual, for ten or twelve years, in his extensive principality.

The first description of a suttee that occurs in these papers, is the case of a widow named Hoomalee, and one of great atrocity. The perpetrators were punished with imprisonment:—

“The case is that of a widow named Hoomalee, a girl of about fourteen years of age, whose husband, a Brahmin, died when absent from his family, and a fortnight after the event, her father being

absent and unacquainted with what was passing, she proceeded to burn herself on a pile prepared by other near relations, and which was fired by her uncle. She soon leaped from the flame, and was seized, taken up by the hands and feet, and again thrown upon it, much burnt; she again sprung from the pile, and running to a well hard by, laid herself down in the water-course, weeping bitterly. A sheet was then offered, and she was desired by her uncle to place herself upon it; she refused, saying he would again carry her to the fire, and she would rather quit the family and live by beggary, or any thing, if they would have mercy upon her. At length, on her uncle swearing by the Ganges, that if she would seat herself on the cloth he would carry her home, she did so, was bound up in it, carried to the pile now fiercely burning, and again thrown into the flames. The wretched victim once more made an effort to save herself, when at the instigation of the rest, a Mussulman approached near enough to reach her with his sword, and cutting her through the head, she fell back, and was rescued from further suffering by death."—p. 13.

Three more similar cases are thus reported:—

"We have adduced one affecting instance in which that option was implored, and most inhumanly denied. A narrative of almost equal horror, but of briefer suffering, appears in the proceedings of your government in the judicial department, in the month of August 1822, with several other cases stated to be considered by the Nizamut Adawlut as demanding particular notice:—'The case of Mussunt Kumbahin Cuttack is reported to have been at first in appearance perfectly voluntary, and the widow performed the usual ceremonies, after which she dropped herself into the burning pit or koond, which in this province is always used for burning the bodies on the occasion of a woman becoming a suttee. Immediately on dropping into the pit, she rose up and stretched out her hands to the side of the pit, but whether this was done with an intent to escape, or whether it was merely an involuntary motion from pain, does not appear; however Keyjed, a washerman, who appears to have had the management of the ceremony, seeing this, gave her a push or blow with a bamboo, which tumbled her into the hottest part of the fire, where she was immediately consumed. The washerman was summoned before the magistrate, but released, under a doubt if his conduct had been illegal. The Nizamut Adawlut remarked, that he ought either not to have been summoned, or being summoned, should not have been released without punishment.'

"At Maradabad, three persons were committed for assisting at an illegal suttee, and the magistrate of the same district reports a case, of which the following is the substance:—'On the 28th May, 1821, a person named Bhoonmlanee, reported at the thannah of Goomour, that a year and a half had elapsed since his brother Sewarour had died; his wife, Rhoobe, aged twenty years, proposed to perform suttee. The thannadar being unwell, sent some burgundauzes to prevent the sacrifice, and they reasoned with the woman, but without effect. The thannadah repaired instantly to the spot, where he found a large assembly of people, in the presence of whom the woman prepared herself and sat upon the pile, having with her the turban of the deceased

husband. Bhoomutraï then set fire to the pile, and when the flames reached her body, she jumped out of the fire. Her relations immediately tried to force her back into the flames; but the thannadar rescued her, though she was much burnt. He then apprehended the persons concerned in the sacrifice, and sent them with the woman to the magistrate, and Bhoomatrae was committed for trial.'

"The magistrate at Gornekpore reports a second case of compulsory suttee, in addition to that which was brought under the consideration of government in August 1821, the particulars as follows:—'Mussumul-Bussuntree leaped twice from the pile and attempted to escape; she was twice thrown back by her relations, who surrounded the pile, and forcibly detained her there until consumed. This took place in the presence of the cutwall of the city, who, with others proved to have been concerned, are committed for trial to the judge of the circuit.'"—pp. 14, 15.

The following paragraph contains a description of the manner in which a suttee is usually brought about, by Mr. Ewer, superintendent of the police of the lower provinces, who is a favourer of the direct prohibition:—

"I know (Mr. Ewer continues) it is generally supposed, that a suttee takes place with the free-will and consent of the widow; indeed, that she frequently persists in her intention to burn in spite of the arguments and entreaties of her relations; but I submit that there are many reasons for thinking that such an event as a voluntary suttee very rarely occurs; that is, few widows would ever think of sacrificing themselves, unless overpowered by force or persuasion; very little of either is sufficient to overcome the mental or physical powers of the majority of the Hindoo females; and a widow who would turn with natural and instinctive horror from the first hint of sharing her husband's pile, will be at length gradually brought to pronounce a reluctant consent, because distracted with grief at the event, without one friend to advise or protect her, she is little prepared to oppose the surrounding crowd of hungry Bramins, and interested relations, either by argument or force; accustomed to look to the former with the highest veneration, and to attach implicit belief to all their assertions, she dares not, if she was able to make herself heard, deny the certainty of the various advantages which must attend the sacrifice; that by becoming a suttee she will remain so many years in heaven, rescue her husband from hell, and purify the family of her father, mother, and husband; while, on the other hand, that disgrace in this life, and continued transmigration into the body of a female animal, will be the certain consequence of a refusal. In this state of confusion a few hours quickly pass, and the widow is burnt before she has had time to think on the subject. Should utter indifference for her husband and superior sense enable her to preserve her judgment, and to resist the arguments of those about her, it will avail her little; the people will not on any account be disappointed of their show, and the entire population of a village will turn out to assist in dragging her to the bank of the river, and in keeping her down on the pile.'

"Under these circumstances nine out of ten widows are burnt to death; and having described the manner in which these sacrifices are

generally performed, I shall now proceed to show that they are more frequently offered to secure the temporal good of the survivors, than to ensure the spiritual welfare of the sufferer or her husband.'

" 'I have already stated, that the widow is scarcely ever a free agent at the performance of a suttee, and therefore her opinion on the subject can be of no weight, and whether she appear glad or sorry, stupid, composed, or distracted, is no manner of proof of her real feelings; her relations, her attendants, and the surrounding crowd of men, women, and children, will be seen to wear one face of joy and delight, none of the holy exultation which formerly accompanied the departure of the martyr, but all the savage merriment which in our days attends a boxing match, or a bull bait; nor can this be otherwise among those present, her relatives are directly interested in her death; if she had a son, he may perhaps wish to be relieved from the expense of maintaining a mother, and the trouble of listening to her unseasonable advice; if she has none, her husband's male relations will take care that she stand not in their way, by claiming his estate for life, which is her legal right. The Brahmins are paid for their services, and are of course interested. The crowd assemble to see a show, which in their estimation affords more amusement than any other exhibition with which they are acquainted, and the sacrifice is completed, because the family is anxious to get rid of an encumbrance, and the Brahmins desirous of a feast and a present.' "—pp. 16, 17.

We shall now give some examples of suttees conducted in a different spirit, when the act is voluntary, and the resolution of the devoted widow a high example of fortitude and unshrinking resolution. The following is an extract from a private letter from Mr. Pringle to Captain Robertson, collector, dated Camp, at Bour Boodburg, 6th February, 1825:—

" Information was brought to me yesterday morning at Peepulwundee, where I was encamped, that a suttee was about to sacrifice herself at the village (Boree); I immediately sent my carcoons to try to dissuade the woman, and at least prevent her mounting the pile till I should arrive. I rode over myself in the forenoon, and found that every argument had already been used to prevent her without effect. I told her that she would suffer no disgrace by not going, and if she was under any anxiety about her future maintenance, I would take care she should not want; but that if she persisted in burning, it must be according to the rule of the Shasters, when if, as was most probable, her nerves should fail her, and she came out of the fire, she would lose her caste and reputation. When she heard this she smiled, and told me that she was actuated from no sudden impulse of enthusiasm, but that it had been the cool determination of her whole life, ever since she was married; and that she had often promised her husband she would not survive him, and she was fully resolved to abide by her word; that if she wished to remain she had children and relations who would be willing to support her, but her resolution was not to be altered by any offers of maintenance; that with regard to the form of the pile, the facility of escape would only serve to prove the firmness of her resolutions; and she begged that I myself would be present to see how heroically she could behave. She appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age, and had two sons and several grandchildren; her husband resided

as private tutor in the family of Gobal Row Despandee, at Chinchodee, where he died three days ago: she herself had gone the day before yesterday to the alabazar, where another suttee had been burnt, and she had assisted at the ceremony; on her return home in the evening she was met by the messenger bringing her husband's bones; she immediately expressed her determination of burning with them, much to the grief of her family and the villagers, who remained up the whole night trying to dissuade her, but in vain. When I found her determined to go, I took care to have the pile constructed on the most orthodox plan; above was a light covering of dry twigs, supported by four forked posts firmly fixed in the ground; the ground below was covered with wood and cow-dung, leaving a space of about five feet on the top; on three sides the pile was surrounded with grass and straw, and the fourth was left entirely open. After the preliminary ceremonies, which the woman went through with perfect self-possession, it was nearly dark when she was brought up to the pile: I told her to look at it well before she went further; she did so, and said distinctly her resolution was fixed: she stopped a few minutes at the edge of the pile performing the last ceremonies, during which time her senses appeared to be failing her; she was then assisted in mounting, and all were made to stand at a little distance, except her two sons, who applied a light to the outside of the pile, as she did within; not a word was uttered, and in a moment the pile was in a blaze—she raised herself and turned completely round, and her cries were heard distinctly for about three minutes, when the fury of the flames, fortunately, by the dryness of the fuel and the strength of the wind, soon put an end to her sufferings; the surrounding grass was consumed almost instantly, and the covering above remained burning, but did not fall in till long after her death: her person was quite visible during the whole of the time—the by standers were amazed at her constancy, but she was an old woman, and was perhaps too feeble to get out of the fire, otherwise I think human nature would have been too strong in her to have permitted her to remain as she did. I have been thus particular, as I believe it is the first time the new pile has had a trial, and the account may perhaps interest you. It was not until yesterday that I heard of the Ala suttee, which the villagers had not reported to the shekdaur: I fancy it was conducted on the old plan; it was much against the will of the Brahmins that I carried my point yesterday, but when I appealed to the Shasters they had nothing to answer.”—pp. 138, 139.

The following is a similar case extracted from a report by Mr. Anderson, criminal judge at Surat, dated 18th June, 1825.

“Yesterday morning, the 17th, Kasumath Sokajee, of the Patana Prubhoo caste, and a clerk in the collector's office, died of the epidemic cholera; his widow Dworkabace declared her intention of immolating herself on the funeral pile. Application was made to me for permission; I immediately proceeded to the house, and found the widow with all the circumstance about her denoting the intention she had formed; she was an old woman, between fifty and sixty years of age; she was perfectly collected, and replied to the different arguments I used to dissuade her from the sacrifice with coolness, and in a manner to convince me that she would go through with the resolution she

had declared. There was no appearance of natural excitation from any cause—no influence—no encouragement; her relations and her sons, grown-up men, were in great grief, and declared they had used every persuasion to induce her to refrain from the vow.

“I directed the shastree to ascertain if the widow was competent according to the Shaster, in all its conditions, to become a suttee; he made his inquiries, and stated that she was so. I asked if he thought she was free from influence of any kind, and if he himself considered that the vow was the widow's voluntary act; he replied he had no doubt of it; it appeared to me also in the same light. I then declared that these sacrifices were so contrary to humanity, so dreadful, that the government could never approve them; but still, in its toleration in matters of religion to all its subjects, it allowed the practice, if countenanced by the Hindoo religion and law, and therefore I felt myself constrained to grant the permission required, and that permission I accordingly gave, however reluctant I was to see the best feelings of our nature so violated.

“In the determination to see that the permission was not abused by any obstacle being offered to prevent the effect of any subsequent disposition, should any such be shown, on the part of the unfortunate woman, to retract, I proceeded to the phoolpara, and witnessed the awful, and really most dreadful sacrifice.

“The conduct of the widow throughout was that of the most perfect firmness, and freedom from alarm; she engaged in and witnessed the appalling preparatory ceremonies with a collectedness and presence of mind I could not have conceived. Seated on the pile, she adjusted the faggots about her with an unaltered countenance, and on my addressing her, with a last hope, that, in that situation, she might be shaken, saying, that I would still protect her in a return to her house, she unhesitatingly, and in the tone and manner she had preserved throughout, declared, that what she was engaged in was her happiness. Aloud she called to her son, directing him to heap the fuel upon her, and then with her own hand applied the torch to the pile. For two or three seconds the torch did not take effect—she sat with unchanged countenance—the flames then burst forth—she was seen clapping her hands, and in less than a minute all of this most frightful and revolting spectacle was over.”—pp. 143, 144.

In the following extract is a full and interesting narrative of the sacrifice of an heroic old lady, detailed by Commissioner Robertson. It is dated 7th June, 1825.

“I am sorry to have to report to you the successful immolation yesterday evening, of a Brahmin widow, on a pile constructed according to the new model laid down by the shastrees of this place. This is the first suttee which has occurred at Poona since September 1823. Every means were used to dissuade the woman from burning; the boldness of the attempt only gave her new courage: her husband had died on the evening of the 5th instant, and when her intention was declared, she was waited upon by the shastree of the court, and by other public functionaries of my department. They sat with her till past midnight, without effecting any change in her determination. I delayed as long as possible, before I went to her myself, in the hopes

that if poignancy of grief was the cause of her resolution, it might be somewhat abated, and her mind more fitted to listen to reason. I found her, however, at eleven o'clock, perfectly calm and fixed. No argument, no dread of issuing from the fire and disgracing herself, induced her to swerve from her purpose; she was deaf to the prospect of visiting the infernal regions, should she change her resolution while burning, and so die. Neelcunt Shastree, Thuthey, and other learned and eminent shastrees, who have influence over the minds of the people, visited her after I left her. They knew my determination to be present at the construction of the pile, and at the burning, and their arguments of dissuasion were urged with all the interest which their conviction of the woman's inability to remain in the fire, when there was an opening for escape, could arouse. The escape of a suttee alive would bring a calamity on the country; and I learnt for the first time, that the cause of our not having had any rain for two years, was generally attributed to the escape of Radhabhyee in 1823.

"Every argument failed with this woman: a pilgrimage to Benares would divert her grief, and Neelcunt Shastree had an hundred rupees ready to give her; other shastrees would contribute their mite, and so would government: she had already seen Benares, and her own means were ample to visit other places of pilgrimage: various acts of devotion were mentioned to her; she had visited or performed the most interesting in the society of her husband. What pleasure would there be in a lonely repetition? She had not a single relative alive, and not an acquaintance for whom she cherished any regard, why should she live? and why was she prevented from accompanying him, for whom alone she had any affection? She had balanced every thing, and knew the precise nature of what she was about to undertake; she had within the last week visited upwards of a dozen women who had lately retracted their declaration of burning—she had discovered that they were 'dissuaded, not prohibited.' The terrors to them of the new pile were to her its beauties—she would show her affection and her firmness—she was old enough to know what she could dare, and what she could do—others were chained to life by other motives—she had no child to cling to her for protection—she never knew the weak tenderness of a mother—she was an isolated being in the universe, without friends, and without an affection that was not centered in her husband. She would not, like some, tremble at the pile; and though fifty years had passed over her, she required not to be supported to the performance of this last act of her duty and pleasure.

"The shastrees having left her, the pile was constructed under my own superintendence. Four strong posts, ten feet distance from each other, and ten feet high above the ground, supported four cross beams fitted into deep hollows to prevent them from slipping. The space within the posts too was filled up with dry billets of wood to the height of four feet and a half, leaving a distance of five feet and a half to the top of the posts. The woman was less than five feet high. The upper part of the pile, from the wood to the top, was enclosed, excepting a door of two feet and a half wide at one corner, with cusby and grass, and the roof was covered with rafters supporting first, grass, and then billets of wood. There was a fresh breeze from the south-

west, and her position was on the north-east side of the pile. No combustibles were allowed to be used, excepting grass and the cusby straw; I estimated the intensity of their heat and the fury of their blaze by far too lightly; and I ought to have been more scrupulous in regulating their thickness just opposite to the woman's head: at the upper part of the pile there was only one bundle of straw in thickness, but bundles were piled downwards (like tiles resting on each other) at half their length, so that the thickness opposite the suttee's head was equal to three bundles. Perhaps the shastrees, who had before been so eager to prevent the suttee, and who must have known the fury of the conflagration that would ensue better than myself, did not care to point out this mistake to me, in the hopes that it might possibly effect the destruction of the suttee, for they looked with horror on the probability of her escape; the universal belief, however, was, that the woman would immediately reappear from the pile on its being lighted.

"The conduct of this extraordinary old woman, when preparing for death, was characterized by the most determined bravery and coolness; she spoke to every body, repeated the invocation and prayers in an audible, distinct, and fervent tone, and walked her rounds about the pile, over rough stones, with the most perfect steadiness; several gentlemen of the cantonment were present, and we once or twice believed that she had a reluctance to enter the pile, from a disposition we thought she evinced to loiter and converse; I therefore sent Neelcunt Shastree to her, who explained to her there was no disgrace in then retracting, and that I had requested him to beg her to reconsider what she was undertaking; she only smiled and sent me her blessing; after entering the pile and laying herself down, an officiating Brahmin went in to her; I was afraid he was tying her down, but before I had satisfied myself on this head, he again came forth and handed a light to the woman, who placing it between her toes, lighted the pile at her feet; and then stood up with the light in her right hand, and with the most undaunted courage set fire to the pile in several places over her head: while she was employed in this manner, the officiating priests were firing the outside; at first a slight fire was seen in various parts, just as we observed the woman lying down by the body of her husband; but almost in an instant afterwards the fire burst into one sheet of flame, and in about a minute and a half the grass and cusby of the sides having been consumed, the suttee was seen dead, with her right hand in the very position in which it was remarked before the flames enveloped her from our view; although we were ten or twelve yards from the pile, and to windward, the heat was so overpowering that we were obliged to step back. My opinion is, that this woman died before the fire could have scorched her flesh in more than one or two places; the wind blew the flame directly through the pile and upon her face, and she must have been instantly deprived of breath from the want of air, as well as from the heat of the very little there might be left to inhale."—pp. 151, 152.

The following is another account of a resolute sacrifice that took place at Concon Essary Poona on Sunday the 12th June, 1825.

"On arriving at the ground where the suttee was to burn, I found

the officiating Brahmins preparing the pile, in the manner laid down by the Shasters of Poona. There were four strong posts fixed into the ground, with grooves at the top of each, into which cross beams were fixed, and upon them cross rafters were placed, so as to form the roof of the pile. The length of the space between the corner posts might be about nine feet, and the breadth probably five, while the height of the posts were about eight or ten feet; dried logs of wood and cow-dung were piled up to the height of four and a half feet inside the corner posts, and dry grass was laid on them. The roof of the pile was formed of hay and wood, the only use of which seemed to be to exclude the light, as it was too light above the bodies to assist in burning them; the space between the top of the pile and roof might be about four feet, which was enclosed by bundles of kusbey placed longitudinally, giving the inside the appearance of a cabin or hut; a door was left, rather more than two feet wide, at one corner, so that ingress and egress might be obtained. The kusbey was placed much more thinly on the windward side than on the other, as it was hoped that if the woman was not suffocated at once by the flames and smoke, that she would come out, and it was expected that from this consequence no one would be found bold enough to again undertake a similar act of devotion.

“ During the time that the pile was constructing, the body of the husband was laid on a bier at the edge of the river, and his widow dressed in flowers, and surrounded by her friends and relations, sat at its head.

“ When the pile was finished, the body was lifted up and placed in it, and the woman having first gone through the customary ceremonies of ablution and worship, and distributed victuals to those round about, ascended herself with hardly any assistance: she sat up for the space of one or two minutes, looking at her husband's body, and then coolly arranged a place near it, on which she laid down, a Brahmin handed her a lighted torch, which made a sign to those outside, and in a few seconds the whole kusbey was in a blaze. She never moved from the place on which she first laid down, and her death must have been instantaneous.

“ When the straw was all burned, it appeared to those looking on as if she was moving in the pile, and a feeling of horror thrilled through the by-standers at the idea of the torture she was suffering. On looking more closely, however, it appeared to be only her knees which had assumed an upright posture from an horizontal one, by the contraction of the sinews, and the same effect was produced upon those of the dead body.

“ Her death must have been as easy as possible, and if her mind was in that happy state we must suppose from her having the resolution to make such a sacrifice, I think it would be desirable if every person could resign this world with as little bodily or mental suffering. She lay down to die a violent death, and as she must have supposed, a very agonizing one, with as much composure as I will venture to say most men lay down to sleep.”—pp. 147, 148.

In a letter from the Commissioner in the Deccan, Mr. Chaplin, dated 17th June, 1825, we find some very cool and philosophical opinions:—

"Humanity is apt to shudder at these sacrifices, and true religion very properly condemns them; but recent observation convinces all who have been present, that much of the horror of the sacrifice itself is the effect of the imagination of the spectators, which has no foundation in reality. The dread of death once got over by the devotee, death is in fact passed, unless indeed the pile is very scantily supplied with fuel, so that the victim may be purposely roasted by a slow fire. But such a mode of construction is neither consistent with the Shasters nor with established usage, by which in all matters of law and custom we profess to be guided. Both the old and the new piles seem to be equally efficacious in quickly destroying life, for suffocation seems to follow instantly the application of the torch to the inflammable materials. It is an idle fancy to suppose that the torture is prolonged even for a minute, and it is quite certain that a woman drowning herself in a well, or swallowing a little arsenic, would undergo much greater bodily suffering. Whilst such sacrifices are religiously deemed meritorious, we cannot suppress them by any half measures. The exposure of the naked bodies of the Milesian virgins, it is recorded, put a stop to their propensity to suicide, and if we could so far trample upon inveterate prejudices, as to collect and scatter the ashes of the Brahminee victims of fanaticism in the quarters belonging to the polluted and degraded castes, we too might check the practice without resorting to an absolute prohibition of it. I confess however I deprecate all interference in these sacrifices, beyond that of ascertaining that they are purely voluntary—that point decided, the pile cannot, in my opinion, be too combustible. I must also take leave to question our right to harass the afflicted widow by long, frequent, and pertinacious visitations, or by any vexatious delays in constructing the pile, by which means the body of the deceased husband which ought to be burned a few hours after death, is liable to become a mass of putrefaction dangerous to the health of relatives, who are compelled to approach it to perform the last rites, and who are obliged to fast until the final act of cremation is completed; we have seen, and we shall again see, that to the persuasis mori, to these who believe that this immolation opens the way to the mansion of bliss, to those who are armed to resist all pain, inured to suffer, and resolved to die, no dissuasive arguments are of any avail; I therefore think that we should refrain from unnecessarily annoying the unhappy devotee in her last moments, by endeavouring to make her feel more deaths than one, and by giving unprecedented vexation to all those who are connected with her."—pp. 145, 146.

We shall close this article by recording, that the number of suttees were in—

1820	597
1821	654
1822	583
1823	575
1824	572

WAR IN GREECE.

Sketches of the War in Greece, in a Series of Extracts, from the Private Correspondence of Philip James Green, Esq. late British Consul for the Morea; with Notes by R. L. Green, Esq. Vice-Consul; and an Appendix, containing official and other Documents, relating to the affairs of Greece. London. Hurst and Co. 1827.

THE battle of Navarino has re-lumed the interest which the British public had felt for the fate of Greece, but which was fast dying away, if it were not indeed actually extinct. No classical associations, no human sympathy, no political calculation, could resist the effects of the unworthy character displayed by the Greeks themselves; their eternal squabbles, and the miserable selfishness which dictated all their actions. While at home, subscriptions wasted in ill-directed aid, loans consumed by grasping avarice and usurious knavery, foolishly lavished as a whole and pettily pilfered in parts, when added to the melancholy fates of nearly all those generous men who had made sacrifices in her cause, whether by the exertion of their talents here, or by their presence in the country, had contributed to invest the subject of Greece with feelings little short of absolute disgust. The brilliant engagement, however, which lately took place, and the sanguine hopes now entertained of a speedy settlement of Greek affairs, again turn the attention of the world towards this hapless country. Mr. Green's work is published in good time to administer to this appetite: though we fear that the meal to be made from it will be found scanty, and deficient in the grace of novelty. The consul of the Morea is good authority; and if he serve only to revive the interest in past scenes, and to confirm the statements of others, his work will have its value.

We confess our surprise to find these letters written in a tolerable spirit of fairness. Among the Philhellenes Mr. Green's affections have always been considered so decidedly Turkish, that we certainly anticipated a less measure of justice would be dealt out against their rebellious subjects. Now, although the leaning to the Ottoman side is very evident, and as the favour with which Mr. Green was treated by the Turkish authorities is sufficiently indicative of a very friendly understanding, we should hesitate long before we gave ear to the bitter charges that have been made against the partiality and injustice of this writer. It was the duty of a man, in the official situation held by Mr. Green, to preserve a decided neutrality, and to retain a good understanding with both parties. Under the circumstances, the keeping up a communication with the stronger power, as Mr. Green seems to have done, might not be the result of his taking a part with them, but simply an effect arising out of the duties of his situation. Mr. Green was accredited to the Turks and not to the Greeks; and his right path was doubtless to remain with them as long as he could, to protect the interests of his country, and where an opportunity offered, to interfere for those of humanity. As far as we can learn, this he did, and no more. But because he did not imprudently and uselessly declare his friendly feelings to the Greek cause—because he lent them no co-operation, and remained as long as he could within the lines of the enemy, his name has been covered with

every species of abuse by the most mendacious of all God's people, the modern Greeks; and their charges have been adopted and re-echoed by the Philhellenes in Europe, men much more distinguished for their right feelings, than their correct judgment.

These charges have been partly repelled by Mr. Green, in a paper in the appendix; but the most satisfactory answer to them is to be found in the whole tenor and spirit of the narrative.

Those who read the *Regeneration of Greece*, by Pouqueville, will know what credit is to be given to his bombastic absurdities. This man who writes his history on the plan of Livy and in the style of Ossian, was the brother of the French consul at Patras; and he has related many of the events which form the subject of these letters. He has also lent the aid of his broad pencil to blacken the reputation of Mr. Green; and we have had much pleasure in observing some of the instances of the Englishman's quiet exposure of his misrepresentation. As the name of Pouqueville stands most undeservedly high as an authority on such subjects, we shall think it a duty to select a passage of this nature. Though we have expressed approbation of Mr. Green's conduct, as far as we know it in the character of consul, we are far from coinciding in his opinions. He dislikes the Greeks, and not without cause—but his too close contact with them in detail, has made him unjust to them as a whole. He has been too much on the spot to form a true judgment of the general bearings of the question. For instance, in drawing a sort of comparison between the Greeks and Turks, he makes use of an argument which may tell in the city. The Greeks, he says, have been guilty of a series of piratical depredations on our mercantile marine to the serious injury of our interests for years; while the Turks have never been found guilty of such conduct. But when our statesmen look to this grievance, whom are they to blame for it? The Greeks, who are driven on to the sea by the oppressions of their masters, and who must either live by it or starve? or the Turks, who pretend that these Greeks are their subjects, and yet for the last six years have been totally unable to prevent them from injuring their friends and allies? If our government has not sought redress from the Porte itself for these piracies, it is from the full knowledge they have of the utter inability of the Sultan to keep in check the people whom he chooses to call his slaves. When a neighbour entertains a nuisance which he either cannot nor will not abate, the proper way is to compel him to get rid of it. The European powers have long suffered themselves to be trifled with by the absurd pride of the Turks; their mutual jealousy has been taken advantage of, and the ridiculous haughtiness of the Porte been pampered into insolence by rival assiduities of Frank ambassadors. We trust that there is an end of this, and that the battle of Navarino may be considered as the first progressive step towards sweeping out this dark and pestilent corner of Europe.

We have already alluded to the want of novelty in Mr. Green's materials as to the incidents of the Greek war; at this moment, however, there are some passages which will doubtless attract the attention of the public, such as the description of the Turkish navy:—

“The Turks can bring a hundred sail of armed vessels into action, though they never produced more than fifty at once. The Tunisians, Tripolitans,

and Algerines, have occasionally furnished about twenty vessels of war, consisting of corvettes, brigs, and schooners, well armed and manned; but these, though acting under the Turkish admiral, in reality do just as they please. The Turkish naval force proper, or that which is furnished from the arsenal at Constantinople, consists of five or six three-deckers, six or eight seventy-fours, thirty frigates and corvettes, and between forty and fifty schooners and brigs. There is no regular marine, but whenever the ships are to be manned for any expedition, an impressment takes place. The press-gang run into the coffee and wine-houses, where the poorer orders resort, and seize all indiscriminately, without making the least inquiry as to their knowledge of naval tactics. Nay, people quietly walking the streets do not escape. A more efficient race of sailors, however, is found among the traders of the Black Sea, and the boatmen of the Bosphorus, and these are impressed without mercy.

"Before the revolution broke out, the islands of Hydra and Spezzia were obliged to furnish a certain number of seamen whenever they should be called upon by the Porte so to do, and this was a condition of their being allowed to govern themselves. This will account for so many Greeks being in the Turkish navy at the beginning of the war. Europeans also are never wanting; but it must be stated in justice to these, that many have been regularly trepanned into their service. There are a set of wine-houses at Constantinople, which are kept by Maltese and other Europeans, to which almost all the Frank sailors resort. The landlord goes to the Turkish capoudan, and asks if he requires any Europeans, and if so, how many. The capoudan states the number he wants, and generally pays down the money for them. The landlord then returns to the inn, finds out all the discontented sailors in the Porte, plies them well with liquor, and contrives to make them sign a regular agreement of service. As soon as this is effected, they are immediately conveyed on board ship, drunk as they are; and most especial care is taken that no opportunity of landing shall be afforded them, as long as the vessel remains in harbour. They have the same rations as the Turkish sailor; but wine, spirits, or grog, must be paid for extra, in fact in any way that the unfortunate Christian can. Every Turkish ship, however, has a regular coffee-house on board, at which all imaginable wants may be gratified: the keeper of this coffee-house is perhaps the very scoundrel who assisted in kidnapping the Europeans, or at least he has something to do with it. If the European has need of any thing, he is allowed to get it from the coffee-house on credit, and about two hundred per cent. on the value of the article is charged. The sailor, therefore, after he has served several months, so far from having any pay to receive, is told that the whole is due to the coffee-house-keeper, and that moreover he has a further debt to liquidate, which of course can only be done by further service. I have more than once been called upon officially, to liberate Englishmen who had been first kidnapped and then cheated; and in some instances I have been successful, though in others the terms of agreement signed with the man's own hand has been shown to me to prove that he was not forced into the Turkish service. The officers of the fleet are chosen from among the soldiery, and their nomination is a matter of interest resting in the hands of the Capoudan Pasha. Nautical skill may truly be said not to exist among the Turks; and any one who has had the good fortune to have sailed with the squadron which accompanied our fleet at the time of Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt, is thought a very Nelson. With such a crew, it is a matter of surprise how the Turks manage to navigate at all; but the fact is, that the vessel is sailed and steered by Europeans, while the fighting part belongs exclusively to the Turks. I have been told, and from what I have seen, I can easily believe, that the confusion on board a Turkish vessel is absolutely ridiculous. One-half of the men are, perhaps, horribly sea-sick, sprawling about the deck; while the other half are pulling at ropes, of which they have no knowledge. The Chaouses are seen running here and there, bastinadoing right and left, and forcing the men to their duty.

Indeed, the way in which the sailors are taught to handle and know the different ropes is, as I was informed, quite on a par with the rest of the system. Vegetables, pipes, pieces of cloth, &c. are attached to the rigging and the cordage, and then the command is given, 'haul up the long pipe; let go the cabbage,' &c. After the news was known of the destruction of a fine ship of war, by the fire-ships of the Greeks, the panic that seized the crew of a Turkish vessel on the approach of a Greek one was excessive. Sailors on board these have told me that nothing could exceed the scene of confusion. The guns were fired without aim, and often on the side on which the enemy was not: the men were flying here and there, vociferating and running; many were preparing to jump overboard, and others absolutely did so. In fact, at the best of times, there is little discipline; but at such a juncture there is none. It was the knowledge of this that emboldened the small Greek vessels to approach and manœuvre round the heavy armed Turkish frigates with perfect impunity. A Greek vessel once approached a Turkish heavy frigate so close, that the anchor of the latter caught hold of some part of the rigging of the former. In an instant both one and the other ran to cut away and disentangle themselves; the Greek not liking such close quarters, and the Turk taking his enemy to be a fire-ship. Not a single shot was fired. The loquacious Greek was heard to vociferate the vilest abuse on the Turk and on Mahomet; while the grave Turk, on the other side, merely shook his finger, and invited him to fight it out hand to hand. A single broadside from an European, of half the weight of metal of the Turk, would have blown the Greek out of the water.

"These scenes, however, occurred in the beginning of the revolution. Both their panic and their thorough want of skill have been bettered by experience; and in more than one instance a single Turkish vessel has fought its way through a whole Greek squadron.

"The Viceroy of Egypt, for some years past, has been gradually increasing his naval force, and his fleet now consists of at least sixty vessels of war. Of these, six or seven are frigates, which have been chiefly built in private dock-yards at Marseilles, Leghorn, and Trieste; the others consist of corvettes, brigs, and schooners, and with few exceptions, the whole of these vessels are of a very superior class, and in excellent order. In action, and in the management of their vessels, the Egyptians have proved themselves infinitely superior to the Constantinople Turks; but this, no doubt, is owing in a great measure to the fact of there being many foreign seamen in the viceroy's service, who form part of the crew of each vessel."

The account of Ibrahim Pacha's army and its equipment before Missolonghi, will also not be without its interest in the present crisis:—

"Missolonghi is now regularly invested by the Egyptian army, assisted by the Albanians, under the orders of the Seraskier. Up to the present time, nothing of consequence has taken place; the troops being employed in forming the batteries, in transporting shot, shells, and ammunition from Crio Nerò to the camp, and in cutting fascines and brushwood to fill up the ditches. For this laborious service the Arabs have proved themselves to be far superior to the Albanians, as they were up to their middle in water most part of the day; and notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, did not appear to suffer therefrom. Most part of the shot, shells, &c. were transported on the heads of the Arabs, from Crio Nerò to Missolonghi, a distance of four hours, which alone would have killed stronger looking men. I am now able, from personal observation, to give you some account of the Egyptian army, which I think will prove acceptable. Each regiment originally consists of four thousand Arabs, clothed in a uniform, composed of a red cloth jacket, trowsers, and skull-cap, and armed with a musket, bayonet, and cartouche-box. The officers are Asiatic, and other Turks, but the serjeants, corporals, and drummers, are Arabs. In appearance, they are certainly the most

despicable troops imaginable, there being scarcely a fine-looking man amongst them; added to which, they have almost universally suffered from the ophthalmia, and have either lost an eye, squint very much, or are short-sighted. Since their arrival in the Morea, the uniform of many has given place to all kinds of grotesque clothing, acquired by pillage, such as women's petticoats, Albanian kilts, &c. They make up, however, for their appearance by their behaviour, being exceedingly obedient, and apt at learning military evolutions, the old regiments going through the exercise very well; added to which, they never by any chance complain, and stand fatigue remarkably well. Indeed, from the time of their landing in the Morea, their privations have been very great, continually marching and counter-marching over mountains, and fording rivers. At Patrass the tents were not pitched; the men were exposed day and night to the weather, and to protect themselves from its inclemency, dug holes in the ground, into which they thrust their heads, leaving the rest of their bodies exposed. They are constantly drilled, and sometimes are exercised six or seven times a-day. When off duty, one of their occupations is the cleaning of their muskets, which they keep remarkably bright and in good order. There are no regular cavalry attached to Ibrahim Pasha's army; but all the officers, medical staff, and commissariat department, are mounted, besides the baggage horses and mules. Of the European officers, of whom so much has been said, there are few of any consequence with Ibrahim. Of the French, the generality are surgeons, young students from the hospitals; Colonel Seves, known as Soliman Bey, is now at Tripolizza, and has not been here. The Italians are chiefly instructors, or drill officers, but they have merely the name, at least while they remained here; it is said, however, that they were of use in Egypt. The number of Europeans now here and at Missolonghi with the army, does not exceed thirty; and I am informed, that there are not more than double that number altogether in the Morea. Ibrahim Pasha is said to pay little attention to them; and in no instance, I believe, followed their advice, not even of his chief engineer, Lieutenant-Colonel Romney, a Neapolitan. Their pay varies from seven hundred to two thousand piastres a month, with rations for a horse and servant, which undoubtedly is their chief inducement to enter the service of the Pascha of Egypt. Some of these same Europeans, in the first instance, joined the Greeks; but getting no pay, and receiving ill-treatment and abuse, quitted their service in disgust. Since they have joined the Egyptians, they have been regularly paid, and never go into battle."

Dr. Pouqueville's transcript of his brother's journal, when contrasted with Mr. Green's account of the same transaction, will teach us how to confide in the veracity of this *par nobile fratrum*.

"Monsieur Pouqueville, the French consul, has been placed in an unpleasant situation, and was obliged to apply to me for protection. Much valuable Greek property had been received into the French consulate, and, on the pasha's entry, from three hundred to three hundred and fifty men, women, and children, took refuge there: among the number were several persons under the French protection. On the 17th instant, some of these being intoxicated, took occasion to insult and intimidate the consul, and threatened to shoot him; he managed to escape, disguised in his servant's coat, and rushed to my house, imploring protection. Such was his terror, that, on entering my gates, he called to the janissary to close them, as he was pursued by assassins; he rushed into the house, which he traversed with inconceivable speed, and was proceeding to take refuge in a room, when he was met at the entrance by my brother. Ere the latter could gain the least insight into the cause of such an unexpected visit, Monsieur Pouqueville retraced his steps with equal rapidity, and finally forced

himself into the drawing-room, where, quite overcome, and the picture of despair, he threw himself on his knees before Mrs. Green, exclaiming, 'Pour l'amour de Dieu, sauvez-moi, madame.' As I was absent at the moment, assisting in extinguishing the conflagration, a servant was sent for me: but notwithstanding all my entreaties to the contrary, nothing short of embarkation would content him; and I was obliged to seek Captain Hunter, of the Clifton, then engaged among the burning ruins, who accompanied him on board his vessel, after he had been induced to re-clothe himself in his uniform. Fearful of meeting any of the ruffians, he refused to go by the road, preferring to be let down a precipice at the bottom of my garden, which was accomplished by the aid of the cords of my flag-staff, and without accident, except a little damage done by the friction of his gaudy Parisian uniform. After remaining three days on board, and suffering from sea-sickness, at my urgent solicitation he returned, and resided in my house two days. In the meantime I had investigated the affair, and ascertained that the disturbance arose from a fear lest M. Pouqueville should leave the consulate: however, I found means to persuade the rioters to quit Patras, and provided them a conveyance to Missolonghi. As soon as these quitted the consulate, the French consul returned there. I never recollect to have seen any one so completely under the influence of fear; he was incapable of the least exertion."—pp. 31—33.

Dr. Pouqueville's account of this transaction is as follows:—

"Qu'on me pardonne de transcrire le journal du consul; je le mettrai désormais en scène le moins que je pourrai. 'Je n'avais jamais entendu un pareil langage, Moi, qui ne croyais pas avoir un ennemi sur la terre, quelle fut ma surprise! Des hommes que je connaissais depuis quinze ans, me menacer, demander mon déshonneur! En réfléchissant sur une pareille démence, je descendis seul et sans armes jusqu'à la porte. Alors, m'adressant au plus furieux: Vous savez, lui dis-je, que mon intention n'est pas de partir; mais puisque vous prétendez commander ici, je vous ordonne, au nom de roi, d'embarquer votre famille et de sortir. A ces mots, le furieux me repousse, deux assassins se présentent en seconde ligne, d'autres me suivent, lorsqu'un de mes domestiques me crie en grec, de haut de la galerie, de me sauver. Quelques personnes m'arrachent de leur mains; je sors par une des brèches que le tremblement de terre de la veille avait faites au mur d'enceinte; je me rends à bord d'un vaisseau Anglais, commandé par le Capitaine Hunter. De là mes regards se portent sur la grande scène de désolation qui enveloppe Patras. . . . La nuit tombe, les Turcs sont rentrés au château; les rebelles m'adressent plusieurs messages; un de leurs négociateurs veut les excuser en rejetant sur l'ivresse la faute qu'ils ont commise; ma réponse est: qu'ils partent, et qu'ils s'embarquent. Ils cèdent, et au point du jour je rentre au consulat, que je n'avais pas perdue de vue, et où je n'osais faire pénétrer la force armée, qui aurait fait, avant tout, main basse sur les Grecs réfugiés.' "

We shall conclude this notice with Mr. Green's summary of the present state of Greece, bringing up the intelligence to the date of his

note; viz. two days prior to the battle of Navarino, which we apprehend has rather changed the situation of things:—

“The Turkish and Egyptian fleets have retained their superiority at sea undisputed, and it would appear that the means thus afforded of supplying their troops in the Morea, has been considered a sufficient advantage; these powerful naval armaments not having *even attempted to strike a single blow*.

“On the one hand, the Greeks finding by experience that they could not cope with so formidable an enemy, have wisely returned to their islands, and, with few exceptions, dismantled their vessels. - - -

“In justice to the Turks, on the other hand, it should be stated, that from the commencement of the Revolution to the present time, no act of piracy has been committed by any of their cruisers.

“In September, 1826, the new armed steam vessel, built for the Greeks in the river Thames, and under the command of Mr. Hastings, after experiencing great difficulties, arrived at Napoli. Soon afterwards a ship, about two thousand tons register, mounting sixty guns, which had been built in America, also arrived at Napoli, both which circumstances, added to the expected arrival of Lord Cochrane, once more excited the hopes of the desponding Greeks.

“In the beginning of 1827 General Church and Lord Cochrane arrived in Greece, and were soon afterwards named military and naval commanders-in-chief. His lordship quitted the schooner in which he had been previously cruising in the Mediterranean, and assumed the command of the American ship, which had been named by the Greeks the *Hellas frigate*. The greatest part of the American crew which navigated the vessel to Greece, are stated to have quitted her soon afterwards, and were replaced by Greeks, under the immediate direction of Admiral Miaulis, who embarked on board at the request of Lord Cochrane: his lordship had also in his pay some English officers and seamen.

“A few Greek vessels having been equipped, and a land force collected, it was determined to attempt the relief of the Acropolis of Athens, and the expedition sailed about the end of March for the Piræus. An army had been collected by the Greeks in the vicinity of Athens, represented as the largest force they had ever yet brought together in the field: with this force communications were opened, and offensive operations commenced. A small fort near the Piræus capitulated on the 28th April, honourable terms having been granted; but no sooner were the garrison of three hundred men in the power of the Greeks, than they were shamefully butchered. This infamous act having been witnessed by Lord Cochrane, he thought it expedient to publish an address to the Greek Marine, disclaiming all participation in the outrage, which he designates ‘as the most frightful he ever beheld.’ Shortly after this occurrence the combined Greek forces, under the orders of Church and Cochrane, made a general attack on the Turks besieging Athens; but in a few hours were completely defeated with considerable loss, and, it is said, the two commanders with difficulty saved their lives by flying to the ships.

“Lord Cochrane then sailed for Patras, with the frigate and steam-vessel; and when off Cape Papa, within sight of Zante, had an action with two Turkish corvettes, which lasted several hours; but

strange as it may appear, his Lordship was here again unsuccessful, as both the corvettes escaped, and subsequently reached Alexandria in safety.

“ After this failure, Lord Cochrane appears to have returned to Napoli, and being joined by about twenty Greek vessels, decided on attempting the destruction of the Viceroy's fleet, then fitting out at Alexandria. Thither the expedition sailed, and having arrived off the port, on the 16th June, hoisted Austrian colours; but since the former similar attempt made by the Greeks, the Viceroy had adopted strict precautions, and constantly kept a vessel of war cruising outside the harbour. The Egyptian cruiser recognized the Greek vessels at once, and giving the alarm by firing guns, attempted to make the port: failing in doing so, she was run on shore. A fire-ship was sent to burn her, without success: a second succeeded, and she was destroyed. By this time the alarm on shore had become general. Mehemet Ali immediately proceeded to the harbour, and by his presence and exertions got twenty-four vessels out to sea, which was the exact number of the Greek force. These however did not remain to fight, and were chased by the Egyptian fleet as far as Rhodes, when the pursuit was abandoned, the latter returning to Alexandria, after being joined by the two corvettes attacked by lord Cochrane off Cape Papa. These repeated failures, although no doubt principally caused by Lord Cochrane's having Greeks under his orders, and brave and determined enemies to deal with, appear to have made the Greeks dissatisfied with their two English Commander-in-Chief, and (as it is said) Miaulis quitted the Hellas, and again assumed the command of his own brig. On the 2d of August the Greek frigate and a brig appeared off Zante, steering for the Bay of Patrass, where two Turkish vessels, a corvette, and schooner, then lay. During that day a heavy firing was heard, and the next the frigate was seen towing the corvette, which she had captured, and it is believed the schooner also. The Ionians are described as having given way to the most extravagant joy on occasion of this first success of Lord Cochrane, although the great disparity in size and weight of metal could hardly leave a doubt of the result. The last advices received state that the steam-vessel had been laid up, as her engines had become unserviceable, and the Greeks had no means of repairing them. - - - - -

“ It has been already stated, that after the fall of Missolonghi, Ibrahim Pasha returned with his army to the Morea. Upwards of eighteen months have elapsed since that event, during which period Ibrahim has not struck a *single blow*. It is true, however, that he has marched and counter-marched in all directions without any apposition; that he has kept up the communications with the fortresses in his possession; that several of the Capitoni have submitted and received his letters of pardon; and also that the Greek districts of Gastouni, Patras, and Vostizza, as far inland as Calavrita, have returned to their former allegiance. For some months past, Greeks, wearing their arms, have resumed their commercial intercourse with the Turks at Patras, and they have this year been permitted to cultivate their valuable currant vineyards at Vostizza, the Egyptian soldiery being quartered in the district.

“ The only fortress remaining in the possession of the Greeks are

Napoli di Romania, Corinth, and Napoli di Malvasia. The possession of the latter is of little importance to either party, but Ibrahim appears to be fully aware of the improbability of obtaining possession of the others, except by bribery. From what has recently transpired, there can be little doubt of his having very nearly possessed himself of Napoli di Romania by such means.

"The Seraskier invested Athens in June 1826: the town was occupied by his Albanians, while the Acropolis, in the centre of it, was defended by the Greeks.

"The fighting was confined to occasional skirmishes, as the Seraskier appears from the first to have determined to starve the garrison into a surrender. At one time, when at the greatest extremity, they were relieved in a very gallant manner by Colonel Fabvier, who threw some provisions into the Acropolis, and entered it with a few men. After the failure of the second attempt to relieve the place by General Church and Lord Cochrane, the garrison capitulated, on condition of being permitted to retire,

"The Acropolis was taken possession of by the Seraskier in June 1827, the conditions of the capitulation being respected.

"In Roumelia, Albania, Epirus, &c. tranquillity has been preserved by the Turks up to the present time, nor have the Greeks resumed the offensive, or offered the least resistance in that quarter since the fall of Missolonghi.

"Thus, then, it appears that at the present moment the Insurgents are reduced to the possession of three fortresses in Greece, and that, although the different districts are still occupied by their inhabitants, (some having even submitted,) *the whole of Continental Greece, with the exception of the district of Maina, is in the power of the Ottomans.*"—pp. 253—260.

MAGAZINIANA.

THE PATRIARCHS.—[Fragment of a letter from a lady formerly resident in the East.]—This is Sunday night, and I have been continuing my reading of the lives of the patriarchs. What genuine sons of Arabs they were, and with what freshness of truth and reality they are depicted! How they dwell in their tents, and journey with their flocks and herds, like people with whom we have lived and been familiar; and how the landscape in which they are moving rises to my eyes; sometimes among the tanks and tamarind-trees of India, or the stubble fields and heaps of corn of Egypt, and villages of which you may look round and count twenty, each marked by its cluster of palm-trees; and sometimes among the rippled waves of sand, somewhere between Tooni and Abou Seir. Judah, and Simeon, and the rest, were, I dare say, great good-for-nothing lads, and noted the fair Bedaweess, like the youth who drove my ass and wanted to go with us to Cairo. Poor Rachel,—the fair, blithe Bedawee damsel,—with her fawn-like eyes, and blue camise, and plaited hair, and blue spot on the chin, like one of those our ass-driver pronounced *tayib*. There is something melancholy in tracing her simple history. Her first appearance with her father's sheep, a gay and happy girl,—and then a bride, loved and cherished into wilfulness and caprice,—and then—alas that it should come to this—"When I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come to Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath."—*Original Manuscript.*

DEC. 1827.

REPUTATION.—The way, according to Socrates, to obtain a good reputation, is to endeavour to *be* what you desire to *appear*. “Men,” observes Shakspeare also, “should be what they seem.”

The mistakes of a layman are like the errors of a pocket watch, which affects only an individual; but when a clergyman errs, it is like the town-clock going wrong—it misleads a multitude.

THE LAST MINSTREL.—Returning *via* Dorchester, I there heard of a poor fellow, whose home was in a remote part of Cornwall; and who, fancying himself the last, if not the best, of the Cornubian or Cymrian bards, invoked his muse, not of Parnassus, but rather of the venerable druidical hill of Carn Brêh, or Penringhaud,—in Celtic, the Promontory of Blood,—to compose a long elegy on the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte, and an epistle of condolence to his Royal Highness Prince Leopold. With this bardish, or rather barbarous effusion, he set out on foot from his native village, and walked the whole way to London to obtain an audience, and present it to the prince. On his arrival in town, he was taken ill and confined for several days to his miserable lodgings. When he recovered, to his great disappointment, he found that the prince had quitted London, and was gone to reside at Came House, near Dorchester. He found, too, that all his money was spent, and that he must part with his watch, the purchase of his early youth, to defray the expenses incurred by his sickness and protracted stay in London, and to enable him to return to his distant home.

But the poor old bard journeyed not in despair. Dorchester lay in his road back, and he felt assured that when he got access to present his exquisite verses to Prince Leopold, his highness would amply repay him for all his toils on the way, and enable him to return with overflowing pockets to his anxious wife and family. In good time, the wandering minstrel reached the capital of Dorsetshire; but he was now penniless, and had nothing left to pledge, save the garments with which he was poorly clad. I chanced to be at the same inn where this Celtic Cornubian had put up, was informed by the landlord of his Quixotic journey, and entreated to read his elegy. The tale of his toilsome wanderings had something wild and romantic in it, and I felt eager to see and converse with him. On introduction, I found him to be a plain countryman, rude and unlettered, and totally dissimilar in every respect to those ideas we conceive of the ancient minstrels, the attendants and companions of kings and renowned warriors; yet so confident of the ultimate success of his poetry, as to leave no room for sympathetic sorrow at his disappointments. He soon produced a large sheet of paper, divided in several places by frequent folding and much soiled by repeated use, and placing it in my hands with an air of proud satisfaction, bade me read the very best verses yet composed on the melancholy occasion. I found the lines to be as far beneath those of Sternhold and Hopkins, as theirs are below the inimitable fire of the divine bard of Palestine.

The next day, the landlord first detaining the poor man's hat for his night's lodging, &c. he sat out early with uncovered brows to obtain an audience of Prince Leopold, two miles distant. It was now that he might be said to have appeared more like the ancient bards of his venerable nation, than he ever did before, as his full grey locks streamed on the morning winds. Need I tell you that he totally failed in his mission? But obtaining about five shillings from the domestics of the prince, he returned to the inn, redeemed his hat, and went his way, disconsolate and sad, towards his native wilds in Cornwall. Long ere he reached the beautiful banks of the Tamar, he must have been totally dependent on the generosity of strangers for a wretched existence, and the means of beholding once more his sadly-anxious wife and family. Poor minstrel! thou didst set out on thy journey in the proud expectation of royal favour, emolument, and applause; but returnedst to thy miserable cottage a bankrupt in hope, and a very beggar!—*Tale of a Modern Genius.*

THE RECEPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF YOUNG NAPOLEON BY HIS FATHER, ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF MOSCOWA.—I will spare you the details of my long journey. I set out, carrying with me the portrait of the beautiful infant. From St. Cloud, till I reached the head-quarters, I found the road covered with soldiers, walking singly or in companies; wounded men going into their houses, prisoners under escort, regiments of artillery, and all sorts of equipages; in short, a continual bustle: it seemed as if France, Germany, Italy, Prussia, Poland, and Spain had given each other the rendezvous on this narrow passage. A multitude of persons employed, and idlers of all descriptions, encumbered the rear of the army; and it was not without difficulty that I reached his majesty's tent on the 6th of September, at nine in the morning, after travelling thirty-seven days. I delivered to him the despatches I had received from the empress, and inquired his wishes concerning the portrait of his son. I thought that, being the eve of a great battle which he had so longed for, he would delay for some days opening the case which contained this portrait. I was mistaken; eager to enjoy the sight of a person so dear to his heart, he ordered me to bring it to his tent immediately.

I cannot express the pleasure he experienced at the sight of it. The regret that he could not press his son to his heart alone detracted from so sweet an enjoyment. His eyes expressed real tenderness. He called all the officers of his household, and all the generals who waited at some distance to receive his orders, that they might share the sentiments which filled his bosom. "Gentlemen," said he, "if my son was fifteen, believe me, he himself would be here in the midst of so many brave men, in place of his portrait." A moment after he added, "This portrait is admirable." He had it placed on a chair outside his tent, in order that the soldiers and officers of his guard might see it, and thence derive fresh courage. It remained in that situation all day.

M. Gerard made a copy of this beautiful work, and exhibited it the same year in the Museum. This portrait was perfectly well engraved. The young infant is represented as half lying in his cradle, playing with a little globe and sceptre.

During the emperor's residence at the Kremlin, his son's portrait was placed in his bed-room. I know not where it is now.

I found Napoleon quite well; he appeared to me exactly the same in mind and body, and not in the slightest degree inconvenienced by the fatigues of so rapid and complicated an invasion.—*Private Anecdotes of Foreign Courts.*

MANNER OF READING.—Some men read authors as our gentlemen use flowers, only for delight and smell, to please their fancy and refine their tongue. Others, like the bee, extract only the honey, the wholesome precepts, and this done they bear away, leaving the rest as little worth, of small value. In reading I will care for both, though for the best, most: the one serves to instruct the mind, the other fits her to tell what she has learned: pity it is they should be divided. He that hath worth in him, and cannot express it, is a chest keeping a rich jewel, and the key lost.—*Feltham.*

HOW TO WAIT DINNER FOR AN EMPEROR.—I shall not be blamed, then, for saying that the evening when Napoleon came to table to dine after eleven o'clock, the dinner remained on the table during the five hours of delay, and the only precaution which was taken was to fill the dishes with boiling water every quarter of an hour. It was necessary to adopt that plan, because Napoleon might have left his closet at an instant, and there would not have been time to serve the table. Thanks to the importance of the habits of sovereigns, I may finish this note by observing that there were twenty-three chickens, which were successively put on the spit, and placed on the table; and that was the only change that was made in the dinner.—*Private Anecdotes of Foreign Courts.*

RICH AND POOR.—He is rich whose income is more than his expenses, and he is poor whose expenses exceed his income.—*Brayley.*

DR. GRANVILLE'S MUMMY.—When last in London, I was introduced to the lectures given at the Royal Institution; and I cannot express to you how highly I was gratified with a most interesting one delivered by Dr. Augustus Bossy Granville, on an Egyptian mummy. This mummy was enclosed in a case similar to those in the British Museum, highly finished and profusely ornamented with hieroglyphics. On removing the exterior covering or coffin, the body was found wrapped in folds of linen, a part of which I have in my possession, comprising every kind of bandage known or used by modern surgeons, or practitioners of other days. Around its feet was a swathe about the width of a hand, of many yards in length. The whole of the enclosing cloths weighing 28lbs. The amazing art with which this mummy was enclosed in its various wrappings, would, according to the doctor, puzzle the most accomplished medical man in Europe of the present day to equal. Mummies hitherto have been found merely dried skeletons; but this remarkable and curiously preserved subject had not only flesh, sinews, &c., but some of the joints were absolutely pliable. The face was covered with a mask of a kind of bitumen, by which the nose was flattened; the teeth appeared perfect. On opening the skull, the whole of the cerebra were found removed, but the membrane on which it rested remained entire; which plainly proved no corrosive injectment had been used, as that which would have destroyed the brain, must have also injured the supporting membrane. Here we have a striking proof of the consummate art of the ancients. No surgical skill of the present boasted age,—full of quackery and ephemeral pretensions,—could extract the cerebellum without injury to the membrane; therefore, this must have been a wonderful operation, totally lost to the sapience of the present day.

An injectment had been however used, which ran round the whole of the inner part of the head; as a black substance, which must have been a liquid, and strongly injected, had forced its way through the sutures, and was plainly visible. The tongue remained, and the vacuum between the roof and the upper part of the tongue was filled with cloth. No incision appeared in the abdomen. The integuments were perfect. The pericardium adhered to the heart, and the diaphragm was discernible: part of the kidneys with a fragment of the bladder remained, and the mammæ, though lengthened, were perfect. The doctor then proceeded to prove, by analogical, or comparative anatomy, that this Egyptian mummy was a female; that she had been married, and the mother of children; likewise the age at which she died, and the disease which caused her death. From the formation of the head, and the height of the body, which was exactly the same as that of the *Venus de Medici*, while every part was in the most delicate, just, and exquisite proportion, the doctor asserted that this mummy must have been an Egyptian Venus! Or more strictly speaking, according to the doctor's theory, that she was of the beautiful race which anciently inhabited the vicinity of Mount Caucasus. This discovery, he maintained, completely overthrew the theory of most of our antiquaries, now pretty universally received;—namely, that the ancient Egyptians were a colony of Ethiopians, who originally crossed the Indian sea from the east. In this, however, I think the doctor to have completely failed: for this once enchanting beauty might have been imported as a slave, or a bride to some Egyptian prince or noble personage, from Caucasus, or from Scythia or Greece; and therefore, as an individual, cannot possibly go one step towards proving that the ancient Egyptians were not of the Ethiopian or Indian race, any more than the perfection of beauty and symmetry of shape in this mummy Venus—this *belle idéal* of two thousand years ago,—can be a criterion or standard by which to judge of all the Egyptian females of her age in that land of learning, mystery, and wonder.—*Tale of a Modern Genius.*

Il n'y a rien de plus injuste qu'un ignorant. Il croit toujours que l'admiration est la partage des gens qui ne savent rien. Il condamne toute une pièce pour une scène qu'il n'approuve pas. Il s'attaque même aux endroits les plus éclatans pour faire croire qu'il a de l'esprit.—*Britannicus.*

INACTIVITY.—Weak nerves are the constant companion of inactivity. Nothing but exercise and open air can brace and strengthen the nerves, or prevent the endless train of diseases which proceed from a relaxed state of these organs. We seldom hear the active or laborious complain of nervous diseases; these are reserved for the sons of ease and affluence. Many have been cured of these disorders by being reduced to work for their daily bread. This plainly points out the sources from whence nervous diseases flow, and the means by which they may be prevented.—*Buchan.*

LYING.—Lying is a hateful and accursed vice. We are not men, nor have other tie for one another but our word. If we did but discover the horror and consequences of it, we should pursue it with fire and sword, and more justly than other crimes.—*Montaigne.*

THE LAST OF THE GREEKS.—A credible traveller reports, that he saw at Constantinople a descendant of the emperor of the family of the Paleologi, who wore the imperial diadem when the Turks conquered it, a common porter ready to run upon any errand for a small reward. It is a curious coincidence, that in the village of Landulph, in Cornwall, is the following inscription on a plate of brass, fixed on a mural monument near the altar:—"Here lieth the body of Theodore Paleologus, of Pesaro in Italy, descended from ye Imperial lyne of ye late Christian Emperors of Greece, being the sonne of Camilio, ye sonne of Prosper, ye sonne of Theodore, ye sonne of John, ye sonne of Thomas second brother of Constantine Paleologus, the 8th of that name and last of yt lyne yt rayned in Constantinople, until subdued by the Turks; who married wt Mary, ye daughter of William Balls of Hadlye, in Souffolke, Gent. and had issue 5 children; Theodora, John, Ferdinando, Maria, and Dorothy, and departed this lyfe at Clyfton, ye 21st of Jan. 1636."—*Tale of a Modern Genius.*

If misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be revered; if of ill-fortune, to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be insulted; because it is perhaps itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced; and the humanity of that man can deserve no panegyrick who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.—*Johnson.*

NAPOLEON'S DIVORCE.—**COMMUNICATION OF HIS INTENTION TO JOSEPHINE.**—I was on duty at the Tuilleries from Monday November 27; on that day, the Tuesday and Wednesday following, it was easy for me to observe a great alteration in the features of the empress, and a silent constraint in Napoleon. If in the course of dinner he broke the silence, it was to ask me some brief questions, to which he did not hear the reply. On those days the dinner did not last for more than ten minutes. The storm burst on Thursday the 30th.

Their majesties went to table. Josephine wore a large white hat, tied under her chin, and which concealed a part of her face. I thought, however, that I perceived she had been weeping, and that she then restrained her tears with difficulty. She appeared to me the image of grief and of despair. The most profound silence reigned throughout the dinner; and they only touched the dishes which were presented to them out of mere form. The only words uttered, were those addressed to me by Napoleon. "What o'clock is it?" In pronouncing them, he rose from table. Josephine followed slowly. Coffee was served, and Napoleon took himself the cup which was held by the page on duty, and gave the sign that he wished to be alone. I immediately retired, but restless, and a prey to my sad thoughts, I sat down in the attendance-room, which was commonly used for their majesties to dine in, in an arm-chair, on the side of which was the door to the emperor's room: I was mechanically watching the servants who were clearing the table, when on a sudden, I heard violent cries from the Empress Josephine issue from the emperor's chamber. The usher of the chamber, thinking she was taken ill,

was on the point of opening the door, when I prevented him, observing, that the emperor would call for assistance if he thought it necessary. I was standing close to the door, when the emperor himself opened it, and perceiving me, said quickly; "Come in Bausset, and shut the door." I entered the chamber and saw the Empress Josephine stretched on the carpet, uttering piercing cries and complaints. "No, I will never survive it," said she. Napoleon said to me; "Are you sufficiently strong to raise Josephine, and to carry her to her apartments by the private staircase, in order that she may receive the care and assistance which she requires?" I obeyed and raised the princess, who, I thought, was seized with a nervous affection. With the aid of Napoleon, I raised her into my arms, and he himself taking a light from the table, opened the door, which, by an obscure passage, led to the little staircase of which he had spoken. When we reached the first step of the staircase, I observed to Napoleon, that it was too narrow for it to be possible for me to descend without the danger of falling. He forthwith called the keeper of the portfolio, who day and night was in attendance at one of the doors of his closet, the entrance to which was on the landing-place of this little staircase. Napoleon gave him the light, of which we had little need, for the passages had become light. He commanded the keeper to go on before, and took himself the legs of Josephine in order to assist me in descending with less difficulty. At one moment, however, I was embarrassed by my sword, and I thought we must have fallen, but fortunately we descended without any accident, and deposited the precious burden on an ottoman in the sleeping-chamber. Napoleon immediately pulled the little bell, and summoned the empress's women. When I raised the empress in the chamber she ceased to moan, and I thought that she had fainted: but at the time I was embarrassed by my sword in the middle of the little staircase, of which I have already spoken, I was obliged to hold her firmly to prevent a fall which would have been dreadful to the actors in this melancholy scene. I held the empress in my arms, which encircled her waist, her back rested against my chest, and her hand leaned upon my right shoulder. When she felt the efforts which I made to prevent falling, she said to me in a very low tone, "You press me too hard." I then saw that I had nothing to fear for her health, and that she had not for an instant lost her senses. During the whole of this scene I was wholly occupied with Josephine, whose situation afflicted me; I had not power to observe Napoleon; but when the empress's women had come, he retired into a little room which preceded the sleeping-chamber, and I followed him. His agitation, his inquietude were extreme. In the distress which he felt he made me acquainted with the cause of every thing that had happened, and said to me these words: "The interest of France and of my dynasty does violence to my heart—the divorce has become a rigorous duty to me—I am the more afflicted by what has happened to Josephine, because three days ago she must have learned it from Hortensia—the unhappy obligation which condemns me to separate myself from her—I deplore it with all my heart, but I thought she possessed more strength of character, and I was not prepared for the bursts of her grief." In fact, the emotion which oppressed him, compelled him to make a long pause between each phrase he uttered, in order to breathe. His words came from him with labour and without connexion; his voice was tremulous and oppressed, and tears moistened his eyes. It really seemed as if he were beside himself to give so many details to me, who was so far removed from his councils and his confidence. The whole of this transaction did not occupy more than seven or eight minutes. Napoleon immediately went to seek for Corvisart, Queen Hortensia, Cambacères, and Fouché; and before he returned to his apartment, he assured himself of the condition of Josephine, whom he found more calm and more resigned. I followed him, and after having recovered my hat, which I had thrown on the carpet that my motions might be more free, I retired to the attendance-chamber. To avoid all kinds of commentaries, I said before the pages and the ushers that the empress had been seized with a violent affection of the nerves.—*Private Anecdotes of Foreign Courts.*

A CRUX LECTORUM, OR SPECIMEN OF EASY WRITING BUT HARD READING.—Startled by the dangerous illness with which she had been visited, and touched by the restoration of her health, she had looked earnestly from the interests of her heart to those of her soul, and had at length, after much self-examination, and prayer, and self-restraint, succeeded in obtaining the object of her exertions—that true religion which, by making all earthly affections subservient to the one eternal and divine, frees its votary from all possibility of an entanglement in the latter, which could be dangerous to his peace of mind (at least)—that true religion which, notwithstanding all the efforts of wit, and genius ill-directed, and learning ill-applied, has lain, and still continues to lie bedded amongst the instincts of the mighty heart of mankind, governing the tumultuous actions of its passions, and sweetening through all its pulses—inspiring it with that finely ambitious love which, scorning to fix itself upon any of the *results* of nature, mounts at once to the first cause as well as the centre of all beauty, as the object most worthy of it—and there lies sheltered with all its hopes, its pains, its sorrows, and its fears—while the tempests of human evil roll in harmless murmurs to its feet, and the sunlight of human happiness is made more calm and sunny by the reflection of its smiles—that true religion which, far from steeling the tone of the heart to a philosophical indifference (as its calumniators say, while they mistake it for its ape, fanaticism), gives a keener edge to sympathy, a warmer pulse to moral feeling and affection—which bids the heart be hard to nothing but crime—cold to nothing but the suggestions of evil, and deaf to nothing but the call of selfishness—which presents the only and perfectly satisfactory solution that can be offered to that mighty enigma, the creation—and which can make a grander spectacle still than all the material wonders of that creation—a man, at least equal to the philosopher in moral goodness and in dignity of endurance—and superior to the philosopher in sublimity of motive.—*Munster Tales.*

REWARD OF HONESTY.—After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to allow him to go to Bagdad and devote himself to God, Abdool Kâdir proceeds. “I informed her what I had seen, and she wept: then taking out eighty dinars, she told me that as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it me, never to tell a lie, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, ‘Go, my son, I consign thee to God; we shall not meet again till the day of judgment.’ I went on well,” he adds, “till I came near to Hamadân, when our kâfillah was plundered by sixty horsemen; one fellow asked me ‘what I had got?’ ‘Forty dinars,’ said I, ‘are sewed under my garments.’ The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him. ‘What have you got?’ said another; I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood: ‘What property have you got, my little fellow?’ said he. ‘I have told you two of your people already,’ I replied, ‘I have forty dinars sewed up carefully in my clothes!’ He ordered them to be ript open, and found my money. ‘And how came you,’ said he, with surprise, ‘to declare so openly, what has been so carefully hidden?’ ‘Because,’ I replied, ‘I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised that I will never tell a lie.’ ‘Child,’ said the robber, ‘hast thou such a sense of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy,’ he continued, ‘that I may swear repentance upon it.’ He did so—his followers were all alike struck with the scene. ‘You have been our leader in guilt,’ said they to their chief, ‘be the same in the path of virtue;’ and they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on my hand.”—*Sketches of Persia.*

PROSERS.—A sentence well couched takes both the sense and the understanding. I love not those cart-rope speeches that are longer than the memory of man can fathom.—*Feltham.*

THE STORY OF RICHARD PLANTAGENET.—It was on this awful night (the night preceding the battle of Bosworth Field) according to a letter which I have read from Dr. Thomas Brett to Dr. William Warren, president of Trinity-hall, that the king took his last farewell in his tent of Richard Plantagenet, his natural son, who himself thus describes that interview. "I was boarded with a Latin schoolmaster, without knowing who my parents were, till I was fifteen or sixteen years old; only a gentleman who acquainted me he was no relative of mine, came once a quarter and paid for my board, and took care to see that I wanted for nothing. One day this gentleman took me and carried me to a great fine house, where I passed through several stately rooms, in one of which he left me, bidding me stay there. Then a man richly dressed, with a star and garter, came to me, asked me some questions, talked kindly to me, and gave me some money. Then the fore-mentioned gentleman returned, and conducted me back to my school.

"Some time after, the same gentleman came to me again with a horse and proper accoutrements, and told me I must take a journey with him into the country. We went into Leicestershire, and came to Bosworth Field, and I was carried to King Richard's tent. The king embraced me and told me I was his son. 'But child,' said he 'to-morrow I must fight for my crown. And assure yourself if I lose that, I will lose my life too: but I hope to preserve both. Do you stand on yonder hill where you may see the battle out of danger, and when I have gained the victory, come to me; I will then own you to be mine, and take care of you. But if I should be so unfortunate as to lose the battle, then shift as well as you can, and take care to let no one know that I am your father; for no mercy will be shown to any one so nearly related to me.' The king then presented me with a purse of gold, and giving me a farewell embrace, dismissed me from his tent. I followed the king's directions; and when I saw the battle lost and the king killed, I hastened back to London, sold my horse and fine clothes; and the better to conceal myself from all suspicion of being son to a king, and that I might have the means to live by my honest labour, I put myself apprentice to a bricklayer. But having a competent skill in the Latin tongue, I was unwilling to lose it; and having an inclination also to reading, and no delight in the conversation of those I am obliged to work with, I generally spend all the time I have to spare in reading by myself."

The letter says, "When Sir Thomas Moyle built Eastwell House, near London, about the year 1544, he observed his chief bricklayer, whenever he left off work, retired with a book. Sir Thomas had curiosity to know what book the man read, but was some time before he could discover it; he still putting the book up if any one came toward him. However at last, Sir Thomas surprised him, and snatched the book from him, and looking into it found it to be Latin. He then examined him, and finding he pretty well understood that language, he inquired how he came by his learning. Hereupon the man told him, as he had been a good master to him, he would venture to trust him with a secret he had never before revealed to any one. He then related the above story. Sir Thomas said 'You are now old and almost past your labour; I will give you the running of my kitchen as long as you live.' He answered, 'Sir, you have a numerous family; I have been used to live retired, give me leave to build a house of one room for myself in such a field, and there, with your good leave, I will live and die.' Sir Thomas granted his request, he built his house, and there continued to his death. Richard Plantagenet was buried the 22nd day of December, anno ut supra ex registro de Eastwell sub 1550. This is all the register mentions of him, so that we cannot say whether he was buried in the church or churchyard; nor is there now any other memorial of him except the tradition in the family, and some little marks where his house stood. This story my late lord, Heneage Earl of Winchelsea told me in the year 1720." Thus lived and died in low and poor obscurity, the only remaining son of Richard III!—*Tale of a Modern Genius.*

PATRIOTISM.—The prince and great men of Shiraz, on our approaching that city, so loaded the elchee with presents of ice-creams, sweet-meats, preserves, and delicious fruits, that all in camp, down to the keepers of the dogs, were busied in devouring these luxuries. A lion's share was always allotted to a party of the 17th dragoons, which forms part of the escort. I heard these fine fellows, who were all (with the exception of one man) from Ireland, discussing, as they were eating their ices, their preserves, their grapes, and nectarines, the merits of Persia. "It is a jewel of a country," says one. "It would be," said a second, "if there were more Christians in it." "I don't so much mind the Christians," observed his companion, "if I could see a bog now and then, instead of these eternal rocks and valleys, as they call them." "Fine though it be," concluded corporal Corrigan, "I would not give a potato-garden in little Ireland for a dozen of it, and all that it contains to boot." This patriotic sentiment, which seemed to meet with general concurrence, closed the discussion.—*Sketches of Persia.*

DUTIES OF A COURTIER.—The gentlemen of Henry the Eighth's privy chamber were ordered to be loving together, and of good unity and accord; keeping secret all such things as shall be done or said in the same; also to leave hearkening and inquiring where the king is, or goeth, be it early or late, without grudging, mumbling, or talking of the king's past-time, late or early going to bed; or any thing done by his grace, as they will avoid his displeasure. They were likewise enjoined "to have a vigilant and reverent respect and eye to his grace, so that by his look or countenance they may know what lacketh, or is his pleasure to be had or done; and to place themselves in their standing and attending in convenient distance from the king's person, without too homely or boldly advancing themselves thereunto." In the king's absence they were forbidden to use immoderate and continual play of dice, cards, or tables in the privy chamber, and that it be not used by frequent and intemperate plays as the groom porter's house: howbeit the king can be contented that for some pastime in the said chamber, in the absence of his grace, they shall use honest and moderate play, as well at the chesses and tables as at cards.

TRUTH.—We are bound to speak truth to our neighbour, for the use and application of speech implies a tacit promise of truth, speech having been given us for no other purpose. It is not a compact between one private man and another; it is a common compact of mankind in general, and a kind of right of nations, or either a law of nature. Now whoever tells an untruth violates this law and common compact.—*Nicole.*

THE LAST OF A ROYAL LINE.—The Cardinal of York died at Rome on the 13th of July. His mortal remains were deposited in the choir of the chapel of St. Peter, where those of his father, James III., already rested. The body of Prince Charles Edward, brother of the Cardinal of York, which had been buried at Frascati, was, in accordance with the last will of the prelate, removed to the chapel of St. Peter. The tomb thus closed upon the last of the male lines of the illustrious and unfortunate family of the Stuarts; and death thus swept away all the high and unsuccessful pretensions to the crown of England. Prince Charles Edward, known by the name of the Pretender, grown old and retired to Rome, was afflicted with the gout, and during its attacks he never ceased to exclaim, "Poor king! poor king!!!" He was little visited by the English, and a French gentleman expressing his astonishment: "I know the reason," said he; "they imagine that I am still mindful of what is passed. I should see them, however, with pleasure, notwithstanding; I love my subjects, though I never see them."—*Private Anecdotes of Foreign Courts.*

LIBERALITY.—There is no object in nature and the world without its good, useful, or amiable side. He who discovers that side first in inanimate things is sagacious; and he who discovers it in the animate is liberal.—*Lavater.*

REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.—The Duke of Bavaria it was said would soon die, “in despite of his vipers, with which he hath capons and chickens crammied, which will not help him neither to get a child.”—*Clarendon Hall Papers*, vol. i. p. 447.

POVERTY.—The poverty of a poor man is the least part of his misery; in all the storms of fortune he is the first that must stand the shock of extremity. Poor men are perpetual sentinels, watching in the depth of night, against the incessant assaults of want; while the rich lie stored in secure repose, and compassed with a large abundance. If the land be russeted with a bloodless famine, are not the poor the first that sacrifice their lives to hunger? If war thunders in the trembling country's lap, are not the poor those that are exposed to the enemies sword and outrage? If the plague, like a loaded sponge, flies sprinkling poison through a populous kingdom, the poor are the first that are shaken from the burthened tree; while the rich, furnished with the helps of fortune, have means to wind out themselves and turn these sad endurances on the poor that cannot avoid them. Like salt marshes that lie low, they are sure, whensoever the sex of this world rages to be first under, and embarrassed with a fretting care. Who like the poor are harrowed with oppression, ever subject to the impervious taxes and the gripes of mightiness? Continual care checks the spirit, continual labour checks the body, and continual insultation both; he is like one rouled in a vessel full of pikes; which way soever he turns, he something finds that pricks him. Yet, besides all these, there is another transcendant misery, and this is, that it makes man contemptible. “Nil habet infelix,” &c.

Unhappy want hath nothing harder in it
Than that it makes men scorned—

As if the poor man were but fortune's dwarf, made lower than the rest of men to be laughed at. “Extreme poverty, one calls a lanthorn, that lights us to all miseries; and without doubt, when 'tis urgent and importunate, it is ever chafing upon the very heart of nature. What pleasure can he have in life, whose whole life is griped by some or other misfortune? living no time free, but that wherein he does not live, his sleep. His mind is ever at jar, either with desire, fear, care, or sorrow: his appetite unappeasingly craving supply of food for his body, which is either numbed with cold, or idleness, or stewed in sweat with labour. Nor can it be, but it will imbase soon the purest metal in man; it will alchymz the gold of virtue, and mix it with more dull alloy.”—*Feltham's Resolves*.

MINSTRELS.—Under this title, the following musicians were classed in the “ordinances of the household of Edward the Third.” Five trumpets; one citoler; five pipers; one taberett; two clarions; one makerers; one fidler; three waits; and three archers on horse, and three archers on foot!

By the “ordinances for the regulation of Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward the Fourth,” in 1474; it provided, “If any man come too late to matins upon the holy day, that is to say, after the third lesson, he shall sit at the water and ward, and have nothing unto his dinner but bread and water; and if he absent himself wilfully, he shall thus be punished whensoever he comes to dinner or supper.” It was also enacted, that “if any man be a customable swearer, or specially by the mass, he falleth into perdition after his degree: if he be one of my lady's council or a great officer, he loseth 12*d.*; a gentleman 4*d.*; a yeoman 2*d.*; a groom 1*d.*; a page *ib.* Also that no man misintreat any man, his wife, his daughter, or his servant, on pain of losing his service. Also, that every man, at time of Easter, bring sufficient writing or witness where he was shriven, and when he received the holy sacrament, on pain of losing his service. Also that no man presume to go to sessions or assizes, neither for his own matter, his friend's, or any man's, without the knowledge and advyce of my lady's council, on pain of losing his service.”

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

FROM JENNINGS'S ORNITHOLOGIA.

Among the nests of foreign birds, that of the Taylor Bird deserves especial mention: the bird itself is a diminutive one, being little more than three inches long; it is an inhabitant of India. The nest is sometimes constructed of two leaves, one of them dead; the latter is fixed to the living one as it hangs upon the tree, by sewing both together in the manner of a pouch or purse: it is open at the top, and the cavity is filled with fine down: and, being suspended from the branch, the birds are secure from the depredations of snakes and monkeys, to which they might otherwise fall a prey. That singular work is performed by the bird's using his bill instead of a needle, and vegetable fibres for thread.

Mr. Barrington thinks, that the reason why females do not sing is, because if they did, when sitting on their eggs, they would be discovered: this is by no means a conclusive reason; for I once discovered a thrush's nest by hearing the parent bird sing while sitting on the eggs. Besides, as the cock and hen of many species frequently sit on the eggs in turn, the female's not singing could be no security to the nest while the cock was sitting and singing there.

The Eider-Duck is a long lived bird; it has been observed to occupy the same nest for twenty years successively; the down is the lightest and warmest known; that termed live down, and found in the nest, is most valued; that which is plucked from the dead bird is little esteemed.—Eider down is imported chiefly from Iceland and other northern countries. It is collected from the nests of the birds; if the nest be deprived of its down, the female takes a fresh quantity from her breast; but if the nest be a second time deprived of its down, she cannot supply it, the male then takes from his breast the necessary lining. As incubation proceeds, the lining of down increases from day to day, and at last becomes so considerable in quantity, as to envelope and entirely conceal the eggs from view.

The Philippina, or Philippine Grosbeak, constructs a curious nest with the long fibres of plants or dried grass, and suspends it by a cord nearly half an ell long from the end of a slender branch of some tree, that it may be inaccessible to snakes and other hostile animals; the interior, it is said, consists of three divisions; the first is occupied by the male, the second by the female, the third by the young. In the first apartment, where the male keeps watch while the female is hatching, a little clay is placed on one side, and on the top of this a glowworm, which affords its inhabitants light in the night-time!

The Ruber, Flamingo, or Red-Flamingo, is a very remarkable bird, with a body less than that of a goose; but when erect, is six feet high from the tip of the toe to the bill, which is seven inches long, partly red, partly black, and partly crooked; it perpetually twists its head round when eating, so that the upper mandible touches the ground. The nest is made of earth, rising about twenty inches above the water, which always covers its base; the top of this is a little hollowed out for the reception of the eggs, which are two, white, size of a goose's; upon which the female sits and hatches, perched, as it were, upon her rump, with her legs hanging down like a man sitting upon a stool. This peculiar posture is necessary during her incubation, in consequence of the very great length of the legs. The young never exceed three in number.

The Crepitans, or Gold-breasted Trumpeter, makes a harsh, uncommon, cry, not unlike a child's trumpet, and follows people through the streets with its disagreeable noise, so that it is difficult to get rid of it; stands on one leg, and sleeps with its head between its shoulders; eggs blue green. Inhabits Brazil and Guinea. When tamed, mixes with other poultry, and domineers even over the Guinea fowl; follows its master in his walks; flesh good.

The Baltimore, Baltimore-oriole, Hang-nest, Hanging-bird, Golden-robin, Fire-bird, Baltimore-bird. It attaches its nest to an apple-tree, a weeping-willow, or the Lombardy-poplar, in the American towns; the nest is like a cylinder, five inches in diameter, seven in depth, and round at the bottom; the opening at the top narrowed by a horizontal covering, two inches and half in diameter; the materials flax, hemp, tow, hair, and wool, woven into a complete cloth, the whole tightly sewed through and through with long horse hairs, several of which measure two feet in length, the bottom consists of thick tufts of cow hair.

The Heron feeds on fishes and reptiles. This bird has been observed repeatedly to swallow the same ell which has repeatedly crept through it. It is thus described by Drayton as awaiting for its prey:—

“The long neck’d her’n there waiting by the brim.”—*Man in the Moon.*

GLORY.—On the following day, the 7th of September, on which the bloody battle of the Moscowa took place, I was from five o’clock in the morning stationed near the officers who waited the orders of Napoleon. We were placed at the bottom of a redoubt which had been taken from the enemy the evening before; it was the spot from which all the orders were given. General Montbrun, one of our most distinguished soldiers, left us at full gallop, and burning with warlike ardour. He had just received an order from Napoleon to attack a formidable redoubt, placed in the centre of the enemy’s army, which spread death in all parts. I cannot express the grief I felt when Napoleon was informed, two hours afterwards, that this illustrious warrior had fallen under the enemy’s fire, in the midst of a most splendid charge. I knew and loved my countryman Montbrun. He carried with him the esteem, the attachment, and the regret of the whole army: he would probably have received the staff of marshal had he survived so much courage and glory. I was expressing my grief to Augustus de Caulaincourt, who formed one of our group, when the emperor looking our way, perceived him, and calling him to him, gave him the command of the brave troops whom the death of General Montbrun had left without a head. He returned to us, his heart filled with a noble joy, in which I did not participate, for it penetrated me with the most sorrowful recollections. He ordered his horses to advance, embraced the best of brothers, bade us farewell, and was off as quick as lightning, followed by his aid-de-camp. And he also at the head of fifty cuirassiers, commanded by their brave colonel M. Cristophe, fell in this fatal redoubt, which was carried by assault, and decided the fate of the battle. He fell, leaving a beautiful young widow, to whom he had been united only some hours before his departure for the army. He was interred in this redoubt, the tragical scene of so many celebrated exploits!—*Private Anecdotes of Foreign Courts.*

MAXIMS.—It was a maxim of Thomas Grey, Marquess of Dorset, that “never was that man merry that had more than one woman in his bed; one friend in his bosom; one faith in his heart;”—and of the Icqmans, that “a good name is the embalming of the virtuous to an eternity of love and gratitude among posterity.”

HENRY VIII.’s BARBER.—It was ordered, that the king’s barber shall be daily ready and attendant in the privy chamber; there having in readiness, his water, clothes, knives, combs, scissors, and such other stuff as to his roome [office] doth appertain for trimming and dressing the king’s head and beard: and that the said barber take especial regard to the pure and cleanly keeping of his own person and apparel; using himself always honestly in his conversation, without resorting to the company of vile persons or of misguided women, in avoiding such dangers and annoyances as by that means he might do unto the king’s most royal person; not failing this to do upon pain of losing his room [office] and further punishment at the king’s pleasure.

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

CANALS.		Amt. paid.	Per share.	INSURANCE OFFICES.		Amt. paid.	Per share.
Ashton	100	135		Albion	500	50	58
Birmingham	17 10	300		Alliance	100	10	9 10
Coventry	100	1240		Ditto Marine	100	5	4 10
Ellesmere and Chester	133	113		Atlas	50	5	9 5
Grand Junction	100	309		British Commercial	50	5	4 10
Huddersfield	57	17		Globe	100	100	150 10
Kenner and Avon	40	29		Guardian	100	10	21
Lancaster	47	32		Hope	50	5	4 15
Leeds and Liverpool	100	392		Imperial	500	50	97
Oxford	100	730		Ditto Life	100	10	8
Regent's	40	28		Law Life	100	10	10
Rochdale	85	99		London	25	12 10	20 10
Stafford and Worcester	140	800		Protector	20	2	1 2 6
Trent and Mersey	100	840		Rock	20	2	3 2 6
Warwick and Birmingham	100	295		Royal Exchange	100		260
Worcester ditto	78	52					
DOCKS.				MINES.			
Commercial	100	83		Anglo-Mexican	100	85	26
East India	100	90		Bolanos	400	200	150
London	100	92		Brazilian	100	20	72
St. Catherine's	100	70		Colombian	100	20	13
West India	100	210 10		Mexican	100	23	5
WATER WORKS.				Real Del Monte	400	430	460
East London	100	125		United Mexican	40	35	18
Grand Junction	50	64		MISCELLANEOUS.			
Kent	100	30 5		Australian Agricultural Comp. ..	100	11	16
South London	100	90		British Iron Ditto	100	40	8 10
West Middlesex	60	72		Canada Agricultural Ditto ..	100	10	7 5
GAS COMPANIES.				Colombian ditto			
City of London	100	90	167 10	General Steam Navigation ..	100	13	3 15
Ditto, New	100	50	92 10	Irish Provincial Bank	100	25	26 10
Phoenix	50	31	33	Rio De la Plata Company ..			
Imperial	50	46		Van Dieman's Land Ditto ..	100	5	3
United General	50	40	23 5	Reversionary Interest Society	100	65	62
Westminster	100	55		Thames Tunnel Company ..	50	46	6
				Waterloo Bridge	100		5
				Vauxhall Bridge			

ROBERT W. MOORE, *Broker*,
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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the press, and will shortly be published, *Dunwick, a Tale of the Splendid City*, by James Bird, author of the *Vale of Slaughden*, *Poetical Memoirs*, &c.

A Short Series of Popular Lectures on the Steam Engine, by Dr. Lardner, the Professor of Mechanical Philosophy in the New University, is announced for publication. The author professes to have treated the subject in the most familiar style, and to have stripped it so far of mathematical reasoning and technical phraseology, as to render it at once intelligible and interesting to the general reader.

In the press, *The Lady's Monitor*, or Letters and Essays on Conduct, Morals, Religion, &c.; addressed to Young Ladies. By Lady Jane Grey, Queen Katherine, &c. &c.

In the press, the *Stanley Tales*, Part 1st, (Second Series,) with considerable improvements, and beautifully illustrated.

The *English in India*, by the author of *Pandurang Hari* and *The Zenana*, will appear in a few days.

A new volume of *Tales*, by the author of *May You Like It*, is in the press, and will be published before Christmas.

In the press, and will be published in a few days, a *Practical Treatise upon Stricture of the Rectum*; illustrating by cases the connexion of that disease with affections of the spinary organs, the uterus, and with piles. By Frederick Salmon, surgeon to the General Dispensary, and formerly house-surgeon to Saint Bartholomew's Hospital.

On the 1st of January, 1828, will be published, No. I, of the *Islington Gazette*, or *Monthly Miscellany of Local Intelligence*, combined with literary and general information and amusement.

A monthly (or periodical) work is now in progress, in which it is intended to comprise the whole of the Sacred Scriptures. In addition to Marginal Notes, parallel Texts, Elucidations of Passages less obvious in their meaning, and Devotional Reflections, the Tenets of the Modern Church of Rome, with the Unitarian, Antinomian, and other sects, will be discussed and set forth. To which will be added, a Comparative View of the Texts of Scripture, adopted by Roman Catholics and Unitarians, in support of their respective Creeds; arranged in the following order: 1. The Greek Version; 2. The authorized English Version; 3. The Roman Catholic Version; 4. The Unitarian Version.

In the press, the *Process of Historical Proof* explained and exemplified; to which are subjoined observations on the peculiar points of the Christian Evidence. By Isaac Taylor, junior, author of *Elements of Thought*, &c.

The Rev. James Hinton, A.M. and George Cox, of the Classical School at Oxford, have the following works in the press:—*First Steps to the Latin Classics*; comprising Simple Sentences, arranged in a progressive series, with Directions for Construing, and a literal Interlinear Translation: *Parsing Lessons*, containing the Grammatical and Syntactical Parsing of every word in the *First Steps to the Latin Classics*, in two parts. *Easy Roman Histories* abridged from Classical Authors; with Directions for Construing, and an Appendix, as a Companion to the *First Steps to the Latin Classics*. A Complete Vocabulary of all the Words which occur in the easy Roman Histories in which the words employed with unusual meanings are pointed out by a distant reference.

The *Memoirs of Vice Admiral Lord Collingwood*, will exhibit much important historical information concerning events which took place in Spain, Italy, &c. during the last war.

The *Subaltern's Log Book*, including Anecdotes of well-known Military Characters, in 2 vols. post 8vo. is announced as nearly ready.

A work is in the press on the Poor Laws of England and Scotland, with the State of the Poor of Ireland and on Emigration. By George Strickland, Esq.

On Saturday, December 8, 1827, will be published, the 1st Number of the *London Medical Gazette*, being a Weekly Journal of Medicine and the Collateral Sciences.

The Tremaine and De Vere class of novels, is about to receive an accession to its number by the publication, early in December, of *De Lisle*, or the Distrustful Man.

The *Golden Gift*, No. I. printed in gold, and adapted as tasteful and elegant embellishments to the Album; by W. B. Cooke.

Mr. Wilson has in the press a *Dramatic Piece*; also, a new work on Dancing.

Observations and Illustrations of the Writings of the Poet Gray, by the late James George Barlace, author of *An Historical Sketch of the Progress of Knowledge in England*, are proposed to be published by subscription.

Mr. Aspin is preparing for publication, *Urania's Mirror*, 2d part, containing Representations of the Planets, with descriptions, and an apparatus forming a substitute for an Orrery.

Tales of the West, illustrative of the habits and manners of the various classes of the population in the western counties of England. By Mr. Carne, author of *Letters from the East*.

The *Clubs of London*, comprehending Anecdotes and Recollections of those establishments, and their members, for the last sixty years, by an Octogenarian.

Travels in America and Italy, by the Viscount de Châteaubriand, including not only an account of his Wanderings among the Savage tribe of America, but some particulars of his intercourse with the other Inhabitants of North America; his opinions on the Revolutions of the Southern Continent, on the American Loans, &c. &c. and his Observations on Italy, and some parts of France and Switzerland, hitherto unpublished.

Tales of Passion, by the author of *Gilbert Earle*.

The Roué, a Novel of real life.

The Night Watch, or Tales of the Sea, by a Naval Officer; being sketches, in various styles, of sea life and manners.

Yes and No, by Lord Normandy, the author of Matilda.

George Godfrey, a Novel chiefly touching on commercial life and speculations.

The Red Rover, a Tale of the Sea, by the author of the Pilot, &c.

The Confessions of an Old Maid, intended as a companion to Confessions of an Old Bachelor.

The Personal Narrative of the Peninsular War, by the Most Noble the Marquis of Londonderry, will, it is said, throw many new lights upon facts connected with the various Spanish campaigns and their commanders.

The Life of Dr. Samuel Parr, by his pupil and friend, the Reverend Mr. Field.

Tales of an Antiquary, by the author of Chronicles of London Bridge.

Herbert Lacy, a Novel, by the author of Granby.

An octavo edition of the Memoirs of Pepys.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Historical Tablets and Medallions, illustrative of an improved System of Artificial Memory. Royal 4to. 30s.

Religion in India, by the Revds. S. Laidler and J. W. Massie, recently from India. One vol. post 8vo. 9s.

Greek Gradus; or a Greek, Latin, and English Prosodial Lexicon; containing the Interpretation, in Latin and English, of all words which occur in the Greek Poets, from the earliest period to the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and also exhibiting the Quantities of each Syllable; thus combining the advantages of a Lexicon of the Greek Poets and a Greek Gradus. By the Rev. J. Brasse, B.D. 8vo. 24s.

Second Latin Exercises, adapted to every Grammar, and intended as an Introduction to Valpy's *Elegantiae*. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Notes on Herodotus, Historical and Classical. From the French of P. H. Larcher. Two vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

Aristophanis Comædiæ cum Scholiis et Varietate Lectionis. Recensuit Immanuel Bekkerus, Professor Berolinensis. Accedunt Versio Latina deperditarum Comædiarum Fragmenta, Index locupletissimus, Notæque Brunckii, Reisigii, Beckii, Dindorfii, Schutzi, Bentleii, Dobrei, Porsoni, Elmsleii, Hermannii, Fischeri, Hemsterhusii, Kuinælii, Hopfneri, Conzii, Wolfii, &c. 5 vols. 8vo. 3l. 15s. The Notes form 3 vols. out of the 5, and may be had separate, 2l. 5s.; large paper, 5l. 15s. 6d.

The *Plutus*, *Nubes*, *Aves*, and *Ranæ*; the four plays of Aristophanes which are usually read first, and the fittest to put into the schoolboy's hands, are each published, with the Greek Scholia and Annotations, separately.

The Pomological Magazine, conducted by two gentlemen of the Horticultural Society of London. Coloured plates, No. 11. 5s.

The Profitable Planter, by William Pontey, 4th edition, 10s. 6d.

Edward's Botanical Register of the most beautiful and ornamental flowering exotic Plants and Shrubs, with their Cultivation. No. IX. of vol. 13, coloured plates, 4s.

The Florist's Guide and Cultivator's Directory, by Robert Sweet, F.L.S. No. V. coloured plates, 3s.

The British Farmer's (quarterly) Magazine, exclusively devoted to agriculture and rural affairs, No. V. 4s.

Stockdale's Calendar, complete, for 1828, 28s. bound.

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Time's Telescope for 1828, or a Complete Guide to the Almanack, containing Historical, Biographical, and Antiquarian Notices, together with the natural history and astronomy of every month in the year; the whole being interspersed with numerous Poetical Citations from living authors; Original Poetry, by Delta of Blackwood's Magazine; Alaric A. Watts, Esq.; J. H. Wiffen, Esq. &c. &c. The volume will be embellished with a highly-finished engraving of Sofonisba Angosciola, a celebrated female painter.

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